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Devoted to Literature, History, and State Progress.

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VOLUME XII (OLD SERIES).



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J. L. Lundy

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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JONATHAN SAWYER.

The following account of Jonathan Sawyer and his ancestors is from the pen of Rev. Geo. B. Spalding, D. D., in "Successful New Hampshire Men."

1. John Sawyer, a farmer in Lincolnshire, England, had three sons, William, Edward, and Thomas, who emigrated to this country in 1636, being passengers in a ship commanded by Capt. — Parker. Thomas Sawyer settled in Rowley, Mass.

2. Thomas Sawyer went to Lancaster, Mass., as early as 1647, when he was twenty-four years of age. This section of the Nashaway valley, comprising eighty square miles in extent, had been purchased in 1643 by Thomas King, of Watertown, Mass., of Scholan, sachem of the Nashaway Indians. Thomas Sawyer was one of the first six settlers. His name appears in the petition made to the general court in 1653 for the incorporation of the town of Lancaster. In 1647, the year of his arrival, he married Mary Prescott. She was the daughter of John Prescott, to whom

belongs the honor of being the first permanent inhabitant of Lancaster. The eminent historian, William H. Prescott, traces his ancestral line to this John Prescott. There were born to Thomas Sawyer and Mary Prescott eleven children. This family figures largely in that most tragic page of the history of Lancaster which tells of the massacres and captivities of its inhabitants, and the entire destruction of the town itself by the Indians. On the land of Thomas Sawyer stood the Sawyer garrison, into which were gathered the survivors of that most murderous attack made upon the town in the winter of 1675-'76. At this time his second son, Ephraim, who was at the Prescott garrison, was killed by the Indians. Thirty-two years later, 1708, the oldest son, Thomas, and his son Elias, were captured by the Indians and taken to Canada. When the party reached Montreal, the father offered to put up a mill on the river Chambly, on condition that the French governor would obtain the

release of all the captives. Thus the first mill in Canada was built by Thomas Sawyer. He was liberated, but his son Elias was detained for a time to teach the Canadians "the art of sawing and keeping the mill in order, and then was dismissed with rich presents."

3. Caleb Sawyer, the sixth child of Thomas, was born in 1659, in Lancaster, Mass. He married Sarah Houghton, thus effecting an alliance between two of the most prominent families who organized the town of Lancaster. Caleb Sawyer died in 1755, leaving two sons and two daughters.

4. Seth Sawyer, the oldest son of Caleb, was born in 1705; married Miss Hepsabeth Whitney; died in 1768.

5. Caleb Sawyer, the second son of Seth, was born in 1737, at Harvard, Mass., a part of Lancaster which in 1732 had been incorporated as a town by itself. He married Miss Sarah Patch in 1766. They had two sons, Phineas and Jonathan. Jonathan remained on the home farm at Harvard, which is still occupied by his descendants.

6. Phineas Sawyer was born at Harvard, Mass., in 1768. He went to Marlborough, Mass., now Hudson, in 1800. He bought a mill property there, consisting of a saw-, grist-, and wire-drawing mill. In 1806 he built a cotton-mill, and operated it until the close of the war in 1815. It required in those days great enterprise and energy to project and carry on such a work as a cotton-factory. The machinery was procured from Rhode Island. The ginning-machine had not yet come into general use.

The cotton, when received, was distributed among the farmers, to have the seeds picked out one by one by their families. It was carded and spun by water-power, at the mill. It was then sent out again among the farmers to be woven into cloth.

Phineas Sawyer was a man of great independence of character, self-reliant, and full of courage. These qualities, so conspicuous in his business affairs, shone out with undiminished power in his religious life. He lived at a time in Massachusetts when Methodism was regarded with special disfavor. But Mr. Sawyer, believing that the Methodists were right, believed so with all his heart, and the petty persecutions to which his faith was subjected only intensified his zeal and loyalty. His house was the home for all travelling Methodists, and the place where they gathered for religious worship. He was well versed in the best Methodist literature of his times. He stands forth in the annals of his church as one of the foremost men for sagacity, boldness, and piety in the Needham circuit. He had for his wife a worthy helpmeet, Hannah Whitney, of Harvard. She was as ardently attached to Methodism as was her husband, and bore her full share of service and sacrifice for it in its days of weakness and persecution. The sudden death of her husband, which took place in 1820, left Mrs. Sawyer to provide for the support of twelve children, the youngest, Jonathan, being then two years old. This truly noble woman, with but little means, faced the difficulties before her with an unflinching spirit of faith and hopefulness. It required superlative fortitude, finest

sagacity, and sternest self-sacrifice to enable this mother to successfully rear these twelve children, give to them a good education, and establish all of them in respectable positions in the world. She continued to live in Marlborough some nine years, leasing the mill property. In 1829 she went to Lowell, where she lived twenty years, dying there in 1849, greatly respected by all who knew her, and held in honor and affection by her many children.

7. Jonathan Sawyer, the subject of this sketch, was the youngest child of Phineas. He was born at Marlborough, Mass., in 1817. He went with his mother and other members of the family, when he was twelve years old, to Lowell, where for the next few years he attended school. He was a member of the first class that entered the high school of that city, having among his mates Hon. Benjamin F. Butler, Gov. E. A. Straw, and G. V. Fox, assistant secretary of the navy during the civil war. Thomas M. Clark, now Bishop of the Diocese of Rhode Island, was then principal of this school. On account of a severe sickness, young Sawyer, at sixteen years of age, left school, and while recruiting his health made a visit to his brother, Alfred Ira Sawyer, who, after some experience as a dyer at Amesbury and Great Falls, had come in 1824 to Dover, N. H., where he was operating a grist-mill, a custom carding and cloth-dressing-mill, converting this last into a flannel-mill. Jonathan remained in Dover two years, going to school and working for his brother. In the fall of 1835 he returned to Lowell. His mother, for

the purpose of conferring upon her son a more complete education, sent him to the great Methodist school at Wilbraham, which at that time was a most flourishing preparatory school for the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn. Here he remained two terms, when, at nineteen years of age, returning to Lowell, he went into a woollen establishment as a dyer. Afterwards he went into this business on his own account, and continued in it until 1839.

During the latter part of this time he was not so engrossed in his business but that he found time to make frequent visits to New Ipswich, where Miss Martha Perkins, of Barnard, Vt., was attending school. In 1839 they were married, and went to Watertown, N. Y., where Mr. Sawyer became the superintendent of the Hamilton Woollen Company. After two and a half years Mr. Sawyer went into business for the manufacture of satinets. In 1850, his brother Alfred having died at Dover, N. H., the year before, and the children being too young to carry on the business, Mr. Jonathan Sawyer assumed its control in connection with his brother Zenas. Two years later Zenas retired, and Francis A. Sawyer, who had been a prominent builder in Boston, became a partner with Jonathan, the object being to continue the manufacture of woollen flannels. In 1858 the property below known as the "Moses mill," another flannel manufactory, was purchased. This mill was enlarged in 1860 to four sets of machinery, again in 1863 to eight, and in 1880 and 1882 to sixteen sets. The old machinery is now completely replaced by new. The

old mill, started in 1832, was in 1872 replaced by the present substantial structure, which contains eighteen sets of machinery, with preparing and finishing machinery for forty sets in both mills.

Since 1866 the attention of these noted manufacturers has been entirely devoted to the manufacture of fine fancy cassimere cloths and suitings. Already they have established for these goods a foremost place in their class. At the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, a medal and diploma were awarded the Sawyer goods for their "high intrinsic merit." The business has, since 1873, been carried on as a corporation, having a capital of six hundred thousand dollars. The corporation consists of the old firm of F. A.¹ and J. Sawyer, and Charles H. Sawyer, the present agent of the establishment. In 1866 this company made a bold innovation on the method that was so long in vogue among manufacturers, of consigning their goods to commission houses. The undertaking upon which this company entered, of selling their own goods, was met with great opposition; but their boldness and foresight have already been justified by the success which they have made, and the adoption of their methods by other manufacturers. This establishment can now look back upon a half century of remarkable history. The unmarred reputation for strictest integrity which these managers have won, their far-reaching enterprise, and the unsurpassed excellences of their fabrics, have enabled them to prosperously pass through all the

financial depressions and panics which so many times have swept over the country during this long period.

Mr. Jonathan Sawyer, with his vigor of mind and body still unimpaired, lives in his elegant mansion, which looks out upon a magnificent picture of wood and vale and mountain range, and down upon the busy scene of his many years of tireless industry. He loves his home, in the adornment of which his fine taste finds full play. When free from business he is always there. He loves his books, and his conversation shows an unusual breadth of reading in science, history, and politics. He is possessed of a strong, clear intellect, a calm, dispassionate judgment, and sympathies which always bring him to the side of the wronged and the suffering. At a time when anti-slavery sentiments were unpopular, Mr. Sawyer was free in their utterance, and was among the first to form the Free-soil party. Since the organization of the Republican party, Mr. Sawyer has been among its strongest supporters. He has persistently declined the many offices of honor and profit which those acquainted with his large intelligence and sagacity and stainless honesty have sought to confer upon him. He is abundantly content to exercise his business powers in developing still more the great manufactory, and his affections upon his large household and his chosen friends, and his public spirit in helping every worthy cause and person in the community.

The children of Mr. Sawyer, all of whom have grown up to maturity,

¹ Francis A. Sawyer died June 16, 1881.

are Charles Henry, Mary Elizabeth, Francis Asbury, Roswell Douglas, Martha Frances, Alice May, Frederic Jonathan.

Who can estimate the advantages which the influence and character of one man may exert upon a community? A poor boy, a mill-operative, perhaps, may settle in a town, his advent unheralded; but within him is a force, an executive ability and sagacity, which are destined to create a vast industry, and materially affect many generations. He may find some water-power whose latent forces have been unutilized since the settlement of the country, and by the river-bank he may start a mill. From small beginnings he builds up a great enterprise. Good judgment is required to so direct affairs that success is assured. Success means not only wealth to the proprietor, but hundreds of happy homes added to the community.

Over fifty years ago Dover received Jonathan Sawyer, then a young man full of hope and ambition, honesty and executive ability, whose career has done so much to advance the prosperity of his adopted home. He found on Bellamy river a small water-power about which to-day is built one of the largest and most prosperous manufacturing establishments within New England, the products of which are welcomed in a million American homes. He gathered about him a score of working people at first, whose pay was small in those early days of free trade. But when our government threw its protecting

arm and fostering care about the infant industries of the country, the establishment prospered and grew. Willing hands found ready work. The fame of the goods became widespread; new mills were built; new machinery was introduced; new operatives were employed. The profits of the business were embarked in its enlargement until five hundred busy workmen found employment. While their number was increasing the pay had doubled. They are a happy and contented class. They get good wages; they never strike; they own their own cottages and gardens; they educate their children at the best of public schools; they support the church of their choice; they read the newspapers and the books from the excellent public library of the city, and vote for the candidates whom they wish elected. Several generations of the same family have worked for Mr. Sawyer.

Other towns have water-powers whose forces are as useless now as in the days of Passaconaway. The man has not yet appeared who will harness their giant strength and direct it to the advantage of himself and the community.

Mr. Sawyer is a descendant of those Puritans whose unlovely traits of character, softened by time and the influence of free institutions, have developed into those traits which give New England and its institutions such weight in the Union. Dover people from the first were always partial to the Puritans, and gladly welcomed them to their midst.

SEPOLCHRAL SYMBOLS.

BY C. C. LORD.

The word sepulchral is derived from sepulchre, a grave. Sepulchre is derived from the Latin *sepelire*, to bury. Hence, etymologically speaking, the word sepulchral conveys no idea of a special doctrine, sentiment, or conception in respect to the grave. Yet it is the popular fact that the grave is suggestive of gloomy ideas. This is why the word sepulchral conveys to the popular mind a gloomy meaning.

In all historic ages, sepulture, or burying the dead, has been associated with appropriate emblems. Death and burial have always conveyed some idea enforced by a sepulchral symbol. We do not propose to review the subject of these symbols to a great extent. We propose mainly to discuss some of the more local aspects of the theme.

In Hopkinton, N. H., the home of the writer, there are two very old sepulchral headstones. They are the oldest in town. They are in the old cemetery on Putney's hill. They are in memory of Aaron and Jeremiah Kimball, two very early residents of the town. On each of these gravestones is a specimen of "shapeless sculpture." On each is carved a grotesque, not to say hideous, representation of a head and a pair of wings. In viewing these old gravestones, a question is suggested. Are these horrid representations purposely such, or does their hideousness result from immature art? It is a difficult thing to give a direct answer to this question. If these gravestones stood alone, as constructive products of

their time, or if all the gravestones of their time were just like them, it were easy to infer that the sculpture is only rude art. But there are other eminent gravestones in New Hampshire. On most or all of them are similar hideous figures. Beside the frightful head and wings, there are the skull and cross-bones, the hour-glass, and perchance a word or two of ghostly sepulchral sentiment. This fact tends to confirm the idea of intention. It would appear that at least the partial purpose was to impress the observer and reader with a dread of death.

Whose head and wings are represented on these two old gravestones on Putney's hill? This is another somewhat difficult question. Through the study of history, and by constructive inference, we get a clue to an answer. This head, these wings, belong to old Father Time. He is old Saturn, who is otherwise Chronos, or Time. We find him pictorially represented in the New England Primer, that once influential juvenile book. His figure is attended by this legend :

Time cuts down all,
Both great and small.

We find him again in the older almanacs, that are preserved in some old New Hampshire families. In these old pamphlets, he is sometimes shown with the familiar legend, as follows :

Time was is past, thou canst not it recall;
Time is thou hast, employ the portion small;
Time future is not, and may never be;
Time present is the only time for thee.

Old Father Time is often now a pictorial feature of the annual almanac. He is represented as an old man, with a flowing beard, a scythe (or sickle), an hour-glass, and a globe,—some, or all of them. The general symbolic impression is that time rules and ends all things.

Why is old Father Time represented so hideously on the old New England gravestones? Here we revert to our first question. The subject of death has a double reference. It looks back to what is past, and forward to what is to come. The subject of death is intimately related to that of religion, because it is a prominent part of religion to “bridge over the river of death.” Yet this is not all the work of religion, though a very important part. The earlier religion of New Englanders is reputed to have been very gloomy. Its devotees were impressed by a profound seriousness. This was specially true of their religion as relating to the subject of death. In death were involved great contingencies. Before the face of death, men stood in awful suspense. If present joys were considered uncertain, future joys were more so. In theory, the elect were safe. But who were the elect? The humble believer of years dared not presume too much personally. He was not sure that he was one of the elect. He hoped he was, but he could not prove it. This was the situation in Calvinism, at first the prevailing religion. Perhaps this phase of thought had some direct relation to the hideous representation of old Father Time, transformed into the frightful “Angel of Death.”

New England religion as it was has passed away; as it is, it contains traces

of the former apparent conceptions of death. The writer has been forcibly impressed by the direct or indirect admissions of two Christian men. One was a Methodist clergyman. He was delivering a funeral discourse. He said in substance,—“I am alarmed, dismayed, appalled, at the certainty of death; I fly to the Christian Saviour for a refuge.” This seemed to be the burden of his whole religious theme. The other Christian man, of impressive speech, was a Baptist deacon. He was leading a week-day prayer-meeting. In offering a prayer, his first sentence was, “Lord, we would realize that we are in a dying world.” The writer admits that both these men impressed him, but more when their separate statements were put together. In intellectual position, they were both analogous and anomalous. In the first instance, it would appear that, if there had been no such thing as death, neither of these men would have been religious. Apparently, the doctrine that godliness is profitable for the life that now is, had no place in their thought. In this they were analogous. In the second instance, while one apparently would gladly flee the subject of death, the other as gladly invited it. In this they were anomalous. We have here a spectacle of two devotees, both of the same religion, in contemplation of the subject of death, but viewing it from opposite stand-points. They were like two men looking in opposite directions—the one towards the rising and the other towards the setting sun. This is not a unique conception. All subjects seem to be capable of opposite interpretations. Hence the same subject or object in itself seldom con-

veys an unmistakable meaning. So it is somewhat difficult to look back a hundred years or more and tell just what the forefathers meant when they put old Father Time in such a guise upon their tomb-stones.

Viewing the ancient New England religion as predominantly a gloomy one, its gloom could not last. The law of nature seems to forbid permanent intense energy in a given direction. A very intense man is the one most likely to change his views. A very enthusiastic advocate of a scheme is likely to have just made a change, or to be just about to make one. A crooked line, rather than a straight one, seems to represent the direction of the intenser forces of nature. But we are digressing. The gloomy aspect of the earlier New England religion passed substantially away. The incidental causes of this change were numerous. The old Calvinism had to encounter formidable religious rivals. Methodism came shouting "Salvation's free!" and also singing,—

Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

Universalism came saying, "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Unitarianism came asserting the power of the gospel of love and good works. Swedenborgianism mapped out the whole geography of the future world, and then substantially supported the Unitarian doctrine of the efficacy of good works. These and other systems had able advocates, each aiming his controversial shafts more or less directly at Calvinism. Yet Calvinism was not destroyed, but, in being saved, was modified. The face of pop-

ular religion, the aspect of death, was changed. The symbol on the gravestone received new touches. The figure of old Father Time, transformed into the Angel of Death, passed away, but not till his face was changed. Was this change religiously intentional, or was it improved art only?

People will observe that about the close of the last century the face of old Father Time grew placid. It was no longer the expression of a hideous grimace. It became round, moony, almost expressionless, excepting its inane placidity. There is just such a face on the tombstone of the Rev. Elijah Fletcher, in the old village cemetery of Hopkinton, N. H. The Rev. Mr. Fletcher died in 1786, and the town erected a gravestone in his memory. In contemplating such an engraved face on one of the old New England gravestones, the writer is reminded of the text, "He giveth His beloved sleep," for the eyes of this placid face are closed. Did the sculptor think of this text when he engraved that stone? The only answer to this question is inferential.

The ancient face and wings and kindred appurtenances were superseded by another combination of sepulchral symbols. As a rule, the headstone or slab that named the underlying dead became smaller in proportions, more delicately carved, and bore the engraved likeness of a pillar, surmounted by an urn, by which stood a mourning female, the overshadowing branches of a weeping willow tree covering the scene. Slabs of this kind are quite frequently seen in our older New England graveyards. They doubtless represent the progres-

sive tendencies of local sculptured art. But there is more than this to them. The world's life is composite. When one dominant feature of social life changes, everything is affected by it, though such an affected condition is not always apparent to every one's consciousness.

In the olden time, the popular thought upon the great subjects of life and death was predominantly dogmatic. When it changed it became sympathetic. The individual was no longer swallowed up in the immensity of a universal contingency. Yet there appears to have been no open confession of this fact in the ordering of tombstones. The idea stole upon men's minds silently, so far as we can perceive. The interpretation of the new sepulchral symbols is easy. The ancient incinerary urn, once holding the ashes of the cremated dead, is the emblem of a perpetual tender memory. The mourning woman and the gracefully drooping branches of the weeping willow are sufficiently clear in their own suggestiveness. "We remember and weep for the lost," is the language of this sculptured picture. The representation seems to invite a tear of sympathy from the casually observing stranger. The idea is natural, simple, affecting.

In the pursuit of our subject, we note an important apparent fact. We are now in an era of sepulchral symbolism that is transitional. The marble age of tombstone architecture is now prevailing. About half a century ago a new era dawned in the construction of mementos of the dead of our public cemeteries. The former slab of slate, hornblendic,

talcose, or whatever else it may have been to those familiar with proper mineral nomenclature, gave place gradually and finally to the pure white dolomitic or real marble. Then came the solid monument, occasionally granite, but usually marble, with a tendency to a constantly increasing stateliness.

Increasing wealth has doubtless much to do with this feature of sepulchral symbolism, but not all. We have no sympathy with those who see only material causes for most earthly things. We fain conceive that there is something suggestive of sweet purity in white marble, as well as something of enduring permanence in both marble and granite wrought in more massive columns. Indeed, there is something so completely suggestive in white marble alone, that, on its advent in our public cemeteries, it seemed to be almost or quite sufficient without any specially graven symbol. For a time of considerable length the marble slab or monument contained no inscribed image of anything in heaven above or on earth beneath. Was this omission merely accidental, or was it a deliberate intention? Here again we pause in vain for an answer, except as we take it from our own inferential conclusions. But change came again. We will briefly reflect upon it.

With a few exceptions that do not promise to become general, the prevailing tendency of present sepulchral symbolism is to copy nature. The memorial slab, tablet, or pillar, erected in the public cemetery, more likely bears the representation of a vine, a flower, a bud, a sheaf of wheat, or similar object of nature's beauty or fruitfulness. Very seldom now does one

see an emblem of a composite idea, implying a strict allegorical thought. Simple nature now has predominant sway in the symbolism of the tomb. Why is this? Are we becoming natural, in contradistinction from spiritual, in our necrological reflections? Indeed, it would seem as if we are illustrating the idea of the poet Bryant in his "Thanatopsis :"

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language. For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.

Since we must regard change as inevitable, we must also remember that it is governed by a law. In the progress of change, extremes follow each other in the end. From an ancient dogmatic absorption, we are passing to an indefinite ideal reflection. Is this change better, or worse? It is perhaps both. No time is so wise as to need no change, and no time is wise enough to ignore the good of the past. If thought upon the subject of life and death was once too intensely artificial, it may now be too idly spontaneous. Communion with nature is a healthy antidote for morbidly reflective apprehensions of death and the grave, but a simple resort to the woods and fields will not solve all the mighty problems that press their right for consideration upon the soul. If life is not necessarily the vale of tears it was once popularly considered to be, neither is it an unqualified bed of roses. The true soul must still think upon, struggle with, and ultimately settle the questions involved in life and death before it can find permanent peace. We

may smile upon the brink of the grave, but we cannot smile it away.

There is one phase of our subject that we must not overlook, especially as it is of eminent historic value. Assuming that the present time has profitable use for a more morally heroic sepulchral symbol, we are led to the historic and philosophic contemplation of an emblem known to the whole Christian world, and pre-eminently to an important portion of it. Not to enter into any special discussion of the theological aspects of the theme, we cannot ignore the prominence of the cross as a sepulchral symbol in all Catholic cemeteries, as well as the honor which it holds over the graves of adherents of the Protestant Episcopal Church in other burial-places. The cross itself is historically older than Christianity, and, as a religious emblem, occupies in the Christian church the position of an adopted sign. The tenacity with which the older orders of Christianity have clung to the sign of the cross illustrates an admirable feature of permanence in human faith. Other signs and symbols pass out of style, but the cross remains the same from generation to generation. Such a permanency cannot reside in the form of the cross, one of the simplest in the world, but from some absorbing idea associated with it. What is this idea? As we wander in any Catholic cemetery of considerable size, we now and then observe a pious legend that indicates that the sculptured cross implies some future expectation, some escape from death, or some reward for its pains. The essential conceptions of the Methodist clergyman and Bap-

tist deacon is thus reiterated. But is this all? We think not. The Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches must include members who have thought further than this. We must believe that there are Catholics, Episcopals, and other Christians who have advanced as far as the Apostle Paul in the contemplation of the symbolism of the cross. In Galatians, 6: 14, Paul says, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." In the next verse, he says this subject contemplates only "a new creature." Hereby we obtain an idea that the cross is emblematic of something greater than death, whether we regard death as something merely anticipated, or merely distanced, in experience. As the symbol of life in "a new creature," the cross may assure us that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come," which statement we are further told is "a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance." We thus draw from the language of 1st Timothy, 4: 8, 9. Can any intelligent person now fail to see that the cross is an emblem of a soulful accomplishment that finds reward everywhere? Therefore, on a tombstone, it may mean a thousand times more than is sometimes thought. We are not making an argument for the universal adoption of the cross as a sepulchral symbol, yet we invite an associated healthful moral reflection. Our admission already implies the possi-

ble need of a more heroic moral sign in our public cemeteries. If people choose the cross, very well; if not, let it be a symbol more morally complete than the ghostly face of old Father Time, which only frightens us, or the pretty tracing of ivy or similar natural form, that allures us to nothing of which we have any composite idea. If there is no abstract form in nature or art that suits us, there are numbers of grand old texts of inexhaustible suggestiveness, and they can be decorated with all the accessory sculptural ornamentation that true art will allow.

In a word, society needs a fuller realization of the truth as it is expressed in Festus:

Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood;

'T is a great spirit and a busy heart.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

With such a thought fully established in consciousness, we may contemplate death as hopefully as Mrs. Barbauld, when, in old age, she wrote the following:

Life, we've been so long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,
'T is hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear:
Then steal away, give little warning,
Chose thine own time.
Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning.

Then we may assume that there will be nothing graven upon our tombstones that will or can frighten or allure us from the central truth of all human existence.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

By WILLIAM O. CLOUGH,

Author of "The Deserted Farm-House," "That Old House," "That New House," etc., etc.

The story which I am about to narrate was revived in my memory during an annual pilgrimage to the hearth and home of my childhood. It made a deep and lasting impression upon my mind. In it I discovered lessons that ought not to be lost, but, upon the other hand, emphasized and made valuable to the generation that is crowding to the front. Hence it happened that I resolved to clothe it in language and give it to the public.

In-doors everything and everybody were cheerful. A bountiful dinner had been served; the older members of the gathering were animated in conversation in which family reminiscences were the theme; merry children were indulging in a frolic, and realizing to the fullest degree the happiness they had anticipated when visiting at grandmother's; and a feeling of security, temporary exemption from cares, and thankfulness for such a reunion prevailed in all hearts.

Out-doors everything was unattractive and forbidding. The trees were bare of foliage; the fields were barren; the wind piped and whistled a melancholly refrain about the doors and windows; the air was stinging cold; and it was an absolute certainty that a mile tramp over yonder bleak hill would be attended with bodily discomforts.

Notwithstanding this contrast in my surroundings, and in pursuance of a resolve I had made before leaving home, I boldly set out on a visit to the graves of my kindred. I need not attempt to analyze or emphasize the emo-

tion, colored by chastened sensibility, and made the more impressive by strange presentiments, that possessed my mind when standing near the marble slabs that marked their last resting-places. Most men and women have been visitors in similar places at some period of their lives, and therefore have complete knowledge of a perturbation that is not easily or satisfactorily depicted. The only circumstance of note—for it concerns my story—is, that when I was about to retire from the sacred enclosure, my eye fell upon the following inscription upon a white marble gravestone:

KATHERINE POLLOCK,
1838—1878.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

I paused abruptly, and, standing there in the piercing autumn wind, I wondered how many of the yearly visitors to this city of the dead—those who chanced to read this simple inscription—knew the story of the life for which it was a memorial. I wondered who felt the inspiration that such an epitaph should animate in a sensitive nature; wondered who of all the throng shed a tear, or gave even a passing thought, to her of whom such a worthy inscription could be made. And while I thus wondered, the past came vividly before my eye and mind. Katherine Pollock was present like a midnight apparition, and a memoir of her life, its joys, sorrows, and benefactions, its struggles and its triumphs, was as plain to

me as the printed page. I turned away saddened, but not to forget the lesson that had thus come to me. Let me relate it.

The home of Katherine Pollock was in a nameless New England farming district. Her childhood and youth were full to overflowing with the light-hearted and merry joys that are the experience of the youngest and petted member of a family. Nothing in reason was denied, and yet her surroundings, education, and home influences were such that she developed into the best type of serious and admirable womanhood. Her friends, acquaintances, and admirers were many, for be it said of people in general that they are quick to recognize and give credit to an evident purpose to be useful in a world of suffering and want. That she was Miss, instead of Madam, all the days of her life was not because of any prudishness which had found lodgment in her heart, or narrowness that had clouded her soul. It was rather because of the fact that she was the youngest child of her parents; that her brothers and sisters had married before she reached her teens; and that shortly after she graduated from the village academy she was compelled to face and realize an inquiry concerning whither lay her own path of duty.

To this problem she gave serious consideration, and, view it from what stand-point she might, excuse herself upon every quibble that suggested itself, the solution was always plain and the same: "The path you should walk in is before you as distinct as the light of day. Your life—so much of it as duty demands—should be dedicated to the service of your venerable

father and mother. You should be their cheerful and obedient companion; the joy and sunshine of their home; sight to eyes that are growing dim with age; a worker for hands that must soon cease from toil and hardships; a strong staff and support for them while they are passing from their burdens, anxieties, and cares—through the golden Indian summer of life—along the margin of the dark valley that leads to the shining shore."

This was the message that came to Katherine, when, on a Christmas Eve in the long ago, she knelt at the altar rail in the dear little chapel among the hills of her native place, and in meekness of spirit pleaded not only to be shown the path she ought to take, but for resignation and strength to walk faithfully therein to the end. This was the experience of a supreme hour of her life; an hour when light from far beyond an earthly vision illumined her soul, and a solemn sense of obligation guided her purpose. Then it was, in this sacred hour and place, that she unhesitatingly put lovers, dreams of maternal happiness, visions of a home of her own and all that it implies, behind her, and in unfeigned earnestness dedicated herself to the service of others. That it was a high and noble resolve none shall question.

It only remains to be recorded in this connection that Katherine was faithful to her vows; that in the four years that followed she denied herself the society that young people court, smothered every ambitious dream of rising above the duties of her surroundings, and in a great measure lived apart from the world. Day and night found her at her task. Indeed

she ministered to her aged parents as only a dutiful daughter can minister to those she loves, closed their eyes when the messenger of death came, and mourned for them with kindred sincerity.

A few months later Katherine bade adieu to the old home,—the home around which so many fond memories clustered, where childhood's days had been crowned with love and tenderness, and where in mature years she had found supreme happiness in the consciousness of duty faithfully performed,—and sought employment in the city. For the next three years her life was uneventful. Although she was a servant at such toil as falls to the lot of a saleswoman, she lived above the grovelling crowd, and unconsciously developed in strength and purity of character, until the men and women of her acquaintance recognized in her individuality the ideal womanhood. Nothing more need be said of those three years of her life.

But there came another turning-point in Katherine's career. It came on a Christmas Eve, as other events had come; came as the result of many weeks' reflection, and, coming, found her where she was ever to be found in that sacred hour, in a church and upon bended knees. And this was the message, coupled with a command: "Sister! It is your country that calls, and you must obey. You are, therefore, here and now dedicated to humanity; you renounce the pomp and vanity of the world; you promise to be faithful unto death. Go, then, to the tented fields, to camp and hospital; bind up the wounds of your battle-bronzed countrymen; of-

fer them the consolation that woman only can give; be to them mother, sister, counsellor, and friend,—and such peace as the world cannot give shall abide with you."

Katherine obeyed the command with unflinching nerve, and during four such years as the history of no other country records she was counted among the tried and true whose service on fields where armies contended, in camp, and in hospital no mortal can estimate, and to praise which as it deserves language is indeed tame. In fact, the privations, hardships, and sufferings of the noble and modest women who knew no foe: who put the same canteen to the lips of dying men in blue and gray; who offered each the same consolation in their hours of suffering, wrote their last messages to dear ones in distant and desolate homes, and closed their eyes in the sleep that knows no waking,—never can be told, and at this distance from that sad epoch in our national history is not realized, understood, or appreciated, save by the survivors of the conflict.

At the close of the war, and following the disbanding of the armies, Katherine Pollock returned to New England and to the occupation in which she had been engaged four years before. Ten years later, worn out with toil and broken in health, possessed of but little of this world's goods, but rich in experience, and content in the reflection that she had made an honest endeavor to perform her whole duty in accordance with the teachings and impulses of her conscience, she sought the hillside cottage where she was born, put it in good repair, and settled down to

spend her declining years in peace and quiet.

To Miss Pollock, in the excitement of her return, the day on which she bade adieu to the old home seemed but yesterday. Like many another wanderer from the old hearthstone, when contemplating the scenes and acquaintances of youth from the enchantment of distance, things had not grown old. This misconception, however, was soon dispelled. She discovered that everybody and everything in the neighborhood had undergone a change. Children had grown out of her remembrance; of her schoolmates, many of the young men were buried in the trenches among the unknown dead, many slept in yonder grave-yard, and above the mound that marked their last resting-places flags were floating; the few that remained were, like herself, old and bowed down with weight of years; while the young women had married and gone to other homes, and were now the matrons past middle life. Besides these changes she discovered that the elderly people of her time had joined their kindred beyond the tomb, and that even "at home" she was among strangers; that none knew the story of her life, and none evinced special friendship or sympathy for her, while not a few looked upon her with suspicion. When she meditated on these things and took into account the sacrifices she had made for a cause that should have been dear to their hearts, she felt humiliated, and became silent on all matters concerning her career. No one, therefore, save a few, knew the story of her life, and even then in but a vague way.

But Katherine uttered no complaint.

Calm, dignified, and unassuming, she went about such duties as her hands found to do, and month after month went from house to house in the village—often without recompense or even thanks—nursing the sick, and offering the consolation that only the pure in spirit can offer in the dark hours when anxious friends watch at the bedside of the dying, or, with breaking hearts, stand at the portals of a new-made grave. She was a ministering angel to the poor and needy, a friend to every worthy cause, a wise and safe counsellor to the young, and a sympathizing visitor to those who were burdened with domestic cares and troubled about the future. Thus she made her influence felt, and by slow degrees won the affection of the people of the community, and impressed all who knew her that she was one woman in a thousand, and worthy of the highest respect. In a word, everybody acknowledged her superior qualities of head and heart, appreciated her worth, and spoke well of her.

There came a time, however—and it is here that the purposes of this story have their beginning—when this dear soul was in serious trouble and distress of mind, when those who had looked upon her as an earthly saint saw no longer in her a woman worthy of their confidence, when neighbors were indifferent, when acquaintances passed without recognition, when the tongue of scandal was loosened, and the community talked little else besides the disgrace she had brought upon the good name of her honored parents. All this is but an oft-repeated story—oft-repeated, for human nature is so made up, and justice is so blind-

ed by what it cannot understand, that suspicion increases to grave proportions by what it feeds upon till the original charge, however slight it may have been, is lost sight of in the voluminous false evidence that ingenious suggestions, thoughtless invention, and morbid imaginings have gathered about it.

The circumstance that vexed the air of the neighborhood in which Katherine Pollock resided is briefly stated: One night in August there came to her door a man past the age of middle life. He was a stranger in the place. Those who saw him said he was intoxicated, shabbily clothed, sick, and evidently a tramp. It was clear that he was a person without character, without friends, possibly a criminal from justice, and of a certainty an unfit associate for a woman. Miss Pollock admitted him to her house; and, while it was known for weeks after that he was still there, he was not seen by any soul in the neighborhood save the doctor, and that professional gentleman had absolutely nothing to say concerning him. Miss Pollock was seldom seen abroad, and then her walk was hurried; she avoided conversation, and appeared strangely. Surely something out of the ordinary course of events had happened. There was a mystery about it all; and therefore, when we take into account the inquisitiveness of the American people, we cannot so much wonder that the public was agitated—that people talked.

This was all there was upon which to build a scandal, but it was quite enough. A good name had perished in a day. The recollections of duty nobly and faithfully performed, of the

thousand and one acts⁷ of kindness that involved labor and sacrifice, of devotion to the church and community, are no protection from cruel and unjust censure when once the tide sets in the opposite direction. No matter what may have been the virtues of the accused, no matter how circumspect a life may have been lived, no matter in what principles that life may have been anchored, remove the safeguards but for a moment, and evil—so stealthily does it stalk abroad—usurps goodness, and sad consequences follow.

Miss Pollock was conscious of the situation. The suspicious glances of old acquaintances, the cold indifference of those who had been her warmest friends, neglect, slights, words that had fallen on her ear when passing groups of merry children paused in their play and stared after her with wondering eyes,—these, and many other significant things emphasized the changed attitude of the community towards her. She was indeed sorely troubled.

But why didn't she confide her trouble to those whose position in the village was such that, if they stated emphatically that there was no cause for condemnation, even though they withheld a statement of facts, all this scandal would cease? Why didn't she? Ah! there is the secret, and the secret could not be told. It must remain in her bosom, whatever the consequences might be.

And so this lonely woman, standing true to what she believed to be duty, bore her trial, as she had borne all the trials of her life, meekly, confided in a higher power than humanity, and, in so doing, found herself nearer the

great fountain, the source of which is within the veil mortal eyes have not yet discovered. She was yet a woman, with woman's pride and woman's fine sense of public sentiment, and notwithstanding the higher resolve she had made, and her purpose to endure martyrdom if necessary, she had hours of weakness and despondency when her heart almost ceased to beat, and she went down into the valley of utter despair. Besides all this she felt that possibly her unfortunate position had a tendency to weaken public morals, especially in the young, and this was no inconsiderable part of her burden.

Meanwhile the public pulse beat at random, and the public voice was raised in mutiny. Some said she was harboring an outlaw; others imagined that some old lover had inveigled himself into her good graces; a few claimed to remember that in the days of her youth her name had been associated with that of a young man and in some way compromised; that she had been secretly married, and because of some disagreement, or censure of friends and acquaintances, she had given her husband the slip and sought forgetfulness and atonement—the door to a new life—in the army, where she was well paid for her services, and later in deeds of mercy and charity.

Had there been any truth in this imagined tale, which there was not, a generous-minded public, with pure intentions, would not have laid stress upon it. It would have called to mind the story—for some of the older people of the village knew it—of her devotion to her parents, of her sacrifice and service to the men who fought battles, and her subsequent labor of love among the poor and unfortunate

in their midst. It would have discovered that her career had established a character so grand in all its impulses and so true in all its aspirations that no happening should influence their judgment, and no unexpected and temporarily unexplained circumstance cause unfriendly discussion. It would have demanded proof of her infidelity to her established reputation for rectitude, before making her a target for invectives and adverse criticism. In a word, her career, known as it must have been, should have counted for something more than superficial show; it should have been her protection, a shield of defence which the voice of calumny, and the insidious imaginings of those who are prone to scandal, could not penetrate.

Why was it not thus? Why? We fear that it was because the community in which she lived—like communities everywhere on the face of the earth—had been wrongly educated in the social problem. The people have one code of morals for man, and quite another for woman. Unusual happenings in a man's life cause but a faint ripple upon the surface of society, count for nothing in his social standing, and are quickly forgotten, while a happening of lesser magnitude in a woman's life is magnified into unreasonable proportions, and means ostracism never to be atoned. There is no equity or justice in this practice. To condemn a woman simply because she is a woman is as mean as it is criminal; and yet it is the observation of all discerning people that the voice of the unthinking, unsympathetic multitude is often pitched in a false key when woman's reputation is involved. Wish it were not so, persuade your-

self to the contrary as much as you please, and yet I but state the truth.

A few more weeks went by in which there was no change in affairs at Miss Pollock's, or in public sentiment. The house was not closed to neighbors or those who should have sought admission, but no one called; meanwhile the stranger whose coming had loosed the tongue of scandal, ceased to sun himself on the back piazza, and to those who were disturbed by what they did not understand, gloom like night settled down on all the surroundings.

The denouement, however, unexpected and unsatisfactory, came at last. The undertaker, the Grand Army Post, and the clergyman were summoned, brief services were held, and the body of the unknown man—whose secret, if secret he had, was known only to men who kept it locked within their own breasts—was buried in the soldiers' lot in the village cemetery.

This, in spite of the repeated protests of the clergyman and veterans, revived and magnified the scandal tenfold, and added a new weight of sorrow and embarrassment to Miss Pollock's position. Her services were no longer in demand among sick families; the young people forsook her; and even in the homes of the poor and needy she was made to feel that she was not a welcome guest.

Katherine's only consolation now—even the associations and sympathies of the church having failed—was in those religious principles and devotional meditations that had been her support and abiding happiness since that hour in the long ago when the path of duty was shown her, and, although she

was ostracised, and the world had become cheerless and unattractive, the greatest happiness mortals may know illumined her vision and was a joy unspeakably grand; harmonizing her thoughts, developing a forgiving spirit, and imparting sweeter communion than she had ever experienced even in the full flush of womanhood, and when immersed in the responsibilities of her mission. Thus it was that the consciousness of having discharged her pledges, accepted at the altar of her faith, made her strong even in weakness, and gave her a firm hold upon the promises that are the only healing balm of a wounded heart.

The autumn days shortened, the brilliant hues of the forest faded, her loneliness increased, and sickness admonished her that the end was coming; but her faith buoyed her up, and she was thus made equal to the task of caring for herself. In these days she had many precious moments. As her mind weakened, and she drifted nearer the margin of the great change, her solemn meditations reflected allegorical tableaux, on which in tearful ecstasy she dwelt with increasing tenderness. Passing from visions in which past epochs in her life were unfolded, she often came to the imagery of a reverie that presented the close of her career. It was an unnatural experience for a frail woman, and yet natural to her who had followed in the track of an army in its marches and battles. This, then, was the realism:

A woman who had been mustered with the legions, whose youth and strength had been dedicated to God, humanity, and country, who was conscious that she had fought a good

fight and won the victory,—she had come alone to the dark valley that mortals call death. Looking back on the journey, she beheld the parents of her love and care and the comrades who had perished at bloody Thermopylae, in field and hospital, and, dwelling on the vision, she saw a great multitude, not of this world, but whose shining faces made the darkness companionable. On the other hand was the gloomy valley. Into it she descended without hesitation and with unfaltering footsteps, when, her faith having triumphed over her last physical fear, a stream of refulgent light stole over yonder threatening peak, beyond which, blazoned in burnished gold, were the cross and crown, and a beckoning host of the blue and the gray to whom she had carried the canteen when their wounded bodies were writhing in pain and their parched lips desired only a cup of water. Experiences of this character more than compensated for the seeming loss of good name and the denial of earthly sympathy.

But Miss Pollock's health continued to fail. Thanksgiving Day came, and although the homes in her neighborhood were made brighter and happier by the presence of kindred and friends, it brought no merry voices, no warm greetings, no rejoicing to her hearth, no balm to her wounded heart, no cheer to revive ambition or renew desire for the things and associations of the world. It was rather a melancholly event to her, for it confused her weakened mind with fluctuating emotions concerning the past, and excited her relaxed nerves with passionate longings for something undefined and undefinable. Thus it happened

that she spent the passing hours of the day in a reunion with her loved ones—a reunion none the less real because of their absence. In dreamy contemplation her modest rooms were again the scene of the happiest of family gatherings. She felt the presence of the dear old father and mother, who practised economy even to self-denial for the comfort of their children, and heard their gentle voices in words of merriment and words of wisdom; brothers and sisters whom she had not heard from since the war mingled in happy greetings that caused forgetfulness of all the realities that shadowed her like a dark cloud. And so all the long day loved ones from behind the shadowy veil reflected childhood's joys and buoyed her above the infirmities of age. Thanksgiving Day, therefore, brought to Katherine—as to many another lonely and sorrowing pilgrim whose steps near the shining shore—simply another form of communion with the invisible, fitting her for a sublime transition to the visible.

The weeks that followed were mostly spent in musings, Scripture reading, devotion, and companionship with the angel that seemingly hovers about those who are nearing the hour of their dissolution. Nothing like fear or distrust disturbed the serene hours, or reflected a doubt concerning the impartial justice that awaited her beyond the portals of the tomb. An unquestioning faith, an abiding trust, a calm and holy peace—such peace as the world can neither give nor take away—permeated the atmosphere of her humble home; while it is given to but few mortals—when being clothed with immortality

—so completely to forgive and forget the wrongs they have suffered from the inhabitants of earth.

The first intimation I received that Katherine—whom I had known from the sunny years of childhood, and the story of whose devotion to kindred and countrymen was familiar to me—was forsaken by men and women, and was nearing the infinite shore, came to me in a letter from a kinswoman. The particulars, meagre though they were, made a deep impression upon my mind. I became troubled, and so controlled by undefinable impulses, that, being mentally and physically incapable of attending to my business, I stated to my family my resolve to journey to her bedside. My decision found hearty approval, and, therefore, early candle-light on the afternoon of the latter part of December found me at the mountain village. Two hours later, in company with two ladies of the parish, I entered the modest dwelling of the noble woman in memory of whom I write.

It was the hallowed hour of Christmas eve—the hour when the message of peace to the world is uppermost in the minds of thoughtful people. The light burned dim in the sick-room. My companions, who had designedly entered the room in advance of me, stood near the couch of the dying woman and spoke only in whispered accents. To them the significance of the day and the hour had not been fully revealed, but to her on whose vision the light of earth was waning, and the glad sunrise of the life eternal was dawning in effulgent brightness, it was significant of all the hopes, emotions, and incentives that pilot the way to the gate ajar.

“What day is this?” Katherine inquired feebly. Upon being told that it was Christmas Eve, she replied, “Ah! yes, my birthday—the anniversary of my consecration. Listen! the chimes in yonder tower are repeating, ‘All journeys end in welcome to the weary.’”

Presently, speaking softly, hesitating for breath, and cautiously weighing her words, like one who feels the importance of not being misunderstood, she said,—

“In this hour, more than twenty-five years ago, a sacred duty was imposed upon my mind and heart. A voice that I could not disobey said to me, ‘Katherine, your parents are old and feeble. They have struggled together these many years for you and your brothers and sisters. They are thrice worthy of your affection and your care. You must not forsake them. You must give up your ambitious schemes, and be their hands, their eyes, their support.’ I obeyed. It cost me a severe struggle, but I gave up all. I said to the young man who had asked me to be his wife, that all was over between us. I did my duty as I understood it. A few years later, my venerable parents passed on to their reward, and then I was alone in the world. Alone! no, no, not alone, for in the same hour, in 1861, when on my bended knees at the altar of my faith, that same voice sounded in my ear, and said to me, ‘Katherine, the path of duty is plainly before you. Take upon you a vow to serve humanity. Go to the fields where your sick and wounded countrymen need woman’s nursing and woman’s prayers.’ I obeyed; and, during four such years as God

grant may never again be written in the history of my country, followed the flag—followed it from the Long Bridge and through the Wilderness, in victory and defeat, to Appomattox; and in camp and hospital, on the dangerous border where the battle raged the hardest, I performed such service as I could for those who had fallen in the fight.”

The dying woman paused for a moment, and yet it was plainly evident she had not said all she desired to; that, notwithstanding her strength was failing and her sight was growing dim, there was still a burden upon her mind to which she would give oral expression. It was with great difficulty that she continued the recital.

“The world can no longer mistrust my motives or accuse me of vanity,” she said slowly and solemnly, “and therefore I may speak with unrestricted freedom. Let me say to you, then, that among the officers who commanded victorious battalions on stormy heights, and in the hours when the fate of the nation depended upon the courage of her sons, was the man who, a few years before, in the quiet of country life, asked me to be his wife. He was my friend; he was my companion during many despondent hours in those eventful years. He was a true man and a beau-ideal soldier. I was proud of his friendship, proud of his record, proud of the grand division of heroes whose steps never faltered when he led the way.”

Following another painful pause, in which the fluttering spark of life seemed almost extinguished, she said,—

“The war was over; the bronzed veterans of many fields of carnage had passed in review for the last time; the camp-fire no longer lighted the hills and vales of Virginia in weird splendor; the flags were furled; the drums had ceased to echo the long roll; and the survivors of the conflict were about to return to their homes,—when the colonel came to my quarters, and, without parade or ado, renewed his offer of marriage.

“I was weary, broken in health, weighed down with gloomy forebodings, and so weaned by years of service in the field from domestic life and its desires, that I did not possess sufficient courage to accept his offer. I compelled myself to believe that to do so was to wrong a man who deserved a better fate than to wed an invalid; that he could have his choice among the fairest in the land, for, in those days, few women would refuse a gallant soldier; and consequently I again sacrificed my own happiness for another’s. Hard as it was, I said ‘No.’ He pleaded,—told me my answer, if persisted in, would wreck his hopes and happiness; that ruin stared him in the face;—but for all this I was firm and unyielding in my determination. Before we parted, however, I promised—little dreaming of what the future had in store for us—that if ever the time came when he was in want or sickness, that if misfortune came upon him, and he needed a friend of youth, or a comrade of his campaigns, to come to my door and I would share with him to the last cracker and give him a home to the end.

“Five months ago he came to my door. He was in rags and poverty;

dissipation had done its worst: the end was near. He exacted a pledge from me that the name he bore should not be exposed, and the place he had made in history thereby disgraced. All he desired was food, a little of woman's nursing and care, and a bed upon which to die in peace. I had promised him all these, and I faithfully redeemed my pledge. I gave him the best I had; ministered to his wants; invoked for him the consolations of religion; cheered his every hour; and when the final summons came, I closed his eyes in the long sleep that knows no waking on the shores of time. Less I would not have done for any needy veteran of the old command; more I could not have done had he been my brother or my husband. But you will never know his name. It is dead, save as it appears, coupled with honor, on the pages that recount the heroic achievements of those who fought the battles of freedom.

"All that remains to be said," and the words grew faint and faltering on her lips, "is, that for this I have been a condemned outcast in the community; for this I have suffered; for this my years have been cut short. But I am satisfied. I feel that I served humanity and my country according to my strength and in the light I had; that I owe the world nothing, and, having accomplished my last task, I may depart without fear. I forgive all who have wronged me in word or thought. Comrades," and her voice was for the moment strong and musical, "of the dear old army of the Potomac, brothers of the army of Northern Virginia, your faces light the way!"

In the half hour that followed, no words were spoken, and no sound—save the harmonious chorus of a party of passing village youth, who were evidently returning to their homes from a service of even-song—broke the oppressive stillness. No murmuring discord, no distracting influences; an upturned face, white as alabaster, on which the light of eternal life was reflected, was teaching its lesson. To me—and I have no doubt my companions shared my experience—the moments were sublime in their impressiveness, causing my thoughts to drift on the margin of invisible realms, and to partake, in some degree, of the inspiration that comes to mortals in the transition to immortality.

"She is going," whispered the matron who held her hand. "To the companionship of her soldiers," added the dear old mother—mother of soldiers living and dead—as she bent over the couch of the dying woman in an unpremeditated offering of sympathy to the end. "Faithful unto death. Mustered with the brave and true of grand armies," responded my lips; and, overcome by an uncontrollable emotion, I buried my face in my handkerchief. Then, as I contemplated the things I had seen and heard, there burst on my mental vision a tableau, the splendor of which excelled in beauty all the grandeurs of earth. Beyond the narrow confines of that chamber it was morning; morning beyond the dark valley of death, beyond the hills, in Paradise; and on the tropical plain, musical with birds and fragrant with flowers, an aged father and mother were approaching, while near the couch on which lay all

that was mortal of Katherine Pollock were shadowy forms in blue and gray, surrounding a departing spirit. The scene slowly faded beyond the hills, and — here my story ends.

This, readers and friends, is the story that is told in that simple in-

scription—"Faithful unto Death"—on that marble slab in that cemetery in the hills. It teaches several valuable lessons. I hope you may discover them, and, if the necessity is yours, make the application.

THE BULOW PLANTATION.

CHAPTER X.

Late in the afternoon the tired party awoke, after a long and refreshing sleep. One has to get thoroughly weary to fully appreciate the beauties and advantages of slumber. The ladies had lost that look of care and fatigue which had marred their lovely features, and now appeared in full beauty. The gentlemen, disguised in the hideous garb of Indians, seemed to grow uglier with their rest.

"If we had seen you by daylight, Cousin Clarence, I think we should have preferred the tender mercies of Osceola to intrusting ourselves to you," said Helen.

"It proves that appearances are sometimes deceitful, cousin," replied Homer. "Many in the world could not value me, save as an Indian, until I should resume the garb of civilization."

"I think your dress is very picturesque," said Isabella. "Were your face not so marred by those stains, you would be quite an object of interest."

"Alas, that I am not so now!"

"I mean in the sense of a painting or a statue," replied Isabella. "Your

muscles of the arm show great strength! I do admire manly power because I do not have it. We found it very convenient in the swamp last night, did we not, Helen?"

As the conversation began, the hunter entered the cabin and began setting out on a rude bench a simple meal, and now invited them to partake.

"Has anything happened during our long sleep, Mr. Shepard?" asked Tristan.

"Not much: a party of Indians came up this way a few hours ago, evidently looking for some one, as they were peering into every thicket. I saw them in season, and as they came this way I sent my bear off to hunt for wild honey. It is a trick he has for our mutual advantage. I give him a piece of wax from the comb without honey, and he takes it that I am out of that commodity and starts out to find a new stock. He finds the tree, and I follow him and get a supply for both. Well, the bear did the business: they were too intent on their search to war with old Bruin; but he diverted them from this hummock. They reasoned, prob-

ably, that white folks and black bears would not be hiding in the same hummock."

"Are we safe from further intruders?" asked Isabella.

"I hope so. The Indians are beyond here now, guarding every outlet to this peninsula."

"Why did you direct us in this course, Mr. Shepard, instead of sending us direct to New Smyrna?" asked Tristan.

"This was most free from danger. I knew you would be pursued in a few hours, even before you could strike into the Halifax river, and be a target for shots from either side all the way down to New Smyrna. Doubling back on your course puzzled the Indians."

"Tell us your adventures after leaving us on the creek," said Helen.

"They are easily told, Miss Bulow. I went back in time to see the last fierce attack of the Indians on the sugar-house. It was a glorious sight. My revenge was somewhat satisfied by the perfect slaughter of the red demons. The Yankee trick of using scalding water made me almost betray myself, for I could not help laughing with joy. Their fury may be said now to be at a boiling pitch. The walls and roof of the castle were alive with Indians, but soon the gallant defenders cleared it by an unexpected charge. I was not idle. My last brand was a long one,—

LXVIII.

As the Indians retired I sent an arrow into the roof which I hope will be noticed and understood. I think your brother, Mr. Hernandez, will read it aright if he sees it. After this I fell in with a party of

Indians who seemed bound for the council to be held where the old chiefs and young ones were assembled under an old oak."

"We remember the place, don't we, Isabella?"

"They were there in force, all save Osceola. While awaiting his return, they bemoaned the fate of so many of their warriors who had already fallen. They talked in hushed whispers of their dreaded foe, "The Black Demon," and cursed the Yankee captain, to whom they charged most of their trouble in the assault. Presently Osceola returned with his two half-breeds, and, leading them before King Philip, told them to repeat their story. They did so with good effect. They said that "The Black Demon" had come down into the hummock in a blaze of light, with two demons with him. They could not describe the chief Devil, but his attendants—you gentlemen—they said, had horns on their heads, and huge tusks on each side of their faces. They further added that the demons, having bound them as they were found, seized the captives and flew away. King Philip said this was another trick of the Yankees. Osceola corroborated the half-breeds' story by telling of the dreaded brand over their heads. At last they made up their minds that their captives had been led off by white men, and immediately large parties were sent off in every direction to scour the country and bring in the fugitives, dead or alive. One party went up the King's Road; another, down the same towards New Smyrna. Others were to follow the Halifax to the outlet;

another party was to take the beach, and there separate, part going up and part going down. They were to go as far as the fastest horse could carry one in every direction before turning, and then, retracing their steps, to search every hiding-place."

"You do not give us a very good picture of the prospect of escape," said Homer.

"It was further agreed that not a gun should be fired until the fugitives should be discovered. It began to look pretty blue then, but I thought of my bear, and was glad I had directed you in this direction."

"How are you going to get us out of this dilemma, my good friend?" said Tristan. "We are very dependent on your judgment."

"I have a plan which we will try as soon as it is dark. I figured it out last night, but dared not attempt it then."

"Will you explain?"

"Certainly, for you will be exposed to the danger we must incur, so should have a voice in the matter. Were it not for the ladies I would guide you to the old fort at Matanzas Inlet on foot, but, having them to consider, I have concluded to try another plan."

"But why need we change your plans?" asked Isabella. "We can go where you lead!"

"With the water to your waist, Miss Hernandez?"

"Not very well, sir," said Isabella. "I think you changed your plans very reasonably."

"When I left you this morning," continued Shepard, "I took the boat into the main creek, and up the

creek to where the effect of the salt water is lost—where the fresh marsh begins. The brakes and reeds are very high, and completely hide the boat until you are over it. For greater safety I covered the rail with soft mud from the bottom. It looks as if it had been sunken for an age. Now I propose to take you across the lake in this very boat, and then we must carry or drag the boat across the haul-over, and take a short ocean trip. The ladies can take the oars, while we must carry the boat. Can we do it, Mr. Hernandez?"

"I think so, Mr. Shepard; for four of my boat's crew have carried it some little distance."

"Then, of course, it can be done! There is another source of danger: the wild ducks are in great numbers on the lake during the night; they must not be disturbed. I will scull the boat across, while you lie motionless in the bottom."

During the remainder of the day the party remained quietly in the cabin; but they had not long to remain, as most of the day had been lost in sleep. Just at dark they retraced their steps towards the landing in the run. At dark they stood beneath the overhanging trees where they had disembarked but a few hours before, and the hunter, after a long absence, returned silently with the boat. The party took their places, Captain Homer taking with him his uniform, which Helen agreed to carry for him during the portage. After they were settled in place, the boat began slowly to forge ahead, as could be seen by the foliage overhead. Although the motive power

was not visible, the hunter was slowly propelling the boat from astern. Soon they came out into the creek, thence into the lake; the birds swimming silently away on either side, in no wise alarmed, so gentle and steady was their motion. At length they felt the boat touch the hard sand of the outer ridge, and the hunter motioned the two gentlemen to follow him, while the ladies remained in the boat. Stealthily they advanced to the crest of the ridge. Five Indians were distinctly seen immediately in the path, defined against the distant horizon. They were gathered in a circle, muttering in a low tone, and the listeners thought they could detect the name "Black Demon." Drawing back a pace, the hunter, by signs and motions, directed Homer to aim at the right-hand savage, Tristan at the left-hand one, and then to charge with tomahawk and knife. Advancing again, and none too quickly, for the party was about to separate, the hunter fired at the central figure, the captain's and Tristan's shot almost simultaneously echoing out, and followed by the second shot from the hunter's unerring rifle. The tomahawk flew with its certain aim from the hunter's hands before the fifth savage realized from whence came the attack.

"Not a moment now is to be lost. Back to the boat. Capsize her bow on an oar. You two take that, while I will manage the stern."

Almost with the words the order was executed, and then commenced the heavy work. Up the steep grade in the rear they labored, nor paused on the summit, for the wild whoops

of the avenging savages came rolling up and down the coast. The ladies, each with an armful of oars, cheered them on, and dashed by their side into the incoming surf. The boat was righted on the edge of the surf, and then launched out into the deeper waters through the inner line of breakers.

The ladies were first lifted into the boat, and one by one the fugitives climbed in and took their places, and the boat began to feel the influence of the oars when the first band of savages came within gun-shot. Their very unsteadiness seemed to be a protection, for the balls, although whistling all about them, did not appear to wound any one, and soon the boat was guided by the indefatigable hunter over a smooth place in the line of the outer breakers, and was riding in safety on the long ocean swells, out of reach of the longest rifle of the Indians.

"Are we out of danger?" said Homer at length.

"I think so, captain," returned Shepard.

"Then you had better take this oar, I reckon." And the captain quietly settled down in the bottom of the boat.

"I think he is wounded," said Shepard. "Help me move him to the centre, and I will see what I can do for him, while you row a little further out."

Things being thus arranged and the wounded man examined, it was found that the bullet had made an ugly wound in his right arm, badly splintering one of the bones of the fore-arm. The exertion of urging the boat beyond the reach of the

bullets had drawn enormously on his iron nerve, but even that had to succumb to the excruciating pain, and he fainted away.

The hunter seemed to be as experienced in alleviating pain as in causing it, and soon after the captain was revived, his arm was dressed as well as circumstances would permit, and he was laid on the grating in the stern, with his arm resting on the stern seat.

The old hunter and Tristan then resumed the oars, and, keeping the North star a little over the starboard bow, laid their course parallel with the trend of the beach. The long, steady strokes took them rapidly toward their destination, and at the end of three hours Matanzas Inlet was abeam. Here a stiff north-east breeze struck them with a short sea, which, meeting the long rollers from the Atlantic directly on the beach, made a chop, very uncomfortable for the wounded man.

"I think we shall have to put into Matanzas Inlet," said Shepard. "The night looks boisterous, and we may do worse."

"We certainly do not seem to make much progress," answered Tristan. "But I did hope to be able to take Captain Homer to town to-night."

"I will warrant, Mr. Hernandez, to set his arm as well as any army surgeon, if we cannot obtain one."

"I think we shall have to accept your services this time again, for I see it is impossible to continue our journey by the outside route."

The boat was now headed for the bar, and, fortunately, crossed it without swamping.

The bar of the inlets along the

Southern coast varies in distance from the shore from a half mile to eight, ten, or twelve miles, according to the force of the current discharged from the inlet. The bar from Matanzas is about one mile outside the southern point of Anastasia island. Within the bar the water is comparatively quiet.

Bringing the boat to a stand-still in this body of water within the bar, but some distance from the shore, Shepard began to explain their situation.

"We cannot go through the Inlet, because there will be twenty Indians awaiting us. We must beach the boat on Anastasia island, as far from the Inlet as the north breaker will allow. I think the Indians will not be on this north side, as they cannot bring their ammunition over dry without a boat."

So, silently, they skirted inside the north breaker, and landed with no difficulty at the point designated. Leaving the boat drawn up on the beach, the party started across the sandy island and arrived abreast the old fort.

The sentinel could be heard pacing back and forth, but the party were too near the Indians to dare to hail. Tristan volunteered to swim over to the fort, and try to borrow the boat without alarming the garrison. Softly as he entered the water and paddled across, the sentinel heard him, and gave the challenge,—“Who goes there?”

Tristan, just reaching the shore, answered softly,—“Captain Homer and party, pursued by Indians. Do not give the alarm, or you will expose your friends. Allow me to take

your boat, and I will bring the captain over; he is wounded."

"Yees can do that, sure, if all the articles of war prevented, for the captain is a noice man."

"Let your corporal know, so the captain can have a fit reception."

"Yes, sor, I will, sor!"

Unmooring the boat, Tristan hurriedly paddled back to his friends. Homer had been forced by weakness from his long walk and wound to lie upon the ground. Being assisted into the boat, the party all joined him, and were quickly rowed across. The garrison were all up and stirring at the strange news that Pat gave to the corporal, and even the commandant, Lieut. Barnes, the steward had ventured to call to witness such an unusual event. The party were welcomed most heartily. Strong men assisted the wounded officer to the lieutenant's quarters, followed by Tristan and the ladies.

The hermit hunter, Andrew Shepard, was known and liked by every man of the force in the fort, and he had some difficulty in tearing himself away from the soldiers and non-commissioned officers, and only did so on promising to return and give an account of the whole trouble. Lieut. Barnes had Homer laid on his own bed, and, bringing up the medicine chest, offered to set the broken arm. But Homer, weak and sick from loss of blood, said,—“I can't stand experimenting. Let Shepard do it. He says he knows how, and what he says he knows, he knows!”

Shepard was soon at work, first dressing the wound and then splinting the arm. At length he was declared ready for rest, and a sooth-

ing potion soon lulled him off to sleep. The ladies were next attended to. They had been admiring the simple comfort of the quarters, when Helen said,—“You must be very comfortable here alone, but we are going to upset you a good deal, I fear.”

“Wait a moment, ladies. I have foreseen just such an occasion since Captain Homer's visit last Monday.”

“What day is this?”

“This is Saturday, 4 A. M. Why?”

“It struck me it was some time late in the spring. We have lived very fast this week, have we not, Isabella?”

The steward now came in, with the beds prepared for another occasion, and spread them with sheets and pillows taken from Mr. Barnes's capacious mess-chest; and shortly after brought in a tent fly, which was secured to the ceiling overhead in such a manner as to curtain off a room 12 feet square in one corner of the quarters.

“Here you have all the privacy my quarters will admit of,” said Barnes, as he handed the ladies toward their apartment.

“Oh! Helen, this is heavenly. And sheets, too! And a real bed!”

“Yes, 'tis all that heart could wish, and more beside. Good-night, gentlemen! You need not call us in the morning. We have not had a fair night's rest for a week!”

Lieut. Barnes provided for Shepard, Tristan, and himself for the night, and deferred questioning the new arrivals until morning. The guards were doubled, and all was quiet for the night. The Indians were evidently aware of the arrival of the party at the old fort, but hesitated to again attack a stone house.

[To be continued.]

TILTON GENEALOGY.

There were three men of the name of Tilton in Massachusetts in the middle of the seventeenth century. It is thought that they were brothers, and came to this country from Tilton Hill,¹ England. They were,—John Tilton, who was in Lynn in 1642; Peter Tilton,² who was afterwards representative of Hadley, Mass., for ten years, from 1665, and deacon of the church; and William Tilton, of Lynn, in 1645, who died in 1653.

After the death of William Tilton, his widow, Susanna Tilton, married Roger Shaw, of Hampton, and settled in that town.

Children of William and Susanna Tilton.

Daniel,³ born in 1645; settled in Hampton.

Jacob,³ settled in Newbury.

Peter,³ settled in Lynn.

David.⁴

Samuel,⁴ married Hannah Moulton.

Abraham.⁴

John Farmer states that from the three brothers—Daniel, Jacob, and Peter Tilton—have descended the Tiltons of the United States.

Daniel Tilton, son of William and Susanna Tilton, was born in 1645. Authorities differ as to the place of his birth. It is uncertain now whether he was born in Lynn, or in England before his parents migrated. He "came to Hampton about or not long after 1665, for Dec. 23, 1669, he there married Mehitable Sanborn.

He was a farmer and blacksmith, also an ensign in the militia, an office of honor in those early times."⁵ From the New Hampshire State and Provincial Papers⁶ it is learned that he was elected to the Provincial assembly in 1693 and 1695. In 1694 he was employed as a messenger. In 1696 his house was fortified and garrisoned, as the King William's War was then in progress; and the following year he was summoned before the council, and his claim allowed for £9 14s 3d for some public service. In 1698 he signed the petition asking to be annexed to Massachusetts. He was again sent to the assembly in 1703, and was elected speaker. His last term in the assembly was in 1711.

In 1709 he petitioned for the incorporation of the parish of Hampton Falls, and the petition was granted provided the newly created parish should settle a minister who should be acceptable to Rev. John Cotton,⁷ the pastor of the mother church at Hampton. But Mr. Cotton died, March 10, 1710, before the arrangement could be perfected, and a new act was passed in 1710. Dec. 9, 1711, forty-seven persons were dismissed from the old church in Hampton, "in order to their entering into church state in the south part of the town." December 13, a day of fasting and prayer was observed, and a church organized consisting of fifty-

¹ History of Nottingham, p. 476.

² History of Sanbornton, p. 795.

³ History of Raymond, pp. 290, 291.

⁴ History of Gilmanton.

⁵ History of Raymond, pp. 290, 291.

⁶ Vols. 2 and 3.

⁷ Lawrence's N. H. Churches.

six persons. Rev. Messrs. Odlin of Exeter, Cushing of Salisbury, and Gookin of Hampton assisted on the occasion. A church edifice had been erected before this event. "The Rev. Mr. Cushing preacht and gathered the church." "Theophilus Cotton was ordained Pastour of the church of Hamptonfalls, the 2d Jan. 1712, the Rev^d. Mr. Rodgers of Portsmouth giving him the charge, And the Rev^d. Mr. Cushing of Salisbury giving him the Right Hand of Fellowship."

This was the reason why John Farmer stated that the parish of Hampton Falls was incorporated in 1712. Daniel Tilton was a resident of that part of the old town of Hampton south and west of "Tailor's River," and as one of the petitioners for the charter probably attended both services, as he was only 67 years of age at the time, and was a member of the assembly the same year. Daniel Tilton died Feb. 10, 1714-'15.

TILTON FAMILY.

(From manuscript History of Hampton, by Joseph Dow.)

I. William Tilton was of Lynn. His wife was Susanna. He died about 1653 or 1654, and his widow afterward m. 2 Roger Shaw, of Hampton.

Children.

Samuel (I), m. Hannah Moulton.

Daniel (II), m. Mehitable Sanborn; d. Feb. 10, 171 $\frac{1}{2}$ (171 $\frac{1}{2}$), aged 70 y.

II. Samuel Tilton, son of William of Lynn; m., Dec. 17, 1662, Hannah, dau. of Moulton.

Children.

1. Hannah, b. Sept. 15, 1663.

2. William, b. Nov. 11, 1668.

3. John, b. Oct. 23, 1670.

III. Daniel Tilton, blacksmith, son of William of Lynn; m., Dec. 23, 1669, Mehitable, dau. of — Sanborn, having come to Hampton to work at his trade, two years at least before his marriage.

Children.

1. Abigail, b. Oct. 28, 1670; m. Christopher Page; d. Oct. 4, 1759, ae. 88 y. 11 m., nearly.

2. Mary, b. March 9, 1673; died young.

3. Samuel (IV), b. Feb. 14, 1674-'75 (14th: 12 mo: 1674); m. Meribah Shaw (wid. of Josiah).

4. Joseph (V), b. March 9, 1677; m. 1, Margaret Sherburne; m. 2, Elizabeth Shaw.

5. Mercy (Mary), b. May 25, 1679; m. Samuel Elkins.

6. Daniel, b. Oct. 23, 1680.

7. David (VI), b. Oct. 30, 1682; m. Deborah Batchelder; d. May 26, 1729, ae. 46 y. 6 m. 28 d.

8. Mehitable, b. Oct. 2, 1687; m., May 14, 1708, Joseph Lawrence.

9. Hannah, b. April 27, 1689; m. Nathaniel Healey.

10. Jethro (VII): ; m. Mary

11. Josiah.

IV. Samuel Tilton, son of Daniel (3); m., Jan. 7, 170 $\frac{3}{4}$, Meribah Shaw. She probably m. 2 Benj. Sanborn, Nov. 7, 1721. [He probably settled in Kingston. He was enrolled in 1708, and was in Hampton Falls in 1709 and 1710].

Children.

1. Samuel, b. Nov. 1, 1703; m. Abigail Batchelder.

2. Abigail, b. May 20, 1706; m. Ebenezer Prescott.

3. Meribah, b. Dec. 23, 1707; m. John Fogg; d. Nov. 23, 1795, ae. 87 y. 10 m. 2 d.

4. Josiah, b. April 1, 1709; m. Sarah Flanders.

V. Joseph Tilton, captain, son of Daniel (iii); m. 1, Dec. 26, 1698, Margaret, dau. of Samuel Sherburne, who d. July 1, 1717, aged 39; m. 2, Dec. 5, 1717, Elizabeth, widow of Caleb Shaw and dau. of Timothy Hilliard, who d. April 19, 1724; m. 3, June 17, 1725, Elizabeth, widow of Benjamin Hilliard and dau. of Joseph Chase. He was of Hampton Falls in 1709 and 1710, and commissioned captain in 1717. He was living in Hampton Falls in 1732.]

Children.

1. Sherburne (ix), . Nov. 19, 1699; m. Anne Hilliard.
2. John (x), b. June 14, 1702; m. Hannah Robie, dau. of Samuel.
3. Mercy (Mary on church records), b. March 3, 170 $\frac{3}{4}$; m. (?) Nathan Batchelder.
4. Sarah, b. Jan. 25, 170 $\frac{5}{8}$; m. Elisha Swett.
5. Jonathan (xi), b. June 9, 1708; m. Margaret Shaw; d. Dec. 9, 1797, ae. 89 y. 5 m. 20 d.
6. Joseph (xii), b. Sept. 26, 1710; m. Elizabeth Weare.
7. Daniel, b. Oct. 4, 1718; d. Dec. 16, 1720.
8. Timothy, b. Oct. 4, 1718.
9. Margaret, b. March 21 (31), 1720.
10. Joanna, b. July 22, 1722.

VI. David Tilton, son of Daniel (iii); m., Jan. 8, 170 $\frac{3}{8}$, Deborah, dau. of Nathaniel Batchelder. (She m. 2, June 14, 1733, Dea. Jo. Fellows, of Ipswich. He was a soldier in 1708, and a resident of Hampton Falls in 1709, 1710, 1717.)

Children.

1. Nathan (xiii), b. Aug 14, 1709 (8 $\frac{1}{2}$); m. Hannah Green; d. Oct. 21, 1793, ae. 84 y.

2. Elizabeth, b. April 4, 1710; m. Richard Nason.

3. Deborah, b. March 1, 1712; m. Jonathan Swett, July 19, 1733.

4. Hannah, b. June 3, 1714; m. Benjamin Sanborn, Dec. 27, 1733.

5. Margaret, b. July 23, 1717; m. Jonathan Green.

6. Rachel, b. Aug. 16, 1719; d. March 4, 172 $\frac{3}{8}$.

7. Huldah, b. Nov. 27, 1722.

8. Rachel, b. Jan. 22, 172 $\frac{3}{4}$.

9. David, b. March 14, 172 $\frac{5}{8}$.

10. Abigail, b. (posthumous) May 31, 1729.

VII. Jethro Tilton, son of Daniel (iii); m. Nov. 4, 1712, Mary (b. March 28, 1691); d. 1771, ae. 82.

Children.

1. Dorothy, b. Nov. 25, 1713; m. 1, James Prescott; m. 2, Oct. 25, 1736, Benj. Sanborn.

2. John, b. Feb. 17, 1717.

3. Mary, b. March 28, 1719.

4. Anna, b. May 14, 1721.

5. Daniel, b. May 14, 1723; d. Jan. 7, 1726.

6. Benjamin (xv), b. July 14, 1725; m. Mary Green.

7. Lydia, b. June 10, 1727.

8. Elizabeth, b. June 9, 1729.

VIII. Samuel Tilton, son of Samuel (iv); m. Jan. 31, 1731, Abigail Batchelder.

Children.

1. Meribah, b. 1732; d. young.

2. Jethro Batchelder, b 1736.

3. Meribah, b. 1739.

4. Sarah, b. 1741.

5. Reuben, b. 1743.

6. Abigail, b. 1746.

7. Lydia, b. 1748.

8. Elizabeth, b. —.

9. Ebenezer, b. 1752.

10. Daniel, b. 1754.

IX. Sherburne Tilton, son of Capt. Joseph (v); m. April 14, 1726, Anne, dau. of Benjamin Hilliard.

Children.

1. Samuel, b. June 11, 1727; d. Oct. 6, 1727.
2. Anna, b. Jan. 23, 1728 $\frac{3}{4}$.
3. Sherburne, b. 1732; d. Dec. 18, 1733.
4. Sherburne, b. July 20, 1734.

X. John Tilton, son of Capt. Joseph (v); m. Feb. 19, 1724, Hannah, dau. of Samuel Robie.

Children.

1. Margaret, b. Feb. 17, 1724 $\frac{1}{2}$.
2. Mary, b. April 6, 1726.
3. Abigail, b. Oct. 1, 1728.
4. Hannah, b. July 9, 1730.
5. John, b. Feb. 9, 1732.
6. Elizabeth, b. Nov. 20, 1734.
7. John, b. 1736 (1735?).
8. Jeremiah.
9. David.
10. Nathaniel.
11. Joseph.

XI. Jonathan Tilton, son of Capt. Joseph (v); m. Aug. 22, 1728, Margaret Shaw, dau. of Caleb Shaw.

Children.

1. Daniel, b. 1729.
2. Jacob, b. 1730; d. young.
3. Jonathan, b. 1734.
4. Jacob, b. 1737.
5. Jonathan, b. 1739.
6. Caleb (xviii), b. Jan. 12, 1742; m. Mary Prescott.
7. Joseph (xxvi), b. Sept. 25, 1744. Studied medicine with Dr. Ammi R. Cutter, of Portsmouth; m. Catharine, dau. of John Shackford, of Portsmouth, Sept. 10, 1767. She was born in Portsmouth, Oct. 12, 1745; d. Jan. 19, 1812. He d. Dec. 5, 1837. Settled in Exeter in 1767, and was a surgeon in the Revolutionary army.
8. Josiah, b. 1747.
9. Peter, b. 1754.

XII. Joseph Tilton, son of Capt. Joseph (v); m. Dec. 13, 1733, Elizabeth, dau. of Nathaniel Weare.

Children.

1. Susanna, b. April 2, 1736.
2. Elijah, b. July 24, 1738; d. young.
3. Betsy, b. June 18, 1741.
4. Nathan Weare, b. Aug. 13, 1745.
5. Elijah, b. March 16, 1749.
6. Mary, b. Aug. 2, 1751; m. Nov. 28, 1769, William Coffin.

XIII. Nathan Tilton, son of David (vi); m. Nov. 23, 1732, Hannah, dau. of Benjamin Green.

Children.

1. Nathan, b. Feb. 4, 1734.
2. Benjamin, b. Jan. 2, 1736.
3. David, b. Dec. 19, 1738.
4. Phinehas, b. Dec. 27, 1741; lived in Deerfield.
5. Nathaniel, b. Nov. 7, 1744.
6. Stephen, b. Jan. 22, 1748; m. Hannah Green.
7. Ebenezer, b. April 23, 1757.

XV. Benjamin Tilton, son of Jethro (vii); m. Nov. 14, 1749, Mary, dau. of Benj. Green. She was born March 7, 1728; d. at Epping, Oct. 25, 1809.

Children.

1. Michael, b. Sept. 27, 1750; m. Lucy Burnham.
2. John, b. Feb. 2, 1751.
3. Molly, b. Dec. 31, 1753.
4. Elizabeth, b. Jan. 14, 1756.
5. Jemima, b. Feb. 14, 1758.
6. Rhoda, b. Feb. 24, 1760; d. young.
7. Benjamin, b. June 22, 1762.
8. Rhoda, b. Nov. 24, 1764; m. Jonathan Cram.
9. Eunice, b. Nov. 24, 1764; m. Jeremiah Lane.
10. Enoch, b. Sept. 17, 1767; m. Molly Tilton.

XVI. Ebenezer Tilton, physician, son of Nathan (Samuel?); m. Mary, and settled in Hampton. His wife died Oct. 6, 1798, aged 48.

Children.

1. Ebenezer, b. April 20, 1773.
2. Susanna, b. May 3, 1775; m. Aug. 10, 1801, John Robinson, of Epsom.
3. Anna, b. June 27, 1777.
4. John, b. Jan. 27, 1781.
5. Robert, b. 1786.

XVII. Reuben Tilton, son of (Samuel?); m. in 1767, Mary Pavier.

Children.

1. Josiah, b. 1767.
2. Mary, b. 1769.

XVIII. Caleb Tilton, son of Jonathan; m. May 16, 1765, Mary, dau. of Samuel and Sarah (Dalton) Prescott, who was born July 26, 1746, and lived in Hampton Falls.

Children.

1. Sarah, b. Feb. 25, 1766.
2. Molly, b. Aug. 9, 1769; m. Dea. Enoch Tilton; d. July 11, 1814.
3. Anne, b. Sept. 4, 1771.
4. Joseph, b. July 11, 1783.

XIX. Samuel Tilton; m. in 1765 or 1767, Joanna Batchelder.

Children.

1. Mary, b. 1768; mother of Capt. Caleb Towle, who was born March 29, 1790.
2. Samuel, b. 1769; d. young.
3. John, b. 1770 (xxvii?).
4. Ebenezer, b. 1772 or 1773.
5. Joanna, b. 1775.
6. David, b. 1777.
7. Samuel, b. 1779.
8. Joseph, b. 1781.

XX. Ebenezer Tilton; m. Mary (or Sarah).

Child.

1. Mary, b. 1800.

XXI. John Tilton, son of Jethro (?); m. in 1742, Sarah, dau. of Col. Ichabod Robie.

Children.

1. Anna, b. 1743; d. young.
2. Mary, b. 1744.
3. Anna, b. 1746.
4. Sarah, b. 1747.
5. Dolly, b. 1751.
6. Lucretia, b. 1753.
7. Lydia, b. 1755.
8. John, b. 1759.
9. Daniel, b. 1761.
10. Isaiah, b. 1763.

XXII. Michael Tilton, son of Benjamin (xv); m. Dec. 30, 1777, Lucy Burnham.

Children.

1. Molly, b. Sept. 20, 1778; m. Josiah Prescott.
2. Elizabeth, b. Nov. 9, 1782; m. Reuben Batchelder.
3. Benjamin Marston, b. May 11, 1763; m. Mary Marston.

XXV. Enoch Tilton, son of Benjamin (xv); m. Jan. 30, 1789, Molly, dau. of Caleb Tilton (xviii).

Children.

1. James, b. May 19, 1790.
2. Sally, b. March 15, 1793.
3. Caleb, b. March 19, 1795.
4. Molly, b. Aug. 8, 1797.
5. Jemima, b. Nov. 17, 1799.
6. Nancy, b. Dec. 7, 1801.
7. Enoch, b. Feb. 28, 1805.
8. Josiah, b. Aug. 4, 1819.

XXVI. Children of Dr. Joseph and Catharine (Shackford) Tilton.

1. Catharine, b. Sept. 18, 1768; m., Nov. 17, 1893, Nathaniel Parker.
2. Dorothy, b. April 20, 1770; m. Nov. 20, 1791, J. F. Sleeper.
3. John Shackford, b. Oct. 5, 1772; lost at sea in October, 1810.
4. Joseph, b. April 15, 1776; d. Sept. 13, 1777.
5. Charlotte, b. June 1, 1779; m. Nathaniel Page.
6. Caroline, b. May 30, 1781; m. Robert Cross, of Portland.

XXVII. John Tilton, son of Samuel Tilton, of Hampton Falls; m. June 30, 1791, Patty (dau. of Winthrop Odlin), who died Sept. 7, 1823.

Children.

1. John Folsom, b. Dec. 8, 1792.
2. Ebenezer, b. Dec. 29, 1795.
3. Samuel, b. Nov. 28, 1797.
4. Winthrop Odlin, b. March 7, 1800.
5. Amy Folsom, b. May 3, 1802.
6. William, b. July 26, 1804.
7. Elizabeth, b. Aug. 18, 1806.
8. Joseph, b. July 22, 1809.
9. Sarah Ann, b. Aug. 1, 1813; d. in 1814.

XXVIII. Joseph Tilton, b. in East Kingston, 1774, settled in Exeter as a lawyer in 1809; member of legislature, 1814 to 1823; was a power in politics; m. Nancy, dau. of Col.

Samuel Folsom. He died March 28, 1856, aged 82.

XXIX. John Tilton, b. 1736 (1732?), son of John Tilton (x), of Kensington; m. Hannah Clifford, May 19, 1761; resided in Gilmanton; died Jan. 25, 1818, aged 82. She died March 28, 1829, aged 80.

Children.

1. Samuel.
2. Elizabeth.
3. Nathaniel.
4. Judith.
5. Hannah.
6. Abigail.
7. Mary.
8. John.
9. Richard.
10. David.
11. Sarah.
12. Dolly.

DOVER GUBERNATORIAL CANDIDATES IN 1852.

BY HERMON W. STEVENS.

It is the second Tuesday of March, the year 1852. The skies are overcast, the wind being in the south-east, and rain falling. At his office door, in a little wooden building nestled between two brick factory structures, and opposite the Marston block, stands Dr. Noah Martin, in his bottle-green suit.

A ruddy and well preserved gentleman of fifty-one, with a presence above average height, legs quite short, and very portly, having a handsome, pleasant countenance, looking hospitality and kindness towards friends, and a quiet but not easily solvable reserve towards the rest of the world. He has thin hair, which may have been tawny in youth; looks

directly foreright, as passers-by would imagine, but observing all that appears on either side of him without turning his short neck; moves with a measured step, invariably carrying a large ivory-headed cane; his level eyes, always on the ladies, are calm, and full of the dexterities acquired by sagacious experience with humanity in weakness; his silver voice and persuasive rhetoric are never disturbed; every little act, such as stopping to shake hands, is executed with as much exactness as if posturing before a convention. He is a Democrat of democrats, and no Whig trusts the frank look in his eyes, nor the noble bearing in his figure. All in all, he is one of the most remark-

able exhibitions of professional dignity, gentlemanly refinement, and complete self-complacency to be found in his native state. He is considered one of the best physicians and surgeons in New England.

Since sunrise, when he read 33° on his thermometer, the doctor has been nervous. It is now 9 A. M., and he looks earnestly up and down Central street. There is little to obstruct the sight either north or south, though his view commands everything from Oliver Wyatt's store, opposite the American House, to A. C. Smith's carpeting and crockery warerooms in the Corporation block. There are no dealers on the Square, though a crowd is gathering near the town hall. The doctor's eyes light on S. S. Clark and J. D. Guppy, who are coming from the selectmen's office, where they have been to get their pay for auditing the town accounts; and then he peers mistrustfully over towards the redoubtable B. Frank Guppy's office. In the meanwhile, Col. John Stackpole, Moses Read, Charles M. Warren, John Gowen, Alvah Champion, H. W. N. Grover, and William B. Lyman, regularly appointed police officers, go by, not without a pleasant "Good morning!" But the worthy doctor is hatless, and apparently none of the people in sight greatly interest him, so with a sudden start he steps backward and closes the door, shutting out the gusts that come whirling from the Landing and New Dublin. Certainly he expected somebody; and at the very moment of withdrawing another person appeared, nearly half way between "Shapleigh's" and the store of John E. Bickford.

Tall, stately but for a cant of the magnificent head, dress wholly of black, hands long and slender, face large, and gentle and kindly when the eyes rest on children. He has no literary pretensions, but the spectacled Dartmouth man, who has been graduated from Andover Theological Seminary, now shaking him by the hand, will not talk long without finding that he is a scholar, and a ripe and good one. Perhaps the doctor was looking for this man. If so, he was satisfied to let Thomas E. Sawyer, the Whig candidate for governor, pass by. It is not certain that an interview would have been productive of good feeling, for party lines are sharply drawn, and political intolerance is now more than ever a terrible enemy to candor and magnanimity.

The doctor is at length inside the little office. Little indeed, for so far as dimensions go it is but half a shade more extensive than a stage coach. Yet, despite the dirt of Democratic boots borne in from every county, there is nothing like disorder, everywhere spotless perfection, furniture without scratch or abrasure, books resting on leather cushioned edges to preserve the bindings—everything in harmony. The doctor does not profess to entertain Mohammedan views regarding strong waters, though far from being convivial in his habits,—so it does not surprise Mark F. Nason, a young and eager Democrat, anxious for something to do, when he finds a sort of indistinct, slightly piquant, perfume hovering in the room; and the big-bellied flagon, tagged "Lyon's Pure Ohio," elicits no surprise, though he does examine with some wonder a dainty card lying

near by, containing the address of a well known heraldic chaser, crest and coat-of-arms furnisher.

The mature man and undeveloped youth talk together. The difference between them is great. With a legal training the elder might be the leading New Hampshire Democrat. The younger has an open face, simple manners, and a certain roughness which does not exclude good nature. The one is calm and calculating, the other eager and impetuous. A child would unhesitatingly make choice of the younger for a confidant. Week by week the elder has read the Whig attacks on his reputation, and the vehement criticisms on his party's platforms. Night by night he has talked the ticket over with Charles E. Bartlett of Great Falls, John R. Redding of Portsmouth, Dr. Kittredge of Newmarket, and W. J. Butterfield of Concord; and has joined in no end of canvassing reports with Dr. Joseph H. Smith, Dr. P. A. Stackpole, Pat. Burns, Dr. Cowan, and George McDaniel. This is all over,

and the result in the state is not uncertain, but he would fain secure a plurality over Sawyer in Dover. So Nason listens, and goes out to find Bill Peirce, John and Andrew Tuttle, Jake Crockett, Sam Plummer, Charles Dunn, and the Guppeys.

An hour later Mr. Sawyer calls the meeting to order. The Democrats complain that he ought not to receive and count his own votes, and the Whigs retort that a year ago Dr. Kittredge not only received and counted his own votes, but actually declared himself elected to congress. Both sides work manfully and persistently. When night comes, the whole ticket has been elected at the first ballot—a thing which has not before occurred since 1841. The largest Whig vote ever polled in Dover makes the grim moderator smile. And now the doctor goes home a little sad, though to-morrow he will learn that the Free-soil Democrats of 1851 have this year gone back to their old party, making his election sure.

MAJ. SAMUEL YOUNG,

Delegate to the Convention of 1788, for Bath (Concord¹), Lyman, Landaff, Littleton, and Dalton—the Ammonoosuc Class.

BY SAMUEL EMERY.

The fifteen sons and daughters of Major John Young,² of Haverhill, Mass., who had been an officer well known in the French-Indian War, were among the earliest and the sturdiest settlers of the valley of the Ammonoosuc. The eldest was Samuel, who held a conspicuous position

¹ Concord *alias* Gunthwaite, is not named as a part of the class, but its population was larger than any town in the valley except Bath, and one delegate was elected from it. We infer, therefore, the omission in the list of towns constituting the class is a clerical error of somebody in transcription.

² The children of Major John and Hannah (Getchell) Young, of Haverhill, Mass., were Samuel, John, Jesse, Susannah, Nathaniel, Joshua, Caleb, David, Susanna, Triphena, Sarah, Ruth, Joseph, Benjamin, and Polly.

in civil and military affairs in Northern New Hampshire. From the very outset he stood manfully for the cause of independence. The Revolutionary rolls make the following mention of him :

He was made sergeant of a company of sixty men, raised by vote of the Provincial Congress of date May 26, 1775, for the public defence, in the north-westerly part of the state. He was mustered into this service July 29, 1775.

In 1776-'78, he appears by the official rolls to have been a captain in Col. Timothy Bedel's regiment. His brother Jesse is named by the same authority as a lieutenant in Captain William Tarlton's company.

Besides the two already named, five other brothers in this family served in the war for independence.

There is an interesting petition from Samuel Young, dated June 12, 1797, in the state archives. It is printed in Hammond's Town Papers, Vol. 2, page 413. Among other interesting statements in the paper he says he purchased 26 guns for the use of men in his company, who were not supplied, for the Canadian campaign of 1776. He paid from eight to twelve dollars apiece for them. He asked in this petition to be reimbursed, and at the June session the state made an arrangement of the matter with him.

In the military service it is said he was a man of conspicuous ability. He had courage, nerve, and endurance. On the return of one of the Canadian expeditions, when the men, overcome by hunger and fatigue, would lie down to die, Capt. Young, by his own example of fortitude, by

his words of encouragement, and by force when other resources failed, actually drove them on and saved the lives of many.

Subsequent to the war he was commissioned a major in the militia—whence the title which he bore in his later years.

In 1786 Capt. Young was deputed to proceed to Portsmouth, and, in concert with his brother, Capt. John Young, then representative of the class, to procure redress and relief, from the Assembly, from the town's burdens of excessive and unjust taxation. An extract from their petition will vividly portray the condition of this frontier community in this Revolutionary period.

“ When the noise of war was heard in this part of the state, almost every man in town turned out in defence of the country, and marched to Canada under the command of Gen^l Montgomery for the term of six months,—that a number of them enlisted in the service for the year 1776—at the close of which several persons enlisted for three years and during the war—some of whom died in service, and left their families in very poor circumstances—* * * that we living in the exterior part of the state, exposed to the savage enemy, who were daily scouting among us, having the promise of bounties for prisoners' scalps, &c., were many times called out on alarms, leaving women and children to hide in the woods, to suffer the fear of being slain by the enemy—that we built a fort in said town (which cost at least one hundred pounds) to shelter ourselves in, at our own expense—that had it not been for poverty (which in many in-

stances is man's only protection) we should have left the town, and very probably the state, long before the close of the war." Hammond's Town Papers, Vol. 2, page 406.

He was constantly in intimate and responsible relations with Schuyler and other distinguished patriot leaders.

Samuel Young was born in Haverhill, Mass., July 19, 1747. He died in 1805, just past the prime of life. From the time he came to Lisbon till his death probably no man had more influence among his townsmen, or a more prominent part in the management of affairs, than Major Samuel Young. He is named in the local records in all kinds of official position.

John Young was a leader in what was known as the Vermont movement, as a result of which Concord or Gunthwaite, as the present town of Lisbon was from 1764 to 1787 variously known, according as the rival sets of proprietors, claiming under the antagonistic grants of Benning Wentworth and John Wentworth, were in temporary ascendancy.

The town did not acknowledge the state authority of New Hampshire during the Revolutionary period, and was one of the historic "sixteen towns" of the Vermont union.

It does not appear that Samuel Young was any partisan of Vermont. Perhaps we have the right to infer, from an allusion to the "Vermont faction," in a petition dated June 12, 1787 (reproduced in Hammond's Town Papers, Vol. 2, page 407), in which he joined as a subscriber, that he was an opponent of that faction.

The respective claimants under the rival grants of Concord and Gunthwaite gave rise to other troublesome

divisions among the townspeople. Probably the two controversies here mentioned occasioned the principal local issues and politics.

In both of these contests, which had large importance in their time, Samuel Young had the good sense to be on the successful side. He was one of the best educated men in the settlement, and he brought considerable capital into it. With his native abilities he was thus enabled at once to assume a commanding position in that section of the state. He was a man of generous nature. In public office he always acted unselfishly for the public interest, and neighborly helpfulness and encouragement marked all his relations and dealings with his fellows in private affairs.

One who knew him said,—“No one knows what would have become of the first settlers of his town had it not been for him. He employed them in clearing land, and paid them in provisions. The virgin soil along the intervals of the Ammonoosuc was very productive, and labor brought good returns. In the year 1801 he furnished employment for all the people in his vicinity in the way of clearing 100 acres of land. The succeeding year he raised 2,000 bushels of wheat, which supplied the people in all the surrounding country with bread stuff. He not infrequently raised from 500 to 800 bushels of corn, and, in time of scarcity, when grain commanded extravagant prices, before taking his surplus to market, he reserved a sufficient quantity for the needs of his neighbors, selling it to them at the prices which obtained in ordinary years. It was his custom annually to invite all his poor neighbors to

Thanksgiving dinner, taking great care to entertain them agreeably, and to provide them with something substantial to take home."

He was correct in his business methods. His handwriting was very plain, legible, and business-like, specimens of it being still preserved, and he was a ready and effective public speaker.

He was twice married. His first wife, whom he espoused in 1764, bore him three children; and the second, Abigail Thompson, of Londonderry, with whom he was married in 1784, bore him seven.

Their son Ira became prominent as a lawyer in Grafton and Coös counties, and in military affairs. In 1835 he commanded the 24th regiment, which was designated to quell the Indian Stream insurrection, and he was subsequently brigadier-general 6th brigade.

Two of Gen. Ira Young's sons—H. D. F. Young and Richard O. Young—served in the War of the Rebellion, the latter losing his life, and the former a captain in the second regiment. Moses Young, another son of Samuel Young, was a colonel in the state militia.

Major Samuel Young was the representative of the Ammonoosuc Class in the legislature of 1788, and in that of 1790.

In 1792, a new classification having been made, he was representative of the Concord Class in the legislature of 1794, 1796, 1797, and 1799. His broad mind, his large and varied experience in affairs, and his tried patriotism well qualified him for the momentous duties of the Convention of 1788, which perfected the union of the American states by the adoption of the federal constitution.

CAPT. ISAAC PATTERSON,

Delegate to the Convention of 1788 for Franconia and Lincoln.

The circumstances attending the representation of this constituency are peculiar. The delegate was a resident of Piermont. He did not appear in the Convention until the adjourned session in June. The records of Franconia for that period contain no reference to the Convention or representation in it. Those of Lincoln only extend back to 1792. If there are earlier ones, they have been lost or scattered.

Possibly the friends of the Constitution, looking in this direction for reinforcements, employed some of the vigilant methods of modern poli-

tics to strengthen the Grafton county delegation, which was already very much stronger for ratification than any other, and, in fact, was nearly unanimous. If we except the Conway district, which was more closely allied with the politics of the southeastern section of the state, there remained but one dissenter in the county—Capt. Hutchins, of the Haverhill district; and Capt. Patterson, actually a resident of the same class, came to the Convention in time to offset his neighbor's vote.

Capt. Isaac Patterson was a farmer, settled in Piermont before the

Revolution. He occupied for many years the river farm, at present owned by John Worthen. His sons, John and Joseph, also remained at that place, and, later, the quaint and venerable Grafton county lawyer, Isaac Patterson, returned there, at a great age, to end his days at the home of Mrs. Rhoda Blaine, another descendant of the captain, who was the owner and occupant down to 1881.

Hammond's Revolutionary Rolls (Vol. III, p. 539) makes mention of the roll of Lieut. Isaac Patterson for 1781, in the account of bounties, etc., paid by the town of Piermont. This clearly indicates that he was in active service as an officer in the time of the Revolution. Other Revolutionary rolls which are not preserved on the ros-

ters of the militia might have shown his advancement. In the public records he was afterwards designated as captain.

He held various town offices in Piermont, the most important being that of representative, in which capacity he served in 1807 and 1808. Before the November session of the latter year he resigned, and a successor was chosen by a special election. The cause of his withdrawal from the office does not appear.

He died Oct. 25, 1811, at the age of sixty-one years.

His record in the Convention is not conspicuous, and consists only of his travel to and from Piermont, his brief service at the June session, and his vote for ratification.

HOWELLS'S MODERN ITALIAN POETS.

BY ADELAIDE CILLEY WALDRON.

Most sensitive and appreciative minds are found often in districts remote from the larger cities, that hunger and thirst for the published thoughts of able students, and care for them, when obtained, as for the beloved of their youth. But it is sometimes the case that circumstances prevent free examination of many issues, and a presentment of one and another is the only available means of any acquaintance with them. To give a little knowledge of a certain period of Italian literature, as studied and revealed by one who, famous as a novelist, is able to carry his keen sight, sense of humor, and a kindred poetic intuition into the heart of verse, is the object of this paper.

In the introduction to the volume is mention of the development in scientific and realistic matters made by Italy since 1870, in common with other countries, the author believing that the romantic school came to a close at the end of a long period of patriotic aspiration and endeavor.

When a nation arrives at an era of political tranquillity, of greater or less degree, investigations of nature are apt to become a prominent feature where stirring rhyme was wont to ring, or poetic prose to inflame the public heart; and that this is the case with Italy goes to prove that of one blood are all the peoples of the earth. From 1770 to 1870 there was a feeling among patriots, that, to quote

Guerrazzi, there was something to do, if not with the sword, then with the pen. Emotion is contagious, or it may be epidemic. The wide-spread ferment of politics sent to the surface its natural froth, but beneath it lay the sound wine, pure and strong of body, to become mellow and full of use with the growth of time, free from the softness and trivialities of its earlier days, although these had their own little part to do in the working out of the later appearance of Italian character.

"The longing for freedom is the instinct of self-preservation in literature; and, consciously or unconsciously, the Italian poets of the last hundred years constantly inspired the Italian people with ideas of liberty and independence." Alfieri, from out of Piedmont, belonging by birth to a nobility still the proudest in Europe, the poet whom his countrymen place next after the four great early poets, Danta, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso, "was in literature," says Howells, "what the revolution was in politics," and full of tragic eloquence against tyrants. Others are named, showing that almost entirely the literary life of militant Italy sprang, like Alfieri, from the north. But is not this apt to be the case in all countries? Even our speech changes with the climate and our altitude from the sea; and while great ardor colors the product of the south, it is believed that for steadfastness and persistence we must look to the northern latitudes and the eastern declines of mountain ranges. The singer of the south may be happy in melody, but he of the north craves the ruggedness of fulness of harmony.

The author believes Alfieri at his best in tragedies based on the heroic fables, and likes most the Orestes, as giving great vigor of action with wide range of feeling. He characterizes his genius as vehement, if somewhat arid, and is struck with what he calls the narrowness of his tragedies, which have height and depth, but not breadth. This, he thinks, is tolerable only because the plays are so brief. But this is to be classic and Greek: the Roman line of beauty is wide of curve, and voluptuous, while that of Greece is as Alfierian poetry, narrow, high, and severe in the slight curve.

The latter part of the introduction is alive with the delicate humor of Howells, and, in fact, the most affinity apparent in the various essays is shown, or, rather, revealed, in those dealing with humanity after the fashion of the author of "*Silas Lapham*," "*Our Wedding Journey*," and "*The Editor's Study*." The chapter on "*The Arcadian Shepherds*" is entirely charming in its subtle wit and airy fancy, which yet do not lessen the sturdy common-sense that Howells never lets escape his hold.

During the long peace after the Wars of the Succession, Italy was awake in the head, but given over to "fantastic immoralities." Galvani and Volta are, it is likely, more familiar names to people in general than are those connected solely with literature; but it is said that this demoralization of heart began with a reaction against the correctness of Lutheran religion, when the Jesuits rose to chief power, and the young received education only from priests. Emiliani-Giudici, however, says that "the

moral degradation of what the French call the great world was the inveterate habit of centuries." This remark is made when the critic named is about to consider a poem by Parini, which is a satire (painting to the life) on Lombard nobility, to which class the poet was not born. He was evidently the most instinctive observer that can be imagined; but "he who had laughed to scorn the insolence and folly of the nobles could not enjoy the insolence and folly of the plebeians." There might have been added to that quotation the truth that when one is capable of so exquisite scorn as was that of Parini, he could but find the insolence of a mob, always more brutal than that of another class, entirely revolting and unendurable.

The French Revolution, while it had its horrors, gave also its compensations; "it bade Italians believe themselves men; it forced them to think of Italy as a nation." And at last "men and women opened their eyes upon an era of work—the most industrious age the world has ever seen." The best known poets of this time are Monti and Foscolo. Of the former, Howells says,—“It is an interesting comment on this phase of civilization, its effervescent, unstable, fictitious, and partial nature, that he was its most conspicuous poet.” He seems to have been a time-server from necessity, when with other times he might have been a true poet. In a translation there are three lines describing the arrival of the spirit in the presence of God, as follows:

“There his flight ceases; there the heart, become
Aim of the threefold gaze divine, is stilled,
And all the urgency of desire is lost.”

Foscolo was a Greek, coming early to Venice, and was a secretary of the provincial government, beloved by his people, who were so fond of hearing his voice, that when they heard one day another reading in his place they were turbulent, till the president called out, “People, be quiet! Foscolo is hoarse.” He wrote a famous lyric, “*I Sepolcri*,” a poem of burials, or, rather, of funeral customs, and a few allusions to the fate of heroes, with passages on the spiritual significance of posthumous honors. He wrote also criticisms and romance.

After a time literary patriotism forbade the Italians to hope to be good citizens without being good men. This was believed to be romance in its highest office by Manzoni, Grossi, and D’Azeglio. The explanation of this development is able and interesting. In 1815 there appeared the Sacred Hymns of the young Manzoni, who refused to bear his inherited title of count. He is better known in America as the author of “*I Promessi Sposi*.” A fine translation is given of a famous chorus in his tragedy, “*Carmagnola*,” in which, as Howells says, is the whole political history of Italy; and as verse, it has the swing of a serious army in its solemn, sonorous rhythm.

Pellico was a truly persecuted poet, from whose works the essayist confesses to have read but little. The story of his prison life makes his most touching work. From Grossi is quoted a remarkably sweet song, “*The Fair Prisoner to the Swallow*,” on whose motive much music has been composed.

The Venetian Carrer died in 1850. His ballads are regarded as the best

of his poems, and a powerful and peculiar specimen is given, named "The Duchess."

Berchet wrote emphatic political and patriotic poetry, and the passionate verse translated is called "Remorse."

In "Arnaldo da Brescia," by Niccolini, is poured out that distrust felt toward the temporal power of the pope by thousands of Italians; and excellent versions are given freely in the chapter devoted to this author.

The story of Leopardi is of itself a romance and tragedy. His Greek studies made him famous, and his poetry is the essence of melancholy. His genius is comparable in its temperament, if one may so speak, to that of Emily Brontë.

In Giusti, Howells surely finds a congenial spirit, and, saying that he is the greatest Italian satirist of this century, and in some respects the greatest Italian poet, his own gifts are of so great affinity with these that we expect to find in the essay upon him all that intimate comprehension possessed only by a kindred mind. But the likeness is wholly intellectual, not moral.

I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting from Howells this sentence in the essay on Giusti: "It [the Italian's satire] is humor in its best sense; and, after religion, there is nothing in the world can make men so conscious, thoughtful, and modest."

The poems of Dall'Ongaro, while intensely patriotic, are not confined in appropriateness to a special time, but have that element of universality which fits them to a nation, with never-

theless a belonging to every one of its people.

In Prati is another proof of the general truth that locality has its part in the forming of character. He was born near to Germany, and has a Teutonic element in his poetic temperament, while his portrait might be mistaken for that of a German musician.

Our author regards Aleardi as having in high degree those qualities demanded by present English taste—quickness of feeling and brilliancy of expression. He was forbidden to use the pencil, so took up the pen, and believes himself, for this reason, to be too much of a naturalist, and too much given to detail.

From Careano, Fusinato, and Mercantini is quoted representative verse in excellent translations. "The Gleaner of Sapri," from the latter, is a remarkably strong and steady ballad.

Of the essayist's work, it is unnecessary to say that it is faithfully and delicately done—everything from the hand of Howells is that: opinions as to the merit of different poets will be as many as the people reading their works: but I do not look on this volume as a collection of criticisms so much as a presentment of the poets named, their surroundings, aims, and successes or failures, and as making us acquainted with the work of the century mentioned, and with Italy herself through her devoted and loyal sons. Every lover of liberty and of literature will enjoy the whole book.

It is a tribute to true national freedom, and Americans particularly should appreciate its contents.

“THROUGH FAITH BELIEVING.”

BY VIRGINIA C. HOLLIS.

“Oh! sanctify it, Father, to her good,
 As low she bends beneath Thy chastening rod.”
 (Thus prayed the aged minister of God,
 As by the little altar-rail he stood.)
 “Thy hand hast dealt the blow, O Lord, but still,
 Though this, her only darling, Thou dost take,
 We know the bruised reed Thou dost not break,
 But bringest good from out each seeming ill.
 We pray Thee bear this mourning mother up
 By faith, and in Thy everlasting arms
 Show her her child, free from all earthly harms,
 Though *she* be forced to drink from Sorrow’s cup.
 Oh! make her feel a Shepherd kind Thou art,
 Who takest little lambkins to Thy breast
 But that the sheep may follow to *their* rest
 In pastures green, near to Thy loving heart.
 And evermore the little ones shall wait,
 And watch the coming of the mothers dear,
 Who yet a little longer tarry here,
 Ere they are called to pass the Golden Gate.”

Near by, within a casket, lay the child,
 Fair as the rosebuds in her little hand
 (Herself a rosebud which should yet expand
 To fullest blossom), pure and undefiled.
 The mother gazed upon the little form :
 Within her heart, “It is not just,” she cried,
 “To take my precious baby from my side,
 Leaving no nestling there my heart to warm.
 In other homes, where many children are,
 The happy bands remain unbroken still,
 While mine is riven by the Master’s will ;
 My little one is borne from me afar.”

But e’en as these rebellious thoughts found place
 Within her bosom, grace found entrance too :
 Grace from above enabled her to view
 The pictures which the minister did trace.
 By faith she saw her little one at rest
 In Jesus’ arms, and beckoning her to come.
 “I wait Thy time, O Lord, to call me home,”
 She said ; “I feel Thou knowest what is best.”

**LAWYERS OMITTED IN HISTORY OF BELKNAP COUNTY
BENCH AND BAR.**

By E. A. HIBBARD.

John M. Berry, at Alton a few years, about 1850.

John A. Kilburn, at Alton a few years, about 1857.

Jefferson M. Moody, at Alton from about 1856 for about five years.

John W. Currier, at Alton now and for more than twenty years past.

Albert E. Hodgdon, at Barnstead in 1845 or 1846 a short time.

Charles R. Rogers, at Barnstead about 1848 a short time.

Noah O. Barnes, at Barnstead a few years, about fifty years ago.

Moses Norris, Jr., at Barnstead a short time before he removed to Pittsfield.

H. B. Leavitt practised at Barnstead about 1853 and 1854.

Charles S. George, at Barnstead now and for a long time (though perhaps only a statute lawyer, so called).

M. B. Goodwin, at Meredith Bridge a few years, about 1850.

C. W. Clarke, at Meredith Bridge about 6 months in 1853 (successor to Thos. J. Whipple).

Wm. P. Bartlett, at Laconia a year or two from about 1856, in partnership with Geo. W. Stevens.

Charles H. Butters, at Meredith Bridge a short time, about 1853, in partnership with George W. Stevens, I think.

Hiram A. Spear, at Meredith Bridge a year or two, about 1852,

and then again at same place (which had become Laconia) about three years from 1855.

Wm. L. Avery, at Laconia several years, commencing about 1859.

Daniel C. Woodman, at Laconia several years, at about the same time as Avery and in partnership with him.

Woodbury L. Melcher, at Laconia since about 1862, but not lately in practice.

Daniel S. Dinsmoor, at Laconia from about 1864 till his death in 1883, but went into banking in 1866, and gave up practice. He had been a partner of Wm. N. Blair.

S. S. Jewett, at Laconia now and for five or six years past.

John W. Ashman, at Laconia since about 1880, but gave up practice a year or two ago, and went into banking.

Benjamin C. Dean, at Lake Village a few years, about 1871.

Edwin P. Thompson, at Gilmanton Iron Works a short time about ten years ago, then at Belmont till 1884 or 1885, and since clerk of Belknap county supreme court.

Wm. T. Norris, at Sanbornton Bridge, I think, a year or more, perhaps, fifteen years ago, in partnership with C. C. Rogers.

E. S. Moulton was at Meredith (not at Laconia), and Ira F. Folsom at Lake Village (not at Meredith Bridge).

THE WEST CHAMBER.

BY HENRIETTA E. PAGE.

I had a rather peculiar experience upon my last visit to Europe, in the early summer of '85, which may prove interesting to some. The way in which I came to make the trip, which was my third, was this:

One day I sat dreamily wondering what I should do and where I should go for a vacation that year, as I seemed to be deserted by all my near and dear ones. My daughter was upon her wedding tour, and would not be back until late in September. My husband and son had joined a party of tourists whose destination was the Adirondacks, and, as the company comprised only the masculine portion of humanity, of course I could not go with them.

I was feeling a little blue and out of sorts, and thinking that men were decidedly selfish, when the door opened, and my brother John came in and sat down. There was rather a careworn look on his handsome face, for he is handsome if he is my brother. I soon found out his trouble, and set his mind at rest, besides settling the vexed vacation question.

His daughter was in poor health, and had been ordered a sea voyage. His wife was confined to her room with rheumatism, and business was in such a condition that he could not leave without serious injury to it. Could I chaperone Edna? Could I! Yes, indeed, I could, and would gladly. Here was an end to all my pondering and wondering and blues. My destination was settled, and all my bills were to be paid.

In two weeks we were on the briny deep. The voyage was delightful, and we arrived safely in London one bright, sunny day. (They do have bright, sunny days in London occasionally, in spite of the fog stories.)

We were hardly settled in our lodgings, which were very cosy ones, consisting of three pretty rooms, which I had occupied on my two previous visits, when I received a pressing invitation from Lady Brentwood, who is distantly connected, to make her a long visit at her beautiful country seat in Kent—Brentwood Manor.

I had heard a great deal about the beauty of the place,—its park, its old trees, its deer, its fine views, and water facilities,—but had never as yet been fortunate enough to see it.

She wrote that at present they were quite free from company, and I should have the pick of the rooms, and we could have a few quiet days together if I could come right away. Unfortunately I could not. Edna was feeling fatigued from the voyage, and we had brought few dresses with us, thinking to get a supply in London or Paris; and so we could not go for a week, at least. It was two weeks before we set our feet on the train which was to take us thither.

The guard gave us a first-class to ourselves, and promised to keep a sharp look-out that we should not be disturbed. I slipped a half-crown into his hand to sharpen his memory.

Edna had seemed to improve in the milder climate, but was still quite feeble, and did not like to be dis-

turbed by the idle chatter of strangers.

Now if there is one thing I hate, in travelling, more than another, it is going through tunnels; so, to set my mind at rest, I asked the guard if we should be obliged to pass through any on our route to Brentwood station. He replied,—“Yes, one short one and one quite long, and, as they are making repairs upon the long one, we shall be obliged to go slowly through it.”

Had I set my mind at rest? Well, no! Edna was intent upon a book, but as I am too careful of my eyesight to read while journeying, I leaned against the window and watched the flying scenery for a while, and when tired of that, I closed my eyes, and dreamed, awake.

A sudden exclamation from Edna made me open them again. We had shot into the shorter tunnel, but were out again before we more than felt the darkness. In a short time a sharp whistle, together with the slowing up of the train, told us we were approaching the second and longer tunnel, and in two seconds we were in impenetrable darkness.

I shut my eyes tightly, and cowered closer to Edna. I fancied I felt something brush my knee. I could have sworn I felt a waft of cooler air upon my cheek; but that could not be, for both windows were shut, as it was rather a damp day, and my niece was sensitive to the fog.

A closer pressure on my arm from Edna told me we were in the daylight once more, and I opened my eyes to find a strange man seated opposite us—a dark-looking man with his hat slouched over his eyes,

which glared from under its brim like those of a wild beast. He was wholly dressed in dark gray, and had a travelling shawl of the same color spread over his knees.

I was angry, I can assure you. My half-crown had been thrown away. My confidence in guards was shaken.

I am not lacking in all kinds of courage because I am afraid of tunnels, so I said,—“Sir, are you aware that this is a private carriage, and that you are intruding?”

I might as well have spoken to the dead. He made no movement. His eyes were fixed on Edna's, and there they remained.

I looked at the child, and she was as pale as death, and her eyes were fixed on his.

I touched her, I spoke to her, but move or answer she could not. I turned to the man. “You are extremely rude, sir! Do you not see you are annoying the young lady?”

Not a muscle moved, and the eyes stared on, not winking an eyelash, that I could see. What should I do? He had, evidently, great mesmeric power, for my poor little girl could not take her eyes from his.

I had with me a carriage parasol which I bent over on its handle, and held over Edna's face. That seemed to break the spell, and she fell back limp and white, with closed eyes. A sarcastic smile on the stranger's face told me he was outwitted.

I was delighted to find the train was slackening up, and at the same time, a great shouting attracted my attention. I leaned over Edna, and looked from the window. A lot of children were chasing a pig, and

making a good deal of noise while doing so. One little fellow caught his pigship by the tail before he reached the rails, and, stubbing his toe at the same moment, pig and boy rolled in the dust, for the urchin held on like grim death. I laughed aloud, and tried to make Edna look, but she was still white and faint.

Then I bethought me of the stranger. I looked. He was gone! The train was still moving, but in a few seconds it stopped, and the guard came and *unlocked* the door. I was cross.

"You told me I should have this compartment alone."

"I did, madam, and so you have had."

"You are mistaken. There has been a man here since we entered the long tunnel."

"But, madam, you must have been dreaming. The door was locked."

"I suppose there are no such things as private keys?" I asked, sarcastically.

"There are, but not to this carriage as I am aware of."

"Well, the man was here, keys or no keys, and almost frightened my niece to death. See how pale she is."

"I am truly sorry," he said, looking at Edna's sweet, white face. "Shall I call a carriage for you, madam?"

"I am expecting one from Brentwood, thank you," and at that moment Lady B.'s footman came forward, touching his hat, and we were soon whirling toward the manor. The sun was now shining.

The scenery was enchanting, the air delicious, and a faint color stole into Edna's pale cheeks.

"Who could that impertinent creature have been, child, think you?"

"Oh, aunty, I do n't know. His eyes were something dreadful. I felt like a bird being charmed by a snake. I hope I shall never see him again."

"I sincerely hope you never may. I don't know what to think. The guard seemed honest, and contrite too. Well, we won't think of it any more. We are going to have a nice time in a nice place, and I want you to get fat and rosy, so folks will think I am taking home an English girl."

She smiled faintly, and said she hoped so too. Certainly the hope was far from fulfilment now.

We were cordially received by Lady Brentwood herself, who informed us that we had just time for a short siesta and a change of dress before dinner, it being then five o'clock. The house was full, she said, and she could not do as well for me as she could have done two weeks ago. She had kept a nice room for us for a week, but then, Lady Ashley coming, and being of a nervous nature, she had to give that room to her.

I wondered what being nervous had to do with the matter any way.

"Take Mrs. Grey's satchel and shawls to the west chamber, Marie," her ladyship said to the maid, "and see that her trunks are carried there too."

"The west chamber, your ladyship?" questioned the girl, in a tone of fear.

"Certainly, Marie, it is the only comfortable one left. There are two smaller ones, but they will be close and crowded. Still, if you prefer them—"

"Oh, no. The west room by all means."

The girl left us quite agitated. When she was gone I turned to Lady Brentwood, and laughingly remarked,—

"A family ghost. Louise? Have you, with all the other attractions of this remarkable house, a haunted room? and, knowing the strength of my nerves, are you going to set me the task of solving the mystery?"

Edna looked pale and tired. I wondered if the silly notion would unnerve her.

"I do not believe in ghosts, Marion. There has been some talk about that west chamber, but I have placed no confidence in the reports. It is one of the most comfortable in the house. Two of the windows give, upon the park, a splendid view. One of them, and that is the greatest drawback, overlooks the stables; and one is apt to hear rough language once in a while, or to catch glimpses of the maids flirting with the grooms, but it is easy enough to keep the window closed and the curtains drawn."

"What form does the ghost assume?" I asked, not to be diverted from the theme.

"My dear Marion, I do not know, never having seen or heard anything myself; but I have heard several conflicting stories. I do not wish to unsettle your mind by telling any of the absurd tales that have been told to me. I do not wish to bias your judgment. I will let you form your own opinion upon the subject. Your niece can occupy the smaller room which opens into it, and I think you will be very comfortable. Oblige me

by not questioning the maids. If anything disturbs you, I will change apartments with you. That is the best I can do."

After that I would have slept with half a dozen ghosts in my room before I would have made complaint.

Escorted by Lady Brentwood herself, I ascended to my room. It was delightful. Two large bay windows overlooked the park. In one of them was a cosy lounge, and by drawing the draperies one could shut oneself from the rest of the room. A light-stand, loaded with books, stood by the lounge, and I promised myself many hours of pleasure on that lounge and with those books. A stand of blooming flowers stood in the other. The bed was a marvel of comfort and elegance. A beautiful matting was on the floor, and here and there were laid choice rugs.

A large wardrobe and a dressing-case and a number of easy chairs constituted the remainder of the furniture. There was a bath and dressing-room attached, and a pretty little room Edna might call her own, though I assured her she might sleep with me if she preferred.

I made her lie down for half an hour, and then, after a bath and a fresh toilet, she looked much refreshed and extremely pretty.

She is a blonde of the most brilliant type. Her hair is like burnished gold, and her eyes, a lovely liquid brown, soft as a brooding dove's, and her skin is something marvellous. But there—I am partial. She was more fragile looking two years ago than she is now, but lovely nevertheless.

She wore a cream *crêpe*, with crim-

son roses, and her neck and arms gleamed like marble. The excitement of meeting so many people sent a delicate pink to her cheeks and a sparkle to her eye, such as I had not seen since I became her chaperone.

Lady Brentwood introduced us to several people, but the introductions were cut short by the announcement of dinner. I was taken in by a cabinet minister, and Edna by a baronet; and we, by chance, were seated side by side. Hardly were we seated, when happening to raise my eyes, they encountered those of the gentleman who had so unceremoniously entered our railway carriage on our way hither. He evidently recognized us, for his eyes left mine to seek Edna's. I felt worried, and glanced at her, but was gratified to see her return his look with a haughty stare, and continue the conversation with her escort.

Afterward, in the drawing-room, we were introduced to him by Lord Brentwood. He was a lord, too,—eldest son of the Duke of Somerville.

“Not quite right there,” Edna's baronet informed her, tapping his own forehead lightly, “but perfectly harmless.” I had my doubts about it then, and afterwards—Well, I will not anticipate.

For weeks he was Edna's shadow, and many were the jokes at her expense. She did not like him, but she pitied him. She escaped his attentions whenever she could, and when she could not she was barely kind to him. I can conscientiously exonerate her from any accusation of flirting with him. Indeed, she put him off several times, but uselessly, for one day he asked her to be his

wife. Of course she refused him, and he was wild for a time; then he became moody, and followed her wherever she went, until she was afraid to leave my side, unless in other company.

But she was seldom alone. Mr. Marchmont (who is her husband now) took excellent care that no one should molest her.

About the haunted room? Well, I had not been troubled at all. I slept well, heard nothing worse than the hostler's whistles, and saw nothing more than a few harmless flirtations, until—Ah! you begin to look eager.

One day, about three weeks from the day of our arrival, I left Edna in Hubert Marchmont's care, and went up to my room to have a quiet time reading. I snuggled down upon the comfortable lounge, and, taking a magazine from the table, began to read where I left off when the luncheon bell rang. I became quite interested, though I felt drowsy, and read for perhaps half an hour, when, raising my eyes, I saw Edna was lying upon my bed, with her back to me, dressed in her cream *crêpe* (I wondered why she had changed her dress, for she wore blue at luncheon), and with crimson roses at her throat.

Was it a rose petal that was slowly dropping over her neck from under her burnished hair? No, Great Heavens! it was blood! When had she come in? How had she been hurt? Faster came the crimson stream, over her dress, down the side of the spotless bed drapings to the floor. It was a small flood, now. It crept over the beautiful matting, nearer and nearer to the couch on which I sat, mute and horror-stricken. I could not move.

I could not scream. On came the crimson flood. Just as it was about to touch the edge of my white wrapper I grasped it with my cold fingers, and drew it up. A shriek burst from my frozen lips, and—I awoke.

It was a dream—a horrid one to be sure, but still, thank God! a dream. Three different times that dream fell upon me, and three times I awoke to thank God it was only a dream.

I said nothing to Lady Brentwood; in fact, I did not tell any one.

One day Edna dressed for dinner earlier than usual, and put on her cream crêpe and crimson roses. I could not help a chill running down my spine. Just as she stepped into my room a knock came at the door. A lovely flush flew into her cheeks as I called for whoever it was to enter. The door opened, and who should come in but Hubert Marchmont.

He excused himself for intruding, but—Well, it was the “old, old story,” and what could I say? I liked him; she loved him. I gave them my blessing, and referred him to her father.

They were just leaving the room for a stroll before dinner, when Hubert stopped, and putting his hand in his coat pocket, drew out a small revolver. Edna drew back with a faint cry, and I felt a little startled, when he said,—

“A little toy I took from that lunatic Somerville five minutes ago. It was pointed at my head. Wait a minute until I take it to my room and put it under lock and key.”

I cannot imagine to this day what prompted my next remark, for I am mortally afraid of firearms.

“Put it on this table until you return. Your room is on the other side of the house, is it not?”

“Thank you. Yes, it is. I will leave it with pleasure, if you are not afraid to have it so near you.”

In less than an hour Edna returned alone, rather downcast.

“What brings you back so soon, love? It is almost an hour to dinner.”

“Lord Brentwood sent for Hubert, and then that tiresome Lord Somerville came up and began to rave, so I thought I would come to you. Auntie, he is the plague of my life. I am actually afraid of him. I really fear he will injure Hubert. I hope he will tell his lordship of the attempt he made on his life this afternoon.”

While she was talking she threw herself on my bed, in the very position I had seen her in in my dreams. I felt nervous. I really expected to see the blood stream over her neck.

“Turn over this way, Edna,” I said.

“I am very comfortable this way, auntie. The light would hurt my eyes.”

“You will spoil your dress, dear; and it would be a pity, it is such a pretty one, and so becoming,” I wheedled, but uselessly.

“No, I shall not, dear; and I am so tired.”

In five minutes she was fast asleep, and I resumed my reading. From the door I could not be seen, the draperies concealing me, and I could not see the door without leaning forward. Edna had left it ajar, which accounted for my not hearing it open.

When I next looked up, my blood froze in my veins, for standing beside the bed, glaring down at my

darling, was the dark devil who had so annoyed us, and who had invaded our railway carriage.

Great heavens! what should I do? I dared not scream, as I felt that would be the signal for my darling's death.

I looked around wildly, and my eyes fell upon the revolver. Dared I use it? I had seen my husband and my son use them often. Could I? I grasped it stealthily, fumbled with it for an instant, then, as he stooped over the sleeping girl, I aimed at his right arm, and fired, and—can you believe it?—hit it. And ah! Great Heavens! a gleaming razor fell from his grasp to the floor.

He rushed, raving, from the room, after one wild look at me, right into the clutches of a posse of servants led by Hubert and Lord Brentwood, who had *not* sent for him.

Hubert had told Lord Brentwood of the attempt on his life. They started to find Somerville, and were met by a servant, who told them he had seen the harmless (?) lunatic going, raving, in the direction of the west chamber, with an open razor in his hand. Hastily calling two other servants, they were just in time to take him into custody at my door.

Well, if ever a middle-aged lady was kissed and cuddled, lauded and made much of, that middle-aged lady was myself. Hubert on one side, Edna on the other, knelt and kissed my hands, and patted my cheeks. And I? Well, I laughed and cried, and made an idiot of myself.

When Lady Brentwood came up, as she did immediately, I told her of my three dreams. She turned pale, and looked serious.

“That is what has made this a haunted chamber. It is called the ‘Dream chamber.’ No one has slept in that room a month without being warned in some way or other, so they say. Had you not been forewarned, Edna would have now been a corpse.”

I slept there another month, but no more untoward dreams affrighted me.

Edna grew fairer and fresher every day, and when, after two months' stay in Paris, she, Hubert, and I set sail for America, she was as rosy and gay as any English girl we had left behind us.

Our travelling companion is under treatment in a private lunatic asylum, and, I am happy to say, is steadily improving. It was not considered at all strange that he should have a key to our compartment, as he was always up to some mad caper or other, they told me; and the greatest wonder was that he had not broken his neck long ago. He had evidently caught a glimpse of Edna, and determined to see more: hence our trouble and fright. He had been dipping into spiritualism and clairvoyancy quite deeply, and had injured his nervous system to such an extent that disappointment in love had seriously impaired his mind: hence his attempt upon the lives of Hubert, whom he considered his rival, and Edna, whom he really loved, and whom he raved over long after we left, Lady Brentwood wrote.

Well, Hubert and Edna have been married considerably over a year, and they are very, very happy.

Their little girl? Oh, she is named Marion, and is the handsome image of a handsome mother.

THE CANISTECO MYSTERY.

BY W. A. FERGUSON.

I am not superstitious; I am not metaphysical; I am not even speculative. I have no theory to prove, nor do I attempt or pretend to explain what is strange in the narration of events which have been told to me time and time again in the old homesteads of the locality where the occurrences transpired. I shall not do more than to give a bare transcript of the tale as told to me, but will leave each reader to speculate, philosophize, or sneer over it as best pleases himself.

It is only a hundred years since the advance guard of civilization—the woodsmen and pioneers—began to move upon western New York, and form settlements in the forests and along the wild and fertile valleys of streams, hitherto navigated only by the bark canoe of the Indian. In 1788 all of the state of New York west of Utica was embraced in one town organization—Whitestown—and was, for the most part, a wilderness, among whose deep glens, pine-clad hills, and lovely valleys yet resounded the echoes of the war-whoops of Brant and his savage Iroquois.

The Canisteco valley was among the earliest settled portions of this region. Early in 1788 Solomon Bennett, Captain John Jamison, Uriah Stephens, and Richard Crosby came as explorers for a settlement from the Wyoming valley in Pennsylvania, and discovered its beauties. The valley, about half a mile wide, was bordered by steep, pine-covered hillsides, that inclosed large tracts of

magnificent timber, and hundreds of acres covered with grass “so high that a horse and his rider could pass through it undiscovered.” In 1789 the valley was occupied by settlers for the Pennsylvanians.

Contemporaneously with this, many other settlements were made in western New York. A new metropolis, intended to control the vast agricultural wealth of the great Northwest, whose golden harvests, floated to Buffalo, *must* go down the canal soon to be built by this new city to Baltimore, for shipment to England, was established only twenty miles away by an aristocratic English company, and was named Bath, from a patron—Lady Bath. Here race-courses and theatres sprang up like magical creations, and grand races and theatrical representations were given with royal accessories, and the high court life of London mingled, in the streets yet full of stumps, with Indians, negroes, wild frontiersmen, Quakers, and Maryland planters. Here speculation in land ran wild. Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, Oliver Phelps, Nathaniel Gorham, and others made large purchases from the state of Massachusetts, which held title to a great area. Surveyors were active from Lake Ontario to the Pennsylvania line, and Bath was one of their central locations.

The settlers on the Canisteco were of a different mold. Of gigantic size, and equal in development of muscle to the old gladiators of Rome,

they competed with the savages in their games and hunts, and with success. Their fame in hunting, wrestling, running, and feats of strength extended to the Susquehanna and the Chesapeake. Among the honest frontiersmen were mingled wild, turbulent characters, who had fled from civilization to secure exemption from deserved punishment. It was, doubtless, from the presence of these, that now and then rumors of darker deeds than friendly bouts with Indians would go out from the valley, and mysterious disappearances of individuals would be spoken of in the "down-county" settlements with ominous shakes of the head.

(Years after this time, when civilization had farther penetrated the wilderness, and courts of law were not so remote, travellers with large sums of money justly dreaded to pass through some of the gloomier portions of the Canisteo valley; and almost down to the present time, when railroad after railroad has brought the full tide of nineteenth century progress into the valley, certain persons would turn pale and tremble whenever they heard the question, "Where is Wetherbee?")

But, however attractive the task, I did not start out to write a history of this beautiful section. To place my story in its proper setting, however, the origin, character, and surroundings of the Canisteo people had to be given, and I will now hasten to narrate my tale of other days.

In 1792 a large log mansion, of the primitive construction of new countries (with vast stone chimneys at the ends which terminated in huge

fire-places, where on winter nights would blaze and crackle immense fires of gigantic logs), was erected on a beautiful elevation near the mouth of "Colonel Bill's" creek, a small tributary of the Canisteo. The house was a little way off the valley road, but the travel up the creek passed close by it. This house had a peculiar individuality. During the day it sat gloomily, like a warder, or fortress rather, guarding the entrance to a cave of treasures. In the night its large and numerous windows threw out light and cheer in every direction into the darkness. Many belated ones were thus brought to enjoy the free-handed hospitality of the mansion, which for many a mile was known as "the best stoppin'-place in the valley."

Henry Lee, the owner, was a Virginian, who had migrated hither from pure love of the wild sports and freedom of the new country, and had brought his wife and three daughters to bloom as wild flowers in the shadows of the deep pine forests. Except this one family, all of the dwellers in the several miles of settlement along the valley were connected by marriages and inter-marriages, reaching through several generations of life in their old Pennsylvania home; and it mattered little whether you spoke of a Baker, a Crosby, a Hallett, or a Stephens, the one of whom you spoke had relatives in all the other families. Not so with the Lees. No one in all the valley was akin to them, and the arrogance of the true Virginian pride held them aloof from all entanglements in this direction, although many of the young men felt their

hearts beat quicker when the eyes of the maidens rested on them, and would gladly have installed them mistresses of really valuable homesteads. Mr. Lee was in the prime of life, muscular and vigorous as a Hercules, and as proud of displaying his strength and skill as he was strong and skilful. It was said, also, that he was wealthy; that long stockings of good woollen yarn filled with broad yellow sovereigns were sometimes shown by him, when, after strong potations of the old Scotch whiskey he had brought from Baltimore, his heart was communicative to some one he deemed a friend.

The Indians either held him in reverence as a valued friend and counsellor, or hated him from his superiority to them in muscular sports or in tracking deer and bear. He mingled with the settlers, taking none into his confidence, and none presumed upon the reserve he persistently maintained, but esteemed him for his prowess, his hospitality, and his worth.

Mrs. Lee was a little, plodding worker, content to be the shadow of her husband and to reflect his wishes in all things.

The eldest daughter was a large brunette of charming presence, and a dashing and winning magnetism. Though dwelling in the forest, she had the graces and refinements of her earlier Virginian life; and it was no wonder, when the young English surveyor, Abbott Pearson, came from Bath on business for the great English land company, that the remembrance of the blue-eyed, fair-haired English maidens faded away entirely under the potent influence of this

daughter of the wilderness. Nor was it wonderful that his courtly manners and frank and cultured speech should cause a new sensation to steal over her,—a feeling so sweet and so dreamy as to be in itself full recompense for a lifetime of adversity. The pair soon became accepted lovers, and Pearson lingered for weeks in the sunshine of her presence.

The emerald tintings of spring were succeeded by the parched brownness of mid-summer, and, still wrapped in their happiness, these two would explore the many romantic places of interest which Nature had scattered here with prodigal hand, and, under sunlight, starlight, and the silvery softness of the moon, paint glowing pictures of a long future redolent with happiness. The young sisters, light and cheerful girls, laughed at their sister's change, and pronounced love to be "a horrid nuisance."

In this bright dream of love there were intervals when Pearson's duties as surveyor called him away for long periods of time, but ever, his labors over, his return to the valley was prompt, and his reception gracious. The comment of the settlement was almost unanimous in praise of the union; but one dark, sinister-looking fellow, who had somehow wandered here from an unknown place beyond Albany, was heard to mutter, and more than once, that they would never be married.

Time passed. One year comes and goes; another comes, gathers in the fulness of the summer's wealth, and goes; and yet another season calls for activity after a long and snowy

winter. Pearson took his leave of the one so dear to him, and of her circle of friends, and started to explore the strange lands of the Genesee country. He would not visit the valley again until his labors were completed, and he ready to bear his betrothed as a bride to his English home.

Autumn drew near. The long grass of the natural meadows had been made into hay and safely housed to feed the droves of cattle during the months of winter. The dry leaves of the ripened corn rustled in the wind. With its heat and drouth, and long summer days full of sounds of peace and songs of birds, the heated season had again come to a close, and all things went on as usual in the quiet valley. All was tranquil and happy. Little change could be noted; only a few more patches of clearing among the giant pines told where new settlers had chosen homes.

September 24, 1799. For two or three days the wind has blown up the river, predicting storm. The smoke has dropped, and clings in low lines of blue to the foot-slopes of the hills. For two or three days the stillness has been oppressive, no sound breaking the monotony but an occasional low of cattle, the croak of the tree-toad, or the note of the whip-poor-will. Away up the valley a dark haze is developing into cloud-masses which roll into white puffs or pack in black strata, and crowd down into the narrow spaces between the hills, changing the daylight to a dull yellow color as the now heavy cloud-column comes steadily on from the north-west. At sunset, with a blinding flash and reverberating peal, the

equinoctial storm bursts forth in fury, and all is darkness, terror, and confusion. The steep water-courses on the hill-sides soon fill, and pour mad streams into the larger branches and creeks, and before long the Canistco feels the accession, and a flood of wild waters succeeds to the former gentle river. No one ventures out. The tardy hunter seeks shelter in some deep nook or convenient cranny in the rocks. It is a night of fear, of dread, and of premonitions of evil—a night that will long dwell in the memory with a strange feeling of awe, of wonder, and of horror.

Morning came at last. The storm still beat in fury, and swollen torrents roared louder and louder as each hour added weight to the burden of waters they were carrying to the sea. But the darkness was gone, and humanity—restless ever—could no longer be confined to narrow walls.

Abbott Pearson, on his return from his duty of exploration, was hastening to the Lee mansion, where was waiting for him the tender and true embodiment of his ideal love and wife. The dimness of the trail and the violence of the storm had kept him from reaching the valley, and he was compelled to pass the first night of the storm in a settler's cabin, six miles from his destination.

The gray light of the morning had scarcely penetrated the rain-drops, however, before he was ready to finish his journey. With light heart and rapid footsteps he passed along, giving little heed to the pelting of the storm. His way was often obstructed by fallen trees, deep gulches, and swollen streams, and it was

not until near mid-day that he approached a familiar eminence from which he had often viewed the Lee homestead, lying a mile away on the opposite side of the river.

As the rain-curtain rises at intervals, he faintly discerns the outline of the hills beyond, *but not the house*. What strange thing is this? Anxiously he presses on to the bank of the river, now stretching out in enormous width over the low meadows, and a succession of rapids with extreme velocity of motion. No house is to be seen! The mighty edifice with its timbers of heavy oak has completely disappeared!

With conflicting emotions of wonder and anguish he hastens up the river to seek some passage over. He is forced to wait long. Trees with massive roots and monstrous logs are whirling on the agitated surface, and no crossing is possible. Hour after hour he paces up and down the bank. Hour after hour the roaring waters deny him progress.

It was three days before the waters subsided, and to his excited mind it might have been three years. At last the attempt is made with a raft, which is successfully landed. With rapid footsteps Pearson distanced his companions and approached his destination. Two silent heaps of stone marked the location of the fire-places, but the house and its inmates had vanished. Nothing but the shattered chimneys and the broad foundation-stones was left to indicate that here had been a home of happy people; and they had no voice to answer the wild wishes to know what had become of the loved dwellers in that home. All was lost in impenetrable

mystery; and the same dark, uncertain mystery that surrounded their fate on that gloomy morning still enshrouds it, heavy, palpable, never to be lifted or cleared away, and only intensified by the passage of years.

Whether lightning struck and fire consumed the building, the flood concluding the tragedy, can not be told. Some spoke of robbery; that the broad gold pieces were incentives enough to cause some villains to defy the storm in doing evil deeds. Others spoke of the threats uttered against the lovers' happiness, and laid the crimes of murder and arson at the door of the dark, evil-eyed man who had made the threats. These were conjectures merely; nothing could be proven.

Abbott Pearson searched for months in every direction and in every way to ascertain if the family had not been saved, but his search was in vain. Never, from the time when the storm burst in its wild fury upon the valley, were they ever seen, and never came one word to tell of their doom. Father, mother, the betrothed maiden, and her sisters, all had gone,—swept away like a puff of smoke in a morning breeze.

With his young life crushed and with a premature look of old age, Pearson at last responded to the call of duty from his English home, and crossed the Atlantic; but the ambitious dreams of early manhood were never again to be experienced, and, after a few years of listless existence in that land of quiet, he entered the Asiatic service, and fell while fighting recklessly in a desperate hand-to-hand encounter with an overpowering number of Malays.

This is the story. There are many as exciting and far more strange, but the sad romance has been kept in the memory of the people by other occurrences, which, at regular intervals, bring a fresh discussion of the tragedy.

The attractive site of the mansion was soon taken for a home by another settler, and the fertile acres of the Lee estate were too valuable to be long unoccupied. The whirl of life moves along, and the memory of the former occupants gradually fades away. Ten years have passed. It is now 1809. The heavy pines have grown fewer, and more dwellings are scattered along the rich interval. The night of September 24 was mild and calm. As the midnight hour approached an alarm of fire was given, and evidenced by the bright reflection on the sky; and now the second mansion on this site was destroyed. No lives were lost, as the discovery was made early enough to save the inmates.

But now the strange element of our story makes its appearance. On September 26, 1809, so say the records, George Hornell and Samuel Hallett made affidavit before Uriah Stephens, "that, on the morning of September 25, 1809, as they were coming through the woods on the hill across the creek from the place, and at about the hour of sunrise, they both,—and each for himself makes oath,—saw the Henry Lee mansion standing as it used to stand on the place whereon it was built."

Ten years again pass. The same location is occupied by another dwelling. Again the night of September 24 is one to be remembered. Not

now the wild, furious flood nor the equally wild and furious flames is the agent of destruction. A whirlwind comes at sunset, sweeping down "Colonel Bill's" creek, and carrying forest, rocks, and buildings before it. The heavy frame of the Stephens house is as a straw in its cyclonic fury, and the large edifice is crushed into fragments, which are scattered far and wide. No one was in the building; but, strange! in the pitchy darkness of the following night, a large building with many windows, illuminated as the home of Henry Lee had been, was seen on the very spot where it had once stood, and from which the whirlwind had just swept another building. Not one witness alone, but the whole Stephens family saw this appearance, as did the sympathizing neighbors who had hastened thither.

From this time on, it is said, this house has appeared regularly on the 24th day of September of each tenth year. Sometimes by night, sometimes by day, has that *eidolon* been seen by credible witnesses. One thing is certain: whenever a house has occupied this site upon the anniversary of the day of the first destruction on which the ghost of the old mansion is due to appear, some apparent accident has removed it; sometimes, as we have told, by freshet, fire, and whirlwind, and once again a freshet, enormous in its volume, was the destroyer. The last destruction was in 1879, when Thomas Hallett's house was burned. In addition to these occurrences, it is also said that every family living here has been afflicted with a noticeable mortality. Not one is now left of the family of

the last owner. Within a very few years, husband, wife, and two sons have died.

Thus you can see how it is that every tenth year brings again into public gossip the old love-plight of the fair-haired Saxon and the warm-blooded Virginian beauty, and the mysterious tragedy of that stormy September night of a century ago.

As I said when I commenced to write, I have no theory to advance. Whether these appearances come through the operation of some occult power to tell of a horrid crime, now long hidden, or whether the series of accidents were but peculiar coincidences of time and place,

which have wrought upon imaginations we may well suppose to be keenly sensitive, it is not for me to say. I tell the tale I heard from those who will not abate one jot or tittle of their belief that the old mansion with its household does thus periodically visit the earth for a brief period as accusing witnesses to testify of a horrid crime.

If any would care to investigate this mystery, I refer them to any of the old settlers of the Canisteo valley. They will be less dispassionate, and will place it in far more vivid colors than I have seen fit to use, and also strenuously exert themselves to aid in discovering any solution.

COL. JOSEPH HUTCHINS,

Delegate to the Convention of 1788 for the Class constituted of Haverhill,¹ Warren, Piermont, and Coventry (now Benton).

BY J. Q. BITTINGER.

Joseph Hutchins was one of the earlier settlers of Haverhill, when population was first pouring into the Cohos country, and seems to have had quite a hand in shaping public affairs in those days. His former home is not known, and, so far as the records show or anything can be learned of him, he comes upon the stage with the suddenness of an Arab sheik; and, folding his tent, he as suddenly disappears. He quite likely belonged to the Hutchins family that came into Bath at an early day, and who were so prominent in the history of that town; but all inquiry in

regard to the matter has failed to disclose just what the relationship was.

As a delegate to the convention of 1791, he is given in the record the title of colonel; and from the care that was generally observed at that period in those matters, it is a reasonable inference that his military rank is correctly stated.

The reorganization of the militia which followed the war gave occasion for more men of military rank (generals and colonels possibly excepted) than are now so distinguished. Much of the manuscript record of the militia in the adjutant-general's office,

¹ NOTE. An examination of the records of all the towns in the Haverhill class discloses nothing concerning the election of a delegate to this convention. The Piermont records, however, have this singular item:

"March 26, 1788, voted Capt. Isaac Patterson as agent to attend the convention at Concord to act for or against the Federal Constitution."

In the convention Capt. Patterson appears as the delegate for Franconia and Lincoln.

covering the period between the war and the year 1809, is missing. Of the books taken to Washington many years ago, two manuscript volumes of rolls also are gone, and probably will never be recovered.

When, therefore, the early records give a citizen a military title to distinguish him from the doctors and deacons, posterity cannot safely dispute its validity.

Col. Hutchins was prominent in both civil and military affairs. I find that he was chairman of the board of selectmen in 1769, and again in 1789 and in 1791 he was a member of the board, the latter year again its chairman. In 1788-'9 he was a representative to the general court, and in 1791 his name appears in the town records as being chosen with Gen. Moses Dow to the same position. As the town had only one representative at that time, it is not quite clear what this record means; but reference to the house journal for that year indicates that only Gen. Dow served for a time early in the year, but at the later sessions Col. Hutchins alone appeared. The choice of two representatives for Haverhill that year is probably accounted for by the transfer of Gen. Dow to the senate, of which he was a member for 1791-'2.

Capt. Hutchins was a member of the committee to "see that the results of the Continental Congress were observed in Haverhill." Haverhill during the Revolutionary struggle had a strong minority who were opposed to the patriot cause, and numbered amongst its adherents such prominent and influential men as Col. Porter, Squire Crocker, Col. Taplin, and others. The object of the above com-

mittee, of which Capt. Hutchins was a member, was to keep this minority from impeding the struggle for national liberty. Capt. Hutchins was also a member of the Committee of Safety in 1775-'6.

The committee of fifteen towns on the frontier had a meeting at Capt. Hutchins's house, April 3, 1778. He was one of the officials then proposed for the district of Haverhill. Thus he seems to have been identified with the party that favored a union with Vermont.

In 1780 he was in command of a company of rangers that served on the frontier between Cohos and Canada. He was also in the patriot army when Gen. Burgoyne surrendered, and led an independent company on that occasion, composed of enlistments from Haverhill and from Bath.

In 1788 he was a delegate to the convention that adopted the Federal Constitution, and alone of all the Grafton county delegates voted against its adoption. Much conjecture has been rife in regard to this vote, but no light as yet has been shed upon it so as to clear the matter up. Whether from conviction or from political bias he was opposed to the Federal Constitution, or whether he fell under the powerful influence of the leaders in the convention who led off against the constitution, is not known.

The reason that moved him to cast the single vote from Grafton county against the adoption of the Federal Constitution has never been made clear. I am not aware, however, that Col. Hutchins's vote has ever been impugned, or that he was

governed otherwise than by the clearest conviction of patriotic duty.

In this connection, attention may be called to a significant historical fact.

The Haverhill class had no representative in the convention at its first session. The delegation from Grafton county was then presumably expected to vote unanimously for the ratification of the proposed Federal Constitution. Col. Hutchins first appeared at the second session. At the same time, also, came Capt. Patterson of Piermont, as the delegate for Franconia and Lincoln. He voted for ratification. His Haverhill neighbor's vote was neutralized, and the majority for the constitution was the same as if neither had been sent to this final session. There may have been a fine hand which moved the wires in the interim between the sessions. Under ordinary conditions, we should suppose that Franconia and Lincoln would send one of their own resident citizens on such a mission, if, indeed, they were actually entitled by sufficient population and due organization. Samuel Livermore and Elisha Payne evidently were not the men to return to the decisive vote under the disadvantage of a hostile gain in their own stronghold.

Col. Hutchins, also, in 1791, was a member of the convention to revise the Constitution of New Hampshire; and this appointment, coming so near the one to the convention for the adoption of the Federal Constitution, would seem to indicate that his negative vote in the earlier convention did not impair the confidence of his fellow townsmen. Dr. Bouton, in his account (State Papers) of the con-

vention that ratified the Federal Constitution, gives brief sketches of a number of the more influential and noted members of that body. He makes no mention of Col. Hutchins—a circumstance which would indicate that either he knew nothing about the history of Col. Hutchins, or that he was a new man to the public. But the fact of his appointment at that day to so marked a trust, when only men of character, as a rule, were eligible to such positions, singles Col. Hutchins out as a man of more than ordinary standing and influence.

The last mention of Col. Hutchins found in the public records is in 1798, when he joined with Col. Charles Johnson, Simeon Goodwin, and Joshua Howard in a petition to the general court for relief from personal liabilities incurred in 1776 in the public defence, when, with Ephraim Wesson and James Bayley, both of whom had afterwards removed from the state, they were the Committee of Safety for Haverhill. They describe the exposed condition of the town, the flight of many of the inhabitants, their own sacrifice of property and provisions to maintain the guards and scouts, to equip their soldiery, and to build four large forts. The document is dated November 22, and is an interesting and valuable chapter of the Revolutionary history of the north-western New Hampshire frontier. (Hammond's Town Papers, vol. 2, p. 187.)

Of Col. Hutchins's family nothing has been learned, nor has anything come down the stream of time of a traditional nature that throws light upon his history, or in any way illustrates his character.

FROM THE FRENCH OF SULLY PRUDHOMME.

BY ETHEL S. MASON.

In a lowly tavern,
 From thick and clumsy glasses
 Purple wine flows free to each one as he passes.
 In a chalice rarely fine,
 Of a clearness like to crystal,
 Is more wine.

And on a high pedestal
 This cup waits, as on a throne—
 Whosoever will may claim and have it for his own :
 All see its beauty shine ;
 Yet, trembling, choose the tavern cup
 Of purple wine.

A VANISHED CITY.

Somewhere in the thirties St. Joseph, Fla., was a thriving city of several thousand people. There was also a railroad running from Iola, on the Apalachicola river, to St. Joseph. To-day there is not a vestige of the city remaining, nor of the railroad. William Samuels, an old colored man, who lives near Bainbridge, told us the other day that many years ago he lived in St. Joseph, and travelled thence by the railroad from Iola ; also stating that it was the first and the last time in his life he ever rode on the cars. He was astonished when we told him that both city and railroad had been in the grave for over forty years.—*Bainbridge Democrat.*

In the winter of 1871-'2 the writer started, with a guide, to walk from St. Andrew's Bay, Florida, to Apalachicola, a distance of seventy-five miles. Starting late one afternoon, the party took a few hours' rest on

the outer beach ; and early the next forenoon entered the silent and deserted streets of the old city of St. Joseph. For many years the place had been given over to the wilderness. Not a single house was standing, and only piles of brick indicated their positions. The streets were as well defined, however, as when, a quarter of a century before, St. Joseph was one of the thriving cities of the Gulf coast. Its position is indicated on all the older maps ; and it has one of the finest harbors in the world. Large trees were growing on what was once the bed of the railroad. There is a tradition at Apalachicola that many years ago the plague of yellow-fever visited the place and killed off about half the inhabitants : the rest went away never to return.

JOHN N. McCLINTOCK,

Concord, N. H.,

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C. B. Jordan
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HON. CHESTER B. JORDAN.

The highlands of northern New Hampshire are known throughout the world. Their lofty summits and deep valleys are justly celebrated. Every succeeding year brings to them a constantly increasing throng of tourists, who appreciate their grandeur. The race of men inhabiting the fertile valleys of that hill-country, accustomed from early youth to the display of majestic mountains and some of nature's grandest scenery, are affected by their surroundings. They grow to be large men, physically and mentally. Too few generations have been nurtured amid such environments to produce a distinctive type, but the old Puritan stock of Connecticut and Massachusetts, finding there a congenial abiding-place, has had a theatre for its best development. Already have Coös and Grafton counties given to the state and to the nation men of great ability and of sterling worth, whose names are inseparably connected with the history of the country.

One of the finest towns in New England, with one of the prettiest villages in the New World, is Colebrook, a town in Upper Coös, nestling among

the hills and mountains, with its lowest intervals elevated many hundred feet above the sea, dotted with ponds, and traversed by many a trout brook.

In Colebrook, October 15, 1839, was born Chester Bradley Jordan, youngest son of Johnson and Minerva (Buel) Jordan.

The Jordan family is probably of French origin. One of the name is known to have been with William the Conqueror. Others, by the name of Jourdain, probably of Huguenot stock, migrated at an early day to New England, and became loyal Americans.

Benjamin Jordan, son of Edmund Jordan, was born in the old town of Rehoboth, Mass., served four years in the Continental army during the Revolution, and was one of the daring little band that affected the historic capture of General Prescott.

Johnson Jordan, son of Benjamin Jordan, was born in Plainfield, April 8, 1798, settled in Colebrook in 1818, married, in 1822, Minerva Buel, and died August 16, 1873. He was a strong man physically, of fair judgment and sense, who passed many years of his life in the hard and

unprofitable labors of a pioneer and clearer of lands.

Minerva Buel, born in Hebron, Conn., July 19, 1801, was the daughter of Capt. Benjamin Buel, who was born Aug. 20, 1767, and settled in Colebrook in 1803.

Benjamin Buel was a scholarly man, of excellent character and refined tastes, an elegant penman, and for many winters a highly prized teacher in Colebrook. He died March 24, 1829. His wife, Violetta Sessions, a native of Connecticut, was a lady of considerable culture. She died in 1855, at the age of seventy-seven years.

Johnson and Minerva (Buel) Jordan were the parents of ten children, six of whom attained the age of maturity. The mother was a noble Christian woman, unflinching in duty, sensitive, modest, lovable, tender, considerate, and keenly alive to the wants of others; loyal to her convictions, she was for many years a valued member of the Congregational church, and her teachings, influence, and character had a strong and beneficial effect upon her children. She died in Colebrook, March 13, 1853.

From the History of Coös County the following sketch is mainly taken:

The early years of Chester B. Jordan were passed in hard labor, with long days of toil, scant advantages of education, and but little to encourage him. Nothing but bare essentials, not the slightest approach to luxury, found a place in the frugal household. Strict economy was compulsory in the home life, and the scarcity of money caused home-made clothing to be the wearing apparel for many years. The cheerless tasks

were faithfully done, and the privations uncomplainingly endured; but the lad hungered for knowledge.

There were no books at home except the Bible and well thumbed school-books, and the small Sunday-school library was eagerly devoured. There is one compensation in a life environed by such circumstances, in that there is early developed a keenness of thought and capacity of self-reliance beyond its years; and so we find that Chester at an early age gathered and sold berries to pay for a subscription to the *Independent Democrat*, and, later on, to the *New York Tribune*, and began to be conversant with the affairs of the world and the politics of the country at an age when many lads were only thinking of their toys. He was interested at nine years of age in the campaign which placed Gen. Taylor in the presidential chair, and much more in that of 1852, when he purchased the campaign life of Gen. Scott and committed it nearly to memory, and thought himself equipped to demonstrate to the Democratic boys of his circle the wisdom of electing Gen. Scott instead of Gen. Pierce. He remained with his father until 1860, when his increased desire for education caused him to enter Colebrook academy for the first half of the term. From this time he attended Colebrook and Meriden academies until he was graduated at the latter institution in 1866. He became a popular teacher of public and select schools, was principal of Colebrook academy several terms, and taught in all eighteen terms. He was town superintendent of Colebrook in 1865-'7, and select-man for 1867.

He heartily espoused the Republican cause, and was chosen to preside at all the meetings of that party held in Colebrook in the spirited campaign which resulted in the reelection of Lincoln. He made many friends, did thoroughly and without bluster all duties coming to his hand, and in 1868 was appointed clerk of the Coös county court, and removed to Lancaster, which has since been his residence. He discharged the duties of this office with efficiency, and his retention was asked by nearly every attorney in the county, but he was too strongly Republican to be retained under a Democratic administration, and was removed, Oct. 23, 1874. He had decided literary tastes and ability, could clearly and forcibly express his opinions in writing, and in 1870 had purchased the *Coös Republican*, and became its editor. Under his administration it was a candid but determined supporter of Grant, and ranked high among the newspapers of the state. For many years Mr. Jordan contributed articles to the *Boston Journal*, *Concord Monitor*, the *Statesman*, and campaign papers, and also to the *Lancaster Gazette*, in the presidential campaign of 1884. His political articles are marked by their clear comprehensiveness of affairs, their straightforward, matter-of-fact way of presentation, their candor, and their logical and conclusive reasoning. In a quiet and unpretentious manner they reach the understandings of all in a way which tells. By voice and by his gifted pen he has ever advocated liberal appropriations for all educational, charitable, and patriotic objects.

Mr. Jordan began the study of law

while clerk, continued it in the office of Judge William S. Ladd, and afterwards in that of Ray, Drew & Heywood, and was admitted to practice in the state courts in November, 1875. He remained with Ray, Drew & Heywood until May 26, 1876, when Mr. Heywood retired, and the firm became Ray, Drew & Jordan. This firm was succeeded January 16, 1882, by Drew, Jordan & Carpenter, and later by Drew & Jordan. (In May, 1881, Mr. Jordan was admitted to practice in the circuit court of the United States.)

As a lawyer Mr. Jordan has chiefly given attention to the drafting of legal papers (in which he excels) and other office business. Connected as he has been with two such noted advocates as Hon. Ossian Ray and Hon. Irving W. Drew, and being somewhat modest as to his abilities, he has not ventured often into this field, but when he has done so he has acquitted himself ably, and, in the opinion of some of his legal brethren, if he were compelled to present all his cases to the courts and juries, he would soon equal, if not surpass, any advocate in northern New Hampshire.

From his sixteenth year Mr. Jordan has been a hard worker in politics. In Colebrook, he was among the chief workers in carrying that close town. He was a good organizer, a close canvasser, and men would follow his lead. For several years he was pitted against Hon. Hazen Bedel (the strongest man of the Democracy, and one of the best men in the county) for the moderator vote, which was considered the test of the day, and was never defeated, although the plurality was sometimes

but one. In Lancaster, he was put up in the same manner against the popular Col. Henry O. Kent, and is the only candidate nominated by the Republicans who has ever beaten the colonel for moderator.

In 1880, in a hot, close fight, Mr. Jordan had one majority for first representative in a vote of nearly 700, making a gain of over 100 votes for his party. He was chosen speaker of the house of representatives by a very complimentary vote; and, although new to the duties of this difficult office, he proved himself a most admirable presiding officer, prompt, impartial, easy, and rapid in transacting the work of the position, and his efficiency and courtesy won him many and valuable friends. The *Manchester Union*, the leading Democratic paper of the state, thus voiced the general sentiment at the close of the session: "For Speaker Jordan there is but one encomium, and that fell from the lips of all, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

Mr. Jordan was chairman of the Republican State Convention, held in Concord in September, 1882. There was a bitter contest concerning the nomination for governor raging between the friends of Hon. Moody Currier and the friends of Hon. Samuel W. Hale. Factional feeling ran high, but under the tact and guidance of the presiding officer, harmony was secured, and the work of the convention successfully accomplished.

Mr. Jordan has much influence in public affairs, and prominent men have owed their elevation to important positions to his counsel and assistance.

In 1886 he was unanimously nomi-

inated for state senator in the Coös district, and made a strong fight, in spite of the overwhelming odds against him, running 300 votes ahead of his ticket. In 1876 he was appointed one of a committee of three to investigate the affairs of the State Normal School, and wrote the report to the legislature, which was ordered printed in a pamphlet form. In 1881 Dartmouth college gave him the degree of A. B.; in 1882 he was chosen honorary member of the Third Regiment, N. H. National Guard; in 1883, chosen honorary member of the Webster Historical Society of Boston; in 1884, chosen honorary member of the Seventh N. H. Veterans' Association. He has long been a member of Evening Star Lodge of Masons at Colebrook, and of the Chapter at Lancaster, and was a director in the Lancaster National Bank during the first two years of its existence.

Gov. Harriman, in 1867, tendered Mr. Jordan a position on his staff, which force of circumstances compelled him to decline. But in 1872 he accepted a similar offer from Gov. Straw, and served on his staff.

Mr. Jordan married, July 19, 1879, Ida R. Nutter, daughter of Oliver and Roxannah C. (Wentworth) Nutter. She is descended from old New Hampshire families of repute, and is a lady whom it is always a pleasure to meet. They have had three children,—Roxannah Minerva, born January 19, 1882; Hugo, born May 26, 1884, died May 2, 1886; and Gladstone, born May 1, 1888.

Mr. Jordan's abilities have received recognition in business and social, as well as in public and professional,

life. He is a wise and safe counsellor in business matters, has conceded executive ability, and is the guardian of many private trusts. He has a keen appreciation of humor, tells a good story well, can give a quick and telling repartee with point and wit devoid of any sting, and is popular because he deserves to be. His judgments of men and measures are singularly clear and impartial. His conclusions are formed from a broad

comprehension of all the facts. His sense of justice is strong, and his intellectual qualities are admirably balanced. With all this, he has the warmest of hearts, the quickest of sympathies, great kindness of manner, and utmost geniality of spirit.

Aside from his law library Mr. Jordan has a choice library of general literature, with which he is thoroughly familiar. It is specially rich in local New Hampshire history.

THE SCOTCH-IRISH.

"The Scotch-Irish, so called in New England history, were of Saxon lineage, with their blood unmixed, in the seventeenth century, with the half barbaric Scotch Highlanders, or their rude cousins, the Irish Celts."—*McClintock's History of New Hampshire*, page 138.

This sentence of the author was first used in his unpublished History of Pembroke, page 107, and was originally written in the fall of 1882, several years before the argument of Hon. John C. Linehan appeared in the GRANITE MONTHLY.

The fallacy of Mr. Linehan's argument is in the supposition that the Scotch-Irish of New England are of Celtic descent. He assumes that Hon. Leonard A. Morrison is correct in his statement that the settlers of Londonderry were the descendants of the Scottish Highlanders.

It is difficult to trace the descent of individual families from those early and troublous times, when all England was a battle-field, through the Dark Ages, down to the dawn of modern and authentic history; but a whole people, by their language, laws, customs, and characteristics, may be followed with comparative ease in their various migrations, especially when they have been sub-

mitted to so few changes as our Scotch-Irish ancestors.

THE SCOTCH-IRISH ARE THE DESCENDANTS OF THE ANCIENT SAXONS!

"The Saxons (*Lat.* Saxones; *Ger.* Sachsen), a tribe of the Teutonic stock, are first mentioned by Ptolemy as occupying the southern part of the Cimbrian peninsula between the Elbe, Eider, and Trave, the district now known as Holstein. The name is most commonly derived from 'Sabs,' a short knife, though some authorities explain it as meaning 'settled,' in contrast to the Snevi or 'wandering' people." At the end of the third century there was a "Saxon confederation." "The Saxons were one of the most warlike and adventurous of the Teutonic peoples, and they not only steadily extended the borders of their home, but made colonizing and piratical excursions by sea far and wide." Their settlements along the coast of France extended to the mouth of the Loire, and, though these were soon absorbed by the Franks, their expeditions to England finally resulted in the foundation of lasting kingdoms. About

the beginning of the fifth century, part of the Flemish coast became known as *Litus Saxonium*, from the settlements of this people. The Saxons who remained in Germany (Alt-Sachsen or Old Saxons) gradually pushed their borders farther and farther, until they approached the Rhine, and touched the Elbe, the North sea, and the Harz Mountains. "They were divided into many independent communities," each having an *ealdorman* of its own; and they only combined in time of war, or other emergency, to choose a common leader.¹ They were finally conquered, and forced to accept Christianity by Charlemagne. Modern Germany, aside from Saxony, is largely peopled by the descendants of the ancient Saxons. The German language is the most closely allied, in structure and roots, to the modern English.

The first migration of Saxons into England was led by Hengist and Horsa, two brothers, about the year 450. They brought over 1,600 men, who landed in the Isle of Thanet, "and immediately marched to the defence of the Britons against the northern invaders. The Scots and Picts were unable to resist the valor of these auxiliaries; and the Britons, applauding their own wisdom in calling over the Saxons, hoped thenceforth to enjoy peace and security under the powerful protection of that powerful people."²

Rome had withdrawn her legions from Briton, and left the people, unused to the arts of war and enervated by luxury and peace, to the encroachments of the warlike and barbarous

Scots and Picts, who inhabited the highlands of Scotland or Caledonia. The Roman empire had been extended by Agricola to a wall connecting the Clyde with the Firth of Forth. The wall of Hadrian extended from near Carlisle to the Tyne, near Newcastle, thus embracing the lowlands of Scotland. These physical barriers, without the trained soldiers of Rome to defend them, were easily passed by the rude warriors of the north, who rushed to the pillage of a peaceable and defenceless people. Hence the Saxons were called upon to defend the Britons. These auxiliaries soon saw the weakness of those whom they were called upon to defend, and being joined by a host of their countrymen, resolved to occupy and govern the land in their own interest. This was not accomplished, however, until after a violent contest, a war of extermination, had been carried on for a century and a half. During this time the whole southern part of England, except Wales and Cornwall, had totally changed inhabitants, language, customs, and political institutions.

Thus was established the Heptarchy, or Seven Saxon Kingdoms.² "The Saxons, soon after the landing of Hengist, had been planted in Northumberland, but as they met with an obstinate resistance, and made but small progress in subduing the inhabitants, their affairs were in so unsettled a condition that none of their princes for a long time assumed the appellation of king. At last, in 547, Ida, a Saxon prince of great valor, who claimed a descent from Woden, brought over a reinforce-

¹ Brit. Ency., Vol. XXI.

² Hume.

ment from Germany, and enabled the Northumbrians to carry on their conquests over the Britons. He entirely subdued the country now called Northumberland, the bishopric of Durham, as well as some of the south-east counties of Scotland; and he assumed the crown under the title of king of Bernicia. Nearly about the same time, Ælla, another Saxon prince, having conquered Lancashire and the greater part of Yorkshire, received the appellation of King of Deiri. These two kingdoms were united in the person of Ethelfrid [Adelfrid], grandson of Ida, who married Acca, the daughter of Ælla, and, expelling her brother Edwin, established one of the most powerful of the Saxon kingdoms, by the title of Northumberland. How far his dominions extended into the country now called Scotland is uncertain; but it cannot be doubted that all the lowlands, especially the east coast of that country, were peopled in a great measure from Germany; though the expeditions made by the several Saxon adventurers have escaped the records of history. The language spoken in those countries, which is purely Saxon, is a stronger proof of this event than can be opposed by the imperfect, or rather fabulous, annals which are obtruded on us by the Scottish historians.”¹

Adelfrid “spread the terror of the Saxon arms to the neighboring people, and by his victories over the Scots and Picts, as well as Welsh, extended on all sides the bounds of his dominions. Having laid siege to Chester, the Britons marched out with all their forces to engage him,

and they were attended by a body of twelve hundred and fifty monks from the monastery of Bangor, who stood at a small distance from the field of battle, in order to encourage the combatants by their presence and exhortations. Adelfrid, inquiring the purpose of the unusual appearance, was told that these priests had come to pray against him. ‘Then are they as much our enemies,’ said he, ‘as those who intend to fight against us,’ and he immediately sent a detachment, who fell upon them, and did such execution that only fifty escaped with their lives. The Britons, astonished at this event, received a total defeat; Chester was obliged to surrender; and Adelfrid, pursuing his victory, made himself master of Bangor, and entirely demolished the monastery (603), a building so extensive that there was a mile’s distance from one gate of it to another; and it contained two thousand one hundred monks, who are said to have been there maintained by their own labor.”²

The Seven Saxon Kingdoms were united in 827 under Egbert, but were slow to adopt Christianity. The English and Scotch of Saxon descent were never good Roman Catholics. Both rulers and people, nobles and priests, were never fairly submissive to the authority of Rome.

“Before its fall, Northumberland produced three great men, the founders of English literature,”—Cædmon, the first English poet, Bede, the first English historian, and Alcuin, whose school might have become the first English university. It is to this early dawn of talent (685–756) “among

¹ Hume, Vol. I., p. 20.

² Hume, Vol. I., p. 32.

the Angles of Northumberland that England owes its name of the land of the Angles and its language that of English. The northern dialect spoken by the Angles was the speech of Lothian [Scotland], north as well as south (in Northumberland) of the Tweed, and was preserved in the broad Scotch of the lowlands, while modern English was formed from the southern dialect of Alfred, Chaucer, and Wycliffe. This early Teutonic civilization of the lowland district of Scotland, in spite of the Danish wars, the Celtic conquest, and border feuds, never died out, and it became at a later time the centre from which the Anglo Saxon character permeated the whole of Scotland, without suppressing, as in England, the Celtic."¹

Certain of the old Saxons refused to be converted by Charlemagne, and "fled northward into Jutland in order to escape the fury of his persecutions. Meeting there with a people of similar manners, they were readily received among them, and they soon stimulated the natives to concur in enterprises which both promised revenge on the haughty conqueror and afforded subsistence to those numerous inhabitants with which the northern countries were now overburdened. They invaded the provinces of France," and were "then known under the general name of Normans, which they received from their northern situation," and "became the terror of all the maritime and even of the inland counties."²

Saxon England, now converted to Christianity, received incursions from these barbarous Normans and Danes,

but remained generally under Saxon rule and influence until it was overrun and subdued by William the Conqueror (1066). Many Saxon families retired to Scotland, where "they were well received by King Malcolm." "Partly with a view of strengthening his kingdom by the accession of so many strangers, partly in hopes of employing them against the growing power of William, he gave great countenance to all the English exiles. Many of them settled there, and laid the foundation of families which afterwards made a figure in that country."²

In 1070, an insurrection among the Northumbrians being suppressed, William laid the country waste, and many refugees sought shelter in Scotland.²

A later insurrection among his own Norman followers (1075) having been overcome, "many of the fugitive Normans are supposed to have fled into Scotland, where they were protected, as well as fugitive English, by Malcolm, whence come the many French and Norman families which are found at present in that country."²

Scotland, from the Norman conquest until the reformation in the middle of the sixteenth century, met with no great change. The Celtic Highlanders were nominally in the kingdom, but were lawless and unruly. The Lowlanders accepted the teachings of John Knox; the Highlanders remained true to the Roman Church.

James I came to the throne of England in 1603.

¹ Aeneas J. G. Mackay in *Brit. Ency* Vol. XXI., p. 476. ² Hume.

The Reformation, the successful rebellion from the authority of the Pope of Rome, to this day has been chiefly confined to the descendants of ancient Saxons and Northmen, the inhabitants of the north of Germany, Scandinavia, Denmark, Holland, England, and Scotland. With the Celts and the Latin races the allegiance to Rome is generally maintained. The Norman and Gothic influence in the affairs of France was probably represented by the Huguenots, and with them was crushed.

"The only part of the policy of James I to which it is possible to look back with satisfaction was that which concerned colonization,—then called 'plantation.' This gave an outlet to the increasing population, while it advanced the civilization of the countries to which the settlers went. The earliest of these schemes, the 'plantation' of the Hebrides by a number of gentlemen of Fife, called 'undertakers,' had comparatively little effect; but, apart from it, some progress was made in introducing order and law in the Highlands and Islands, where the people were still in a semi-barbarous condition. More important was the plantation of Ulster, chiefly by Scottish farmers, whose descendants still retain a Scottish dialect and a Presbyterian church."¹

That there was a colony of Scots in Ulster many years before this plantation was formed is known from the fact that the ostensible cause of Shane O'Neill's Rebellion (1567), in the reign of Elizabeth, was the "expelling the Scots from Ulster."

Early in the reign of James I

"the whole of northern Ulster was at the disposal of the government," and the lands "were parcelled out among English and Scotch colonists, portions being reserved to the natives. The site of Derry was granted to the citizens of London, who fortified and armed it; and Londonderry became the chief bulwark of the colonists in two great wars." "But the conquered people remained side by side with the settlers; and Sir George Carew, who reported on the plantation in 1611, clearly foresaw that they would rebel again 'under the veil of religion and liberty.'"

The Rebellion came in 1641. "That there was no definite design of massacring the Protestants is likely; but it was intended to turn them out. Great numbers were killed, often in cold blood and with circumstances of great barbarity."²

It has been estimated that two hundred thousand were thus butchered in a single day. The lowest estimate ever made was forty thousand.³ It is admitted that the rage of the Irish was chiefly directed, during this outbreak, against the English; but their Scotch neighbors came in for their share of the persecution.

"Cromwell's campaign (1649-'50) showed how easily a good general, with an efficient army, might conquer Ireland. Resistance in the field was soon at an end." "Then came the transplantation beyond the Shannon. The Irish Catholic gentry were removed bodily, with their servants, and such tenants as consented to follow them, and with what remained of their cattle. They suffered dreadful hardships." Cromwell's civil policy,

¹ British Ency., Vol. XXI, p. 551.

² Brit. Ency., Vol. XIII, pp. 266 and 267.

³ Hume.

to use Macaulay's words, "was able, straightforward, and cruel." He thinned the disaffected population by allowing foreign enlistment, and 40,000 are said to have been thus got rid of. "About 9,000 persons were sent to the West Indies, practically into slavery."

The derelict property was divided between adventurers who had advanced money, and soldiers who had fought in Ireland.

"In Scotland during the last years of the reign of Charles II, the Protestants, or Presbyterians as they nearly all were, were growing less and less secure; and on the accession of James II, 1685, they began to be openly and terribly persecuted." "Quite a large number of the Covenanters, to escape misery at home, between the years 1684 and 1688 emigrated to Ireland and joined their countrymen there."

The siege of Londonderry and its heroic defence is a matter of history. Those heroes withstood for three months the attack of a great army. The survivors were honored by the whole English nation.

"The Scottish Presbyterians, who defended Londonderry, were treated little better than the Irish Catholics who besieged it,—the sacramental test of 1704 being the work of the English council rather than of the Irish Parliament."¹ "A bare toleration had been granted in 1720.¹ . . . Landlords often turned out Protestant yeomen to get a higher rent from Roman Catholic cottiers. The dispossessed men carried to America an undying hatred of Eng-

land, which had much to say to the American Revolution."¹

In 1719 commenced the exodus of the Scotch colonists who had settled in Ulster in the north of Ireland, until it is estimated that fully 50,000 came to the shores of America. They settled in all the thirteen colonies, from Maine to Georgia.

It is a matter of record that they were devout Presbyterians, not one among their number a Roman Catholic. As a race they were aggressive, adventurous, independent, and warlike. They were civilized and educated. They were thrifty. They introduced into the colonies various arts and handicrafts. They were builders. They were able to govern themselves wisely. From the first they were self-supporting. In 1720 Rev. Mr. MacGregor wrote to Governor Shute,—"We are surprised to hear ourselves termed Irish people, when we so frequently ventured our all for the British crown against the Irish Papists!"

From the soldiers who defended Londonderry descended the Dinsmores, the Cochrans, the McKeens, the McClintocks, and many others. Among the Scotch-Irish emigrants who settled in New Hampshire, from Ulster, from the Lowlands of Scotland, from the Covenanters, from the Anglo-Saxon stock of Lothair and Northumberland, from the Saxons under Horsa and Hengist, from the Teutonic race, which sent forth the Goths and Normans to overrun the Roman empire and give liberty to the world, sprang the Sullivans, the Starks, the Bells, the McNeils, the

¹The Encyclopedia Britannica, Vol. XIII, p. 269.

Blairs, the Wilsons, the Knoxes, the Nesmiths, the Morrisons, the Burnses, the Wallaces, the Livermores, the Martins, and a hundred other families in New Hampshire history.

Forty or fifty generations ago the ancestors of the Scotch-Irish were pirates and freebooters. They coveted a land, they fought for it, they occupied it. They were brave and warlike. Trained in the legions of Rome, they were invincible. In the course of time they absorbed their Norman conquerors in England, and gave language and character, law and custom, to the British nation. The American Revolution caused a division (1775). Sixty millions of people in the Republic of the United States of America speak the language of the Saxons, modified by French and Latin.¹ The mother country, with its dependencies in America, Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and Oceania, with as many more millions, speak the same language, and are governed by nearly the same laws. Between two hundred and three hundred millions of people, more or less civilized, recognize British authority.

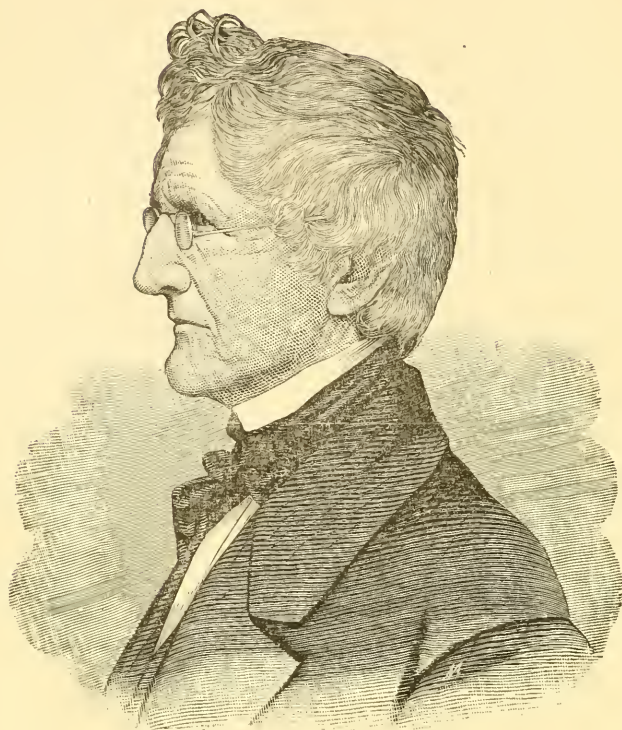
As the Celtic people have absorbed the blood of the Norwegian, Dane, ancient Briton, Spaniard, Roman, Greek, and perchance the Phœnician, and still remained Celtic in its characteristics, so it is claimed for the Lowlanders of Scotland, from whom sprang the Scotch-Irish of Ulster and of the United States, that they may have received an infusion of the blood of the Scots and Picts, of the Britons,

of the Celts, of the Normans, and of the French, yet retaining the language, laws, customs, and characteristics of the old Saxons, they are and always have been distinctively Saxons. Three hundred years ago, in the Lowlands of Scotland, they were a civilized people, separated by customs, traditions, education, and manners, from the half civilized Highlanders to the north of them. In Ulster it is a matter of history that the Scotch colonists did not unite or amalgamate with their Irish neighbors. In the American colonies for over half a century after their migration to this country, or until after the American Revolution, they remained a separate and distinct people, as in the north of Ireland they continue to this day.

² "It has been computed that, including the population of the United States of America, some hundred and five millions of people speak the English language, and belong generally to the Anglo-Saxon race." "In India it may be said that two hundred and seventy millions of natives are really or indirectly governed by England." "At present the British Empire possesses the most extensive territory and the largest population, together with the greatest amount of wealth and commerce, owned by any nation in ancient or modern times." They "monopolize one third of the world's trade: more than one fifth of the world's population is ruled over by the Queen of England." Their "flag waves over one eighth of the habitable globe."

¹ The English language is essentially Saxon. Drop every foreign word, and it still remains the English language, robbed of its wealth and power of expression, it is true, but easily understood in the nursery as well as in the university. Take from the English language words of Saxon origin, and the English language disappears.

² *Westminster Review*, for January, 1889.



W Plumer Jr

William Plumer, the eldest child of Governor William and Sally Plumer, was born in Epping, February 9, 1789. His childhood was marked by a love of books and the self-formed habit of study, and equally so by modesty, quietness, and docility. At the age of thirteen he entered Phillips Exeter academy to be prepared for college. He entered Harvard college in 1805, and graduated in 1809. Immediately after leaving college, he commenced the study of the law with

his father, and was admitted to the bar in 1812. In 1816 he was appointed U. S. commissioner of loans for New Hampshire. In 1818 he was elected to represent Epping in the legislature, and at once became a leading member, taking a prominent part in the principal debates. At that session he was nominated as a representative to congress, and was elected in the spring of 1819, and was twice reëlected, serving with honor and distinction. In 1827 and

1828 he was a member of the New Hampshire senate. In 1850 he was a member of the constitutional convention.

He married, September 13, 1820, Margaret F. Mead. The later years of his life were passed in literary pursuits at his pleasant home in Epping. He died September 18, 1854.

He was modest and unambitious. He shrank from notoriety, and was seen in public only when sought out and drawn from his retirement. He had a strong mind, "accurate in fact, sound in opinion, weighty in influence, suggestive and instructive to one of kindred tastes and congenial pursuits.

"His moral tastes and sensibilities

were eminently true, pure, and delicate. From youth to age his life was governed by the severest principles, and might have challenged the closest scrutiny. His friendships were strong, and he cherished no enmities. None knew him but to respect him; none shared his intimacy without holding him in the most affectionate regard. As a neighbor and a citizen he was a peace-maker, a steadfast friend of improvement and progress, a counsellor and helper in every good work, a consistent and judicious advocate of whatever could make those around him happier and better.

"He was a Christian in belief, practice, and spirit."

THE SHAW FAMILY.

[Copied by permission from MS. History of Hampton, written by Joseph Dow.]

Roger Shaw, the progenitor of the Shaw families of Hampton, was of Cambridge, in 1636, and was made freeman in 1638. He came from Cambridge to Hampton about 1647, where he purchased the right of John Cross to certain tracts of land, and also received some grants from the town. He settled where the late Simeon and John Shaw lived; and the place is still owned by two grandsons of the latter, their home being a few rods easterly of the site occupied by the earlier families. The old home which stood on this site was taken down a few years since, after having been the residence of Shaw families for several generations. It was the same home that the lightning struck in 1727, when the occupants were so

wonderfully preserved. Mr. Shaw was one of the selectmen in 1649 and 1654; a constable in 1654; a commissioner for small causes in 1651; and he represented the town in the Massachusetts General Court in 1651, 1652, and 1653.

He was born in England; m., 1, Anne; 2, Susanna, wid. of William Tilton, of Lynn. She d. Jan. 28, 1655. He d. May 29, 1661, leaving two sons and four daughters. It is not known in what order their names should be arranged.

Children.

1. Joseph (II), b. about 1635; m. Elizabeth Partridge; d. Nov. 8, 1720, *ae.* 85 y.
2. Benjamin (III), b. about 1641; m. Esther Richardson; d. Dec. 31, 1717, *ae.* 76 y.
3. Mary, b. ; d. at Cambridge, Jan. 26, 1640.

4. Ann, b. m. Samuel Fogg; d. Dec. 9, 1663.

5. Esther, b. at Cambridge, June, 1638.

6. A daughter.

7. Mary, b. Sept. 29, 1645.

II. Joseph Shaw, son of Roger (I), m., June 26, 1661, Elizabeth Partidge; b. at Salisbury, Feb. 14, 1643, and settled at the Falls on the place afterward owned and occupied by President Weare, and at the present time by Zebulon Dow.

Children.

1. Abiah, b. Oct., 1662; m. Thomas Brown.

2. Elizabeth, b. Aug. 23, 1664; m. Aaron Sleeper.

3. Samuel (IV), b. Aug. 23, 1666; m., 1, Esther Batchelder; 2, Mary Tuck.

4. A son, b. Dec. 11, 1669.

5. Caleb (V), b. Jan. 31, 1671; m. Elizabeth Hilliard; lost at sea, March 19, 1715, ae. 44 y.

6. Josiah, b. Jan. 13, 1673; d. June 10, 1700, ae. 27 y.

7. Sarah, b. Dec. 5, 1676.

8. John.

9. Ann, b. Oct. 20, 1681; m. Moses Elkins.

III. Benjamin Shaw, son of Roger; m., May 25, 1663, Esther Richardson, and lived on the homestead. She d. May 16, 1736, aged 91 years.

Children.

1. Mary, b. Dec. 2, 1664.

2. Esther, b. Nov. 17, 1666; m. Jabez Dow; d. March 25, 1739, ae. 72 y.

3. Sarah, b. June 22, 1669; m. Seth Fogg; d. April 10, 1756, ae. 86 y. 9 m. 8 d.

4. Abigail, b. Aug. 22, 1671; m. John Smith.

5. Ruth, b. Dec. 24, 1673; d. unm. April 13, 1715, ae. 41 y. 3 m. 20 d.

6. Benjamin (VI), b. June 28, 1676; m. Oct. 2, 1711, Deborah Fellows.

7. Roger (VII), b. Sept. 23, 1678; m. Alice Rawlings; d. Oct. 29, 1752, ae. 74 y.

8. Joseph (VIII), b. Nov. 1, 1681; m. Hannah Johnson.

9. Edward, b. July 23, d. Aug. 8, 1685.

10. Edward (IX), b. ; m., 1, Mary Johnson; 2, Abigail Marshall; d. Dec. 24, 1764.

11. Hannah, b. July 23, 1690; m. John Wedgewood; d. Aug. 9, 1755, ae. 65 y.

12. John.

IV. Samuel Shaw, deacon, son of Joseph (II); m., 1, Esther Batchelder, dau. of Nathan, who died Jan. 24, 1715, aged 50 years; m., 2, Mary, dau. of John Tuck, June 21, 1716, and lived at paternal homestead at the Falls.

Children.

Mary, b. Jan. 22, 1718; d. March 27, 1718.

Samuel, b. Aug. 16, 1719.

Caleb, bapt. Oct. 2, 1726.

V. Caleb Shaw, son of Joseph (II); m. Elizabeth, dau. of Timothy Hilliard. He was a mariner; in 1714 was master of the sloop *Mayflower*. He was drowned at sea, March 19, 1715, aged 44 years. His widow m., 2, Capt. Joseph Tilton. She died April 19, 1724, aged 44 years.

Children.

1. Rachel, b. Jan. 27, 1693; m. Abner Sanborn.

2. Apphia, b. Dec. 22, 1699; m., 1, Peter Sanborn; m., 2, Robert Rowe.

3. Josiah, b. Jan. 15, 1702; d. Nov. 12, 1721; bapt. Feb. 12, 1703.

4. Samuel (XXVIII), b. April 5, 1703; m., April 5, 1725, Rachael Fellows; bapt. May 9, 1703.

5. Elizabeth, b. May 15, 1705; d. unm. May 5, 1724, ae. 19 y.

6. Anne, b. April 28, 1707; d. unm. May 20, 1724, ae. 17 y. 22 d.

7. Margaret, b. April 10, 1709; m. Jonathan Tilton; d. 1790, ae. 81 y.

8. Joseph, b. June 2, 1711; m. Elizabeth Batchelder; lived at Brentwood.

9. Ebenezer (x), b. Oct. 7, 1713; m. Anna Philbrick; d. Mar. 13, 1782, ae. 68 y.
10. Mary, b. Dec. 5, 1715.

VI. Benjamin Shaw, son of Benj. (iii); m., Oct. 2, 1711, Deborah Fellows, probably widow of Sam'l C. Fellows, who died about 1707.

(Moved to Nottingham, 1742?)

VII. Roger Shaw, son of Benj. (iii); m., March 2, 170 $\frac{3}{4}$, Alice Rawlings, and lived at Bride hill.

Children.

1. Mary, b. Nov. 28, 1705; d. unm. April 22, 1787, ae. 81 y. 4 m.

2. Alice, b. Aug. 8, 1707; m. — Robinson.

3. Jonathan, b. May 9, 1709; m., 1, Elizabeth; m., 2, wid. Mary James; d. May 31, 1780, ae. 71.

4. Rachel, b. Aug. 30, 1711; d. young.

5. Josiah, b. May 24, 1713; d. Feb. 6, 1770, ae. 56 y. 8 m.

6. Esther, b. Sept. 21, 1715; m. James Sanborn; d. April 29, 1796, ae. 80 y.

7. Jedediah, b. Feb. 23, 1719.

8. Rachel, b. Sept. 5, 1721; m., Jan. 26, 1744, John Smith.

9. Benjamin, b. Nov. 15, 1723; d. Jan. 8, 1738, ae. 14 y.

VIII. Joseph Shaw, son of Benj. (iii); m., Dec. 12, 1705, Hannah, dau. of James Johnson.

Children.

1. Gideon, b. Nov. 30, 1706; m. Rachel Brown; d. April 9, 1789, ae. 82 y. 4 m.

2. Jerusha, b. March 2, 170 $\frac{3}{4}$; m. Samuel Locke; d. Nov. 4, 1780, ae. 71 y. 8 m.

3. Esther, b. Feb. 13, 171 $\frac{1}{2}$.

4. Elihu, bapt. April 6, 1712.

5. Moses, b. Feb. 22, 1715.

6. Caleb, bapt. July 14, 1717.

7. Miriam, bapt. April 10, 1720.

8. Mary, bapt. March 24, 172 $\frac{3}{4}$.

9. Sarah, bapt. Sept. 18, 1726; d. young.

10. Sarah, bapt. July 27, 1729.

IX. Edward Shaw, son of Benj. (iii); m., 1, June 27, 1716, Mary, dau. of James Johnson; m., 2, July 2, 1727, Abigail Marshall, of Ipswich, who died June 4, 1757, ae. 71 y.

Children.

1. Mary, b. April 3, 1720.

2. Ichabod, b. Feb. 27, 1722; m. Sarah Moulton; in Sandown Nov., 1759.

3. Edward, b. March 2, 1724; m. Ruth Fellows; d. July 16, 1787.

4. Benjamin, b. March 15, 1727.

X. Ebenezer Shaw, son of Caleb (v); m. Anna Philbrick, and lived on Sargent's island, where he had his home about twenty years, engaged much of the time in coasting and fishing. In 1762 he removed with his family to the vicinity of Sebago lake in Maine, and settled within the limits of the present town of Standish. He died March 13, 1782, aged 68 years. His widow died Dec. 12, 1804, aged nearly 84 years. At the time of her death it was found that the number of her descendants was 201,—viz., 9 children, 82 grandchildren, 109 great-grandchildren, and one of the fifth generation. Their children, all born at Hampton, were,—

1. Josiah, b. Jan. 3, 1740; m. — Lamprey; had six children; d. in 1810.

2. Abiah, b. Jan. 16, 1741; d. unm. April 10, 1762, ae. 21 y.

3. Joanna, b. April 4, 1743; m. July 7, 1762, Peter, son of Worthington Moulton, and went with her father to Standish; had 10 children; d. Jan. 16, 1834, ae. nearly 91 y.

4. Sargent, b. Oct. 23, 1745; m., 1, — Westcott, by whom he had 2 children; m., 2, — Dosett, and had 4 children; m., 3, Anna Colby, and had 8 children. He d. Dec. 23, 1823, ae. 78.

5. Ebenezer, b. Jan. 3, 1749; m. 1, Sarah Wood, and had 8 children; m., 2, and had

13 children. He died Aug. 11, 1836, *ae.* 87 y. 7 m.

6. Elizabeth, *b.* March 21, 1751; *m.* James Moody; had 11 children; *d.* May 27, 1816, *ae.* 64 y.

7. Thomas, *b.* Oct. 10, 1753; *m.*, 1, Anna Wood, had 7 children; *m.*, 2, Susanna Thomas, and had 3 children. He *d.* Oct. 20, 1838, *ae.* 85 y.

8. Molly, *b.* ; *m.*, 1, Stephen Sanborn, and several children, all of whom, except one daughter, *d.* young. Her husband *d.* in 1779, and she, thirty years afterward, *m.*, 2, John Mayall. She *d.* Oct. 29, 1840, *ae.* 80 y.

9. Margaret; *m.* Daniel Bean, and had 11 children; *d.*, *ae.* about 80, in Aug., 1842.

10. Joseph; *m.* Eunice Bean, and had 13 children.

XI. Jonathan Shaw, son of Roger (*vii*), lived at Bride hill. He *m.*, 1, Oct. 14, 1739, Elizabeth, who *d.* Dec. 17, 1754, *ae.* 43 y.; *m.*, 2, May 13, 1755, Mary, widow of Jabez James, and daughter of Dea. Joshua Lane.

Children.

1. Elizabeth, bapt. Dec. 7, 1740; *d.* April 26, 1745.

2. Jonathan, *b.* Nov. 5, 1741; *m.* ; lived at Brentwood.

3. Rachel, bapt. March 18, 1744; *d.* May 7, 1745.

4. Elizabeth, *b.* Jan. 10, 1746.

5. Mary, *b.* July 14, 1748.

6. Benjamin (*xiv*), *b.* March 25, 1756; *m.* Mary Sanborn; *d.* April 1, 1825, *ae.* 69 y.

7. Susanna, *b.* June 26, 1757; *d.* unm. Oct. 12, 1784, *ae.* 27 y. 3 m. 16 y.

8. Josiah (*xv*), *b.* Oct. 23, 1759; *m.* Lydia Fifield; *d.* April 12, 1832, *ae.* 72 y. 5 m. 20 m.

9. Bathsheba, *b.* Nov. 27, 1760; *m.*, Jan. 1, 1783, Josiah Berry, of Greenland.

XII. Gideon Shaw, son of Joseph (*viii*); *m.* Rachel, dau. of Thomas

Brown, and lived where Dearborn T. Shaw now lives.

Children.

1. Rachel, *b.* Jan. 7, 1734; *m.*, Jan. 3, 1754, David James, of Kensington.

2. Elizabeth, *b.* Jan. 7, 1736; *m.* Dearborn Blake, of Epping.

3. Mary, *b.* July 26, 1739; *m.*, 1, Lemuel Towle; *m.*, 2, Feb. 10, 1780, Jeremiah Prescott.

4. Benjamin Brown (*xvi*), *b.* Dec. 16, 1745; *m.* Abigail Taylor; *d.* Jan. 14, 1804, *ae.* 58 y.

5. Moses, bapt. Feb. 14, 1748; *d.* April 8, 1749.

6. Joshua (*xvii*), *b.* Sept. 1, 1750; *m.* Deborah Palmer; *d.* Oct. 12, 1834, *ae.* 84 y.

XIII. Edward Shaw, son of Edward (*ix*); *m.*, May 7, 1746, Ruth Fellows, of Salisbury, and lived on the old homestead. She died May 29, 1798, aged 75.

Children.

1. Jeremiah (*xviii*), *b.* July 26, 1747; graduated Harvard college, 1767; *m.* Hannah, dau. of Capt. John Moulton; was ordained pastor Congregational church at Moultonborough Nov. 17, 1779; *d.* 1834, *ae.* 87 y.

2. Samuel, bapt. Dec. 25, 1748; *m.* Susan Page, Feb. 26, 1778 (both of Hampton).

3. Mary (Molly), bapt. May 27, 1750; *d.* unm. Aug. 14, 1840, *ae.* 91 y.

4. Ichabod, bapt. March 4, 1753.

5. Abigail, bapt. Aug. 17, 1755; *d.* unm. Feb. 1, 1775.

6. Simeon, bapt. June 12, 1757; *m.* Betty Green; *d.* without issue, Sept. 7, 1842, aged 85 y.

7. Levi, bapt. Feb. 18, 1759.

8. John (*xix*), bapt. June 14, 1761; *m.* Pipporah Towle; *d.* Aug. 9, 1844, *ae.* 83 y.

XIV. Benjamin Shaw, colonel, son of Jonathan (*xi*); *m.* Mary, dau. of

Abraham Sanborn; lived at Bride hill.

Children.

1. Lucretia, b. 1780; m., April 27, 1801, Thomas P. Clark (then of H.), of Wakefield.

2. Jonathan, b. 1781; d. Feb. 18, 1787.

3. Sarah, b. 1783; m., Nov. 26, 1801, Dr. Jonathan French.

4. Tristan (xxiii), b. May 23, 1786; m. Mary Batchelder; d. March 14, 1843, ae. 56 y.

5. Theodate, b. 1791; m. Nathan Pike.

6. Mary, b. ; m. Josiah Robinson, of Exeter; d. 1858.

XV. Josiah Shaw, son of Jonathan (xi); m. Lydia Fifield; 5 children.

XVI. Benjamin B. Shaw, son of Gideon (xii); m., Nov. 21, 1769, Abigail Taylor, and lived on homestead.

Children.

1. Elizabeth, b. Sept. 8, 1772; d. July 7, 1773.

2. Abigail, b. Nov. 21, 1773; m., Oct. 28, 1794, Josiah Davidson, of Rye.

3. Moses (xx), b. Dec. 23, 1774; m. Abigail Dalton; d. July 24, 1836, ae. 61 y.

4. John (xxi), b. May 11, 1777; m., 1, Hannah Page; m., 2, Nancy Marston; d. May 12, 1805, ae. 28 y.

5. Rachel, b. Feb. 15, 1780; m. Jeremiah Hobbs; d. April 28, 1853, ae. 73 y.

XVII. Joshua Shaw, son of Gideon (xii); m., Nov. 17, 1771, Deborah, daughter of Samuel Palmer, and resided where his granddaughter, Elizabeth Shaw, now lives in Hampton.

Children.

1. Elizabeth, b. May 28, 1775; d. June 14, 1783.

2. Molly, b. ; d. June 13, 1783.

3. Samuel, b. Sept. 12, 1784; m. Deborah Clark; d. Nov. 8, 1867, ae. 83 y. 1 m. 27 d.

4. Willard, bapt. May 14, 1786; d. unmn. Sept. 8, 1869, ae. 83 y. 3 m.

XVIII. Jeremiah Shaw, clergyman, son of Edward (xiii); m. Hannah (dau. of Capt. John Moulton), who died March 26, 1827, aged 76. He graduated at Harvard college in 1767; was ordained pastor Congregational church in Moultonborough, Nov. 17, 1779.

Children.

1. Abigail, bapt. July 10, 1774.

2. John Moulton, bapt. Feb. 4, 1776.

3. Jeremiah, bapt. July 26, 1778.

4. Edward, bapt. Feb. 13, 1780.

5. Eunice.

6. Ichabod, b. 1781; became a physician; d. 1834, ae. 53 y.

7. Ruth F.

XIX. John Shaw, son of Edward (xiii); m. Zipporah, daughter of Samuel Towle, and resided at homestead.

Children.

1. Ruth Fellows, b. 1802; d. unmn. Nov. 9, 1835, ae. 33 y.

2. Simeon Brackett (xxiv), b. 1804; m. Jane Perkins; d. Nov. 16, 1871.

3. Edward (xxv), b. 1814; m. Sarah J. Towle.

4. Elizabeth, b. 1816; m., Dec. 8, 1844, Benj. S. True.

XX. Moses Shaw, son of Benj. (xvi); m., Feb. 12, 1799, Abigail, daughter of Michael Dalton, of Rye, and lived on homestead in Hampton.

Children

1. Benj. (xxvi), b. Feb. 18, 1801; m., 1, Abigail Leavitt; m., 2, Sarah Nudd.

2. Clarissa, b. Nov. 21, 1804; m. Thomas Philbrick, of Rye; d. July 21, 1850.

3. Dearborn Taylor (xxvii), b. April 29, 1806; m. Clarissa Blake.

4. Daniel Dalton, b. April, 1808; d. Aug. 20, 1809.

XXI. John Shaw, son of Benj. (xvi); m., 1, Nov. 27, 1799, Han-

nah (daughter of Dr. Samuel Page), who died Aug. 21, 1803. aged 23 y. ; m., 2. Feb. 2, 1804. Nancy (daughter of Samuel Marston), who outlived him, and m., 2, Simeon Philbrick. Mr. Shaw lived on east side of homestead, where Benj. Shaw lived in 1872.

Children.

1. Molly, b. Oct., 1801; d. unm. Sept. 25, 1821, ae. 19 y. 11 m.

2. Child, b. Dec., 1804; d. Jan. 17, 1805.

XXII. Samuel Shaw, son of Joshua (xvii); m., Feb. 11, 1808, Deborah, daughter of John Clark.

Children.

1. Elizabeth, b. Sept. 14, 1808.

2. David, b. Aug. 25, 1810; m. Sarah Clark, a cousin of Portsmouth. No child.

XXIII. Tristram Shaw, son of Col. Benj. (xiv); m. Mary, daughter of Sanborn Batchelder, and moved to Exeter. Four children.

XXIV. Simeon B. Shaw, son of John (xix); m. Jane, daughter of John Perkins.

Children.

1. Simeon, b. March 7, 1831; m. Sarah E. Lamprey.

2. John Brackett, b. May 5, 1836; m. Mary Augusta Merrill; d. Jan. 18, 1874.

XXV. Edward Shaw, son of John (xix); m. Sarah Jane, daughter of Amos Towle; lives in west part of Hampton. Six children.

XXVI. Benj. Shaw, son of Moses (xx); m., 1, 1819, Abigail (daughter of Moses Leavitt), who died April 26, 1845, aged 46 y. 5 m. 21 d.; m., 2, Sept. 3, 1846, Sarah, daughter of Samuel Nudd.

Children.

Emily H., b. Oct. 22, 1819; m. James Pike; d. June 11, 1858.

2. Mary, b. June 4, 1821; m. Geo. W. Philbrick.

3. Sarah Abigail, b. Dec. 18, 1822; m., 1, Ephraim Safford, of Boston, who d. Dec. 26, 1854; m., 2,

4. Moses, b. Aug. 11, 1824; m. Miriam, dau. of Daniel Dow, of No. Hampton.

5. Matilda L., b. Jan. 22, 1826; m., Aug. 17, 1847, George Irving.

6. Oliver L., b. Nov. 9, 1827; m. Eliza Wright; resides in East Boston.

7. John, b. June 27, 1830; m. Loeva.

8. Maria, b. Aug. 15, 1832; m., Sept. 4, 1855, Alfred Ingalls.

9. Chas L., b. June 23, 1838; m. Mary Olive, dau. of Francis P. Blake; d. April 29, 1872.

XXVII. Dearborn T. Shaw, son of Moses (xx); m. Clarissa, daughter of Nathan Blake.

Children.

1. Died young.

2. Died young.

3. Clarissa, b. Aug. 30, 1830; m. Amos J. Towle.

4. Caroline L., b. Nov. 27, 1832; m. Buckley Howe; resides Evans, Colorado.

5. Alonzo Whipple, b. Sept. 3, 1834.

6. Elvira, b. Aug. 17, 1836; d. Oct. 19, 1851.

7. Loring Dunbar, b. July 3, 1838.

8. W. H. Harrison, b. Jan. 23, 1840; d. July 9, 1857.

9. Eveline, b. 1842; d. Oct. 31, 1843.

10. Abby Evaline, b. Dec. 20, 1844; m. Jacob H. Eaton, of Seabrook.

XXVIII. Samuel Shaw, son of Caleb (v); m., April 5, 1725, Rachel, daughter of Samuel Fellows; residence, Hampton Falls.

Children.

1. Caleb, b. 1725.

2. Samuel, b. 1727; d. Oct., 1737.

3. Josiah, b. 1729; d. Sept., 1736.

4. Hilliard, b. 1732.

5. Debora, b. 1734; d. Oct., 1736.

6. Michael, (?) b. 1736; d. same year.

7. Rachel, b. 1737; m., Aug. 28, 1757,
Richard Brown, of Kensington.

8. Samuel, b. 1750; d. young.

9. Sarah, b. 1743.

10. Ann, b. 1745.

11. Samuel, b. 1748.

NOTE. The Editor of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* would gladly publish the genealogical records of the early settlers of New Hampshire, and respectfully solicits contributions of that nature.

THE BULOW PLANTATION.

CHAPTER XV.

The next morning Captain Homer was in a fever, and, for several days after their rescue, tossed about as much as his tightly bandaged arm would permit, uttering the incoherent words of delirium. Isabella and Helen sat many hours by his side, trying to soothe his pain. When he became convalescent, they would read to him from the few books in Lieut. Barnes's collection. When he became able to be assisted to the top of the tower, and could sit there by the hour looking off on the distant Atlantic, Isabella would sit by his side, sometimes pained by his far-away look.

One bright morning in January the two sat there in silence for a long time, when Homer broke the spell by saying,—

“Isabella, you have become very dear to me. I love you. Will you love me, and be my wife?”

Only a moment Isabella hesitated, then came the answer,—“I love you, Clarence; I will be your wife.”

Only a few words, but on them hung the destiny of two lives.

“Dearest Isabella, I loved you first, or knew that I loved you, when I saw you threatened by a great danger. You heard my cry of warning?”

“Yes, Clarence, and I think I un-

derstood that cry as well as if you had been on your knees before me,” said Isabella. “My whole heart went out to you from that moment.”

Long they sat there, hand in hand, talking of their past, present, and future, as only lovers can.

At length Helen appeared, followed by Tristan Hernandez. Tristan approached Homer, and, taking his left hand, said,—“Congratulate me, Cousin Clarence, for Helen has at last surrendered at discretion, after a long siege. We are to be married when her father is relieved at the castle.”

“Is this so, really so, Helen?” asked Homer, reproachfully.

“I have tired of waiting for you to propose,” said Helen with a smile; and, as you will not be my lover, I want you for a brother.”

“How do you explain that?” asked Tristan.

“If you had not been blinded by your own affairs, you would have seen long ago that, instead of Cousin Clarence, you should address him as brother,” said Helen. “Own up, now! Have you not taken advantage of our obliging absence to settle everything?”

“What a delightful tease she is, to

be sure?" said Isabella. "If she were not so soon to be my sister, I might try to get angry with her."

"Helen is right, Tristan. I have asked your sister to be my wife, and she consents. We will be married when you are—shall we not, dear Isabella?"

"I will be guided by you hereafter," answered Isabella, looking lovingly into Homer's eyes. "My destiny I have placed in your hands."

As soon as Homer was out of danger, and his arm was in a fair way of healing, Shepard had made his way to St. Augustine and reported to the commander there the situation of affairs down the coast, especially at the Bulow plantation. When at length the unfortunate expedition mentioned in history had been decided upon, the commander did not seem to value Shepard's advice and services, looking on him as a mad man, or one very visionary in his ideas, and started without him. Shepard was honored by being sent as a messenger to the old fort with dispatches to Lieut. Barnes. These, on delivery, proved to be an order for the old fort to be abandoned, and for Lieut. Barnes to proceed, as soon as transports could be provided, with his garrison and military stores to St. Augustine.

In a few days the barges appeared. The next morning the old fort was left to its former solitude, and the little garrison started towards St. Augustine with a fair wind. Their journey was without any incident of note. On their arrival they at once proceeded to the old Spanish house, the home of Antonio. Capt. Homer reported to the general in command

the situation of things on the Halifax river, the sudden attack of the Indians on the Bulow plantation, and the repulse, and his own adventures during and after that event. Gen. Church was surprised at the number of Indians reported by Homer, and feared for the success of the expedition under Major Putnam. The next day his fears were realized, for the detachment returned with seventeen wounded men, two of whom died almost immediately from the effects of their wounds. The commander not only had to report the ill success of the whole expedition, but the loss of the son of Hon. Elias B. Gould, who fell into the hands of the Indians, and suffered torture and death—the usual fate of Indian captives.

Tristan Hernandez received permission to raise a force of volunteers to coöperate with the militia and regulars, and heart and soul he entered into the project. Shepard was his right-hand man, his guide and counsellor, although he took no rank in the battalion.

Only those men, old and young, who were in some way familiar with Indian warfare, were urged to enlist; and quietly, without the beating of drums or blowing of trumpets, Hernandez had a hundred frontiersmen under his command, each ready and willing to encounter the Indians in their own method of warfare.

The plans of a new expedition were laid; and Major Putnam again prepared to leave the city with his detachment of regulars, three companies of militia, and Capt. Homer's company of cavalry,—Hernandez, with his force accompanying and coöperating.

In the latter part of January the force took up their line of march: and once more Capt. Homer advanced over the King's road, not in a hurried gallop, but by an easy walk or lope to allow the long line of foot soldiers to keep up. His wound had so far healed as to allow the captain to resume his command, and on no account would he forego the pleasure of being present at the relief of the beleaguered fortress.

The force proceeded to Pellicer creek, reopened the passage across by rebuilding the bridge, which had been burned after the retreat of Maj. Putnam, and encamped for the night on the opposite side in the open pine barren.

Camp fires were built in the centre, and a line of sentries established, and all seemed settled for the night. The rough, irregular line of Hernandez's volunteers had caused a smile on many a face of the neatly uniformed soldiers, but Homer did not smile, especially when he looked at Shepard with his grizzled locks, and many other fierce, grey-bearded men, and saw in their faces the resolve for revenge, the hatred of their savage foes,—in fact, everything but shrinking or fear.

In a couple of hours the camp-fires died out, and one by one the sentries fell back on the main body, and silently the force fell into line. The volunteers now took the lead, as before they had brought up the rear, and by a quick step soon left the regulars far behind. Four hours of forced march brought them to near the entrance of the Bulow plantation. Here they silently divided into two bodies, Tristan leading the first party through

the swamp into the woods to the north of the castle, while Shepard as cautiously took a wide circuit to the south, each posting his men as he advanced.

At daybreak the attack began, and soon the discharges became continuous. The Indians fought well until they saw themselves opposed to frontiersmen, who met them with their own tactics, and greatly outnumbered them. They were slowly driven into the open fields, where, seeing themselves completely surrounded by determined enemies, and exposed to a galling fire from the late beleaguered fortress, they made a virtue of necessity, and threw down their rifles in token of submission. Forty braves were thus captured, ten having fallen in the combat. Outside the swamp the combat raged with violence between the regulars and the Indians, who, contrary to their usual tactics, advanced through the open pines to give battle to their enemies, driven to desperation by the anticipated loss of their mates about the castle.

It appears that the stratagem of the commander had deceived the old chief, King Philip, for a while; for he had been hovering about the flanks of the little army, and was preparing a midnight surprise for their destruction, when his scouts brought in word of the sudden departure of the whole force and their probable destination. He was thus placed in their rear, and, collecting his whole force, rapidly pursued. The regulars were posted at the entrance to the avenue leading to Bulow, with their rear and flanks well protected, and awaited the assault. The Indians charged twice in overwhelming numbers, but the steady

fire of platoon after platoon drove them back.

Securing the prisoners by knots that would ensure their enforced presence, Hernandez, leaving them to the care of the gunners, led his force back through the avenue to coöperate with Major Putnam. His timely arrival turned the tide of battle against the Indians. The rout was made more complete by the charge of Homer's cavalry on the discouraged and retiring foes.

After the charge had been recalled, Homer dashed through the avenue towards his uncle's home. Meeting Hernandez and Shepard on his way, he proceeded more leisurely towards the castle. The door had been thrown open, and the inmates, black and white, poured forth to breathe once more the free air of heaven. The sailors stood guard over the captive Indians to prevent their escape, as well as to save them from injury from the negroes.

As Homer, Tristan, and Shepard were drawing near the entrance, Col. Bulow was just leading out Miss Maud Everett, followed by Antonio, who had gone to summon them from their confinement; and the words of greeting and welcome were hearty, and made more so when the party from the castle were assured of the safety of Helen and Isabella.

"Here is the gentleman, uncle, to whom we owe a deep debt of gratitude. He saved all our lives. Col. Bulow, I present Mr. Andrew Shepard, long known on this coast as the 'hermit hunter.'"

"What name did you give, nephew?" cried the old colonel.

"Andrew Shepard!" repeated Ho-

mer, in surprise at his uncle's evident emotion.

"Let me be sure!" cried the colonel. "Where were you brought up, Mr. Shepard? Where did you live in your boyhood?"

"I was raised on my father's place near Valle, in the state of Georgia."

"What became of your family?"

"They were murdered by the Indians."

"And you were hiding at the time from your brothers and sisters?"

"Yes, I was in a hollow stump," answered the hunter, now beginning to display some emotion.

"Of course you do not remember me! How should you? Fifty years since we parted as boys!"

"And who are you?" cried the hunter.

"I am your brother John, Andrew, who was then a little toddler; but that terrible scene can never be effaced from my memory."

With a long hand-clasp they welcomed each other as from the dead.

Major Putnam now came up with his staff, and, being presented to Col. Bulow and the remainder of the party from the fortress, advised their instant preparation for departure. as he wished to recross Pellicer creek before dark. Three hours were allowed for preparation.

The four large plantation wagons were quickly drawn out from the lumber of the basement, and mounted on their wheels; the eight pairs of mules were led out from the court and harnessed; the cattle coming next, were yoked in pairs. Then came the question of what to take and what to leave, which had to be decided the minute it arose. Finally the loads

were adjusted, each one taking as he was able, for what was left had to be burned, for the castle would be burned at the first visit of the Indians any way. And the hands were told that they could have what was left that would not interfere with their carrying arms. Heavy bags of sugar, corn, cotton, and bacon were thrown over their horses by the cavalrymen; and then, as the procession marched along the road toward the avenue, the match was applied to the wood-work of the interior. As the last of the line entered the avenue, the tower at the south-west angle was raised into the air by a terrific explosion; and the ruin was left as it may be seen to this day—its north-east tower intact, and part of its east end and west wall still standing. The colonel and Hernandez bade good-bye to their late beautiful plantation with much regret. The march back to Pellicer creek was without any particular incident worthy of note. Arriving there about dusk, a regular camp was established, only the tents were missing.

The volunteers were, at their own request, posted as an outer line of pickets; but the night passed without an attack.

By a central camp-fire were gathered the friends who have figured in this story—Antonio, Tristan, Homer, Col. Bulow, Andrew Shepard, Maud Everett, and Captain Smith.

“Now, Brother Andrew,” said Col. Bulow, “I can wait no longer for your history.”

Shepard repeated it as we have already heard, but concluded with the remark, “Now that I have recovered one of my family in my little pet brother, I shall not feel so revengeful

towards the Indians; but it has become so much a mania to kill them at sight that I shall have to lead a retired life again to avoid it.”

Colonel Bulow now in turn gave an account of his life. He had been snatched up by an old Indian warrior at the time of the attack upon the home of his parents, and adopted into his family. At one of the frontier forts, after the close of the Revolution, a childless couple, Colonel and Mrs. Bulow, had seen and wanted to take him from the Indian to adopt as their own. The Indian was at length bribed into parting with his little charge. After a time a daughter was born to his adopted parents, but no difference had been shown to their son; and only his vivid memory of the scene of the massacre of his family reminded him that his own parents were murdered by the Indians. At the proper age he had been sent to Princeton college, and, returning, had studied law and been admitted to the bar at his parents’ adopted home, in Charleston, S. C. Early in his career as a lawyer he had examined the title deed of his own father to his grant of land and found it good, and, visiting it, found it occupied by a flourishing village, with a church over the cellar of his father’s cabin. A long lawsuit was instituted, which depended for its success on his identification as the son of the murdered family, the old Indian being brought forward, and Colonel and Mrs. Bulow, as witnesses. It ended in a compromise, by which the actual settlers retained possession of their lands and got a good title by the payment of \$200,000. “Half of this sum I invested in the best securities, and have always held in trust

for you, my brother, or for your heirs. I have advertised over the whole United States for a trace of you."

"I have not owned my name for many years until I met Capt. Homer shortly since."

"And your story explains to me why my grandfather consented, at your request, for all his fortune to go to my mother instead of part to you," said Homer.

"Your grandfather was all a father could have been to me, and I took his name when a child. When I recovered my own father's property, I had enough and to spare. I had a good chance to go into business in Charleston. I made and lost a great deal of money, but have managed to lay by for my daughter all that I received from my father's estate besides this unfortunate investment."

"I hope, sir, you will consent to allow your purchase-money to remain in the family," said Tristan, "for Helen has agreed, with your consent, to become my wife."

"My dear friend, you have surely won your wife, and I entrust her to your care with implicit confidence. I have seen your love for a long time."

"I shall want your blessing on my union with Tristan's sister Isabella, dear uncle," said Homer.

"Of course you can have it, my boy—the families cannot be united too closely; but have you thought about your difference in religion, my dear boys?"

"That cannot stand in the way of two hearts uniting. But as religion is said to be a stronger motive in the feminine branch of our race than in ours, I think it will be better for the

husbands to agree with their wives than for them to try to force the sentiments of the dear ones. Now you are an Episopalian, Clarence; it will be very easy for you to become a Catholic. While for my part, I could conscientiously worship Christ and obey his divine laws with any sect who profess His divinity, from the Catholic to the Unitarian."

"I do not know about this latitude of faith," said Antonio; "but on talking the subject over with Miss Maud, she agrees with me that as we hold the same views on the subject, we should unite our destinies lest either of us be tempted from the flock."

"So you, too, brother, are going to be married! Allow me to congratulate you both."

"I think my good woman would have footed it all the way from Sedgwick to have been the witness to such a jolly romance. She is a powerful match-maker, though. On the whole I am glad she remained at home; she would have been sure to have mixed you all up contrary like."

The hour was getting late, and the party now separated for the night, to roll themselves up in their blankets and get all the sleep they could. Maud was glad to have a place arranged for her beneath one of the plantation wagons.

The next day they arrived safely in St. Augustine, and our party were once more united in the spacious home of Antonio. The sailors were paid off, and with Captain Smith and Mr. Turner took passage almost immediately in a returning transport to some northern seaport.

The captured Indians were lodged

in Fort Marion ; and to stranger-visitors the old ordnance-sergeant who acts as guide points out the narrow port-hole through which one chief forced his way and made good his escape.

The first care of Colonel Bulow after his arrival in St. Augustine was to carry out the pledge given to his negroes. He purchased a tract of 2,000 acres near the old city, and dividing it up into lots, built another village of cottages, and soon established the plantation hands thereon. In the long run it proved a paying investment, for, while cultivating their own land with renewed energy, Bulow's land was made a garden spot.

The marriage of Helen and Tristan was solemnized by the chaplain of the regiment, while those of Homer and Isabella, and Antonio and Maud, were consecrated at the old cathedral.

Antonio had seen enough of war with the Indians, and he settled down to the quiet life in St. Augustine, occasionally taking a trip to Washington and New York.

The careers of Homer and Tristan were by no means quiet, as they both served through the Florida war, which lasted seven years ; but at last both had the pleasure of seeing the last squad of the warlike Seminoles transplanted to the open prairies of the Indian Territory.

Andrew Shepard lived with his brother, Colonel Bulow, for many years, and at his death left his property in equal portions to the children of Helen and Isabella, both of whom were blessed with a little flock.

During the fall and winter of 1873 it was the privilege of the writer to

pass several months in St. Augustine, and down the coast in the neighborhood of the Bulow plantation. With the grandson of the fair Helen he visited the old Spanish fort at Matanzas Inlet and the ruins of the old sugar house on the Bulow plantation. The wreck of the Lucy Jane has long since disappeared, but the huge logs of Spanish cedar, still strewn along the beach, almost as sound as when first loaded on the ill-fated brig, are a silent witness of the story as given by young Hernandez. Encamped on the sand-ridge, of a moonlight night, the years seemed to roll back, and once more the three brave men launched their boat through the surf, while the red demons, hurrying along the beach from both directions, poured into the fugitives their unfortunate fire.

The next summer, while cruising in a yacht on Penobscot bay, a harbor was sought under the lee of Eagle island. While riding out a rain-storm, the writer accompanied a friend to the light-house on the eastern bluff. Here he was met and welcomed by a hearty old sailor who was the light-keeper. He entertained the party with his agreeable conversation, and to the question as to the occupation he followed before his appointment to the light-house he replied,—“ Well, I have done most everything to make an honest living—logging, farming, fishing, coasting, piloting, and shooting Indians.”

“ Please tell us your experience in the latter line,” requested my friend.

Then came the account of the shipwreck on the coast of Florida, the defence of the Bulow castle, and the retreat to St. Augustine. Taking notes seemed to surprise him, but my

friend explained the apparent eccentricity by stating that it was a newspaper correspondent's freak, whose scribbling passion was strong under all circumstances. From this worthy old man, who proved to be James Turner, were filled out many blanks that must otherwise have occurred in the story. Captain Smith had long gone the way of all humanity, but his boys

were at last accounts prosperous merchants in Rockland.

The Tarr brothers had settled on Isle au Haut, both comfortable, well-to-do citizens. Although John had been watched very closely by the custom-house officials, yet had he never been openly caught in avoiding the customs duties.

END.

HON. ROBERT J. WALKER, OF MISSISSIPPI.

BY CHARLES S. SPAULDING.

Robert James Walker was born at Northumberland, Pa., in 1801. At the age of fourteen he entered Pennsylvania University, from which he graduated in 1819, and at once commenced the study of law.

Settling in Pittsburgh in 1821, he began practising law, taking at the same time a deep interest in political affairs, bringing forward the name of Gen Jackson for the presidency before it had been elsewhere mentioned.

Mr. Walker removed to Natchez, Miss., in 1826, where he acquired an extensive law practice, subsequently was nominated judge of the supreme court, which honor he declined.

He was elected United States senator by the legislature of Mississippi in 1835, defeating the Hon. George Poindexter by seven votes.

Soon after entering upon his duties in the senate he made a spirited reply to Mr. Clay on the public land question, by which he acquired great popularity throughout the North-west.

When the acquisition of Texas became a serious consideration, a secret agent was sent to that country to inquire into its resources, and a move-

ment was inaugurated which led to its conquest: in this matter Mr. Walker was the personal advisor of the president. He supported the principle measures of Van Buren's administration, especially on the Bank and the Independent Treasury questions. It was principally through his influence that John Tyler vetoed those Fiscal Bank bills which had passed both branches of congress, in August and September, 1841, which act created a rupture between the executive and the Whig party,—Mr. Walker being a brother-in-law of President Tyler's, and also being an adroit Democratic politician, and occupying a position that enabled him to render the president much aid in carrying out his principles against the Bank.

It was his counsel more than that of any other statesman that influenced President Tyler to take those unexpected, vigorous, and initiatory measures at the very close of his administration which defeated European intervention and paralyzed political intrigue, and resulted in the incorporation of Texas with the American Union. Texas consecrated these ex-

ertions in their behalf by placing his statue in their capitol.

The selection of Robert J. Walker as Secretary of the Treasury by President Polk, March 4th, 1845, was a party necessity; he had been one of the most active and influential members of the Baltimore convention of May, 1844, in defeating the nomination of Martin Van Buren at that convention. It is doubted whether even Mr. Calhoun contributed more largely to produce that result,—and the demand of the Southern men for Walker's appointment was imperative. He was a gentleman of a great deal of ability, an accomplished lawyer, and equal to any duty that might be devolved upon him.

The opposition of Mr. Van Buren to the annexation of Texas was the basis of Mr. Walker's opposition to the ex-president. Then, again, he was the main-spring in the convention to bring forward and secure the nomination of James K. Polk for president. Being a strong advocate of a revenue tariff, he recommended to congress, in his annual report of December, 1845, a reduction of duties on imports, which was incorporated into a law passed in 1846, and went into operation that year, and remained on the statute book substantially the same about sixteen years.

In June, 1853, he was appointed commissioner to China, but resigned because a steamer was not furnished him according to promise.

He was appointed governor of Kansas territory by President Buchanan in 1857, which office he subsequently resigned on account of a difference of opinion between him and the executive in regard to the gov-

ernmental policy to be pursued toward Kansas. Had Mr. Buchanan adhered to the policy as foreshadowed in his letter of instructions to Governor Walker, there would have been no disturbance within the borders of that territory.

He was a warm supporter of President Lincoln's war measures, and was one of the president's advisers during the war.

In April, 1861, he delivered an address in New York city strongly defending the acts of the administration party in regard to the Rebellion.

In 1863 he was appointed financial agent of the United States government in Europe by Secretary Chase, returning in Nov., 1864, having effected the sale of \$250,000,000 of 5-20 bonds, and defeated the sale of the second Confederate loan of \$75,000,000.

During the last few years of his life he paid considerable attention to literature, publishing several letters on finance and other subjects; and in connection with his law partner, Frederick P. Stanton, of Tennessee, edited a monthly magazine devoted to literature, which was at first of some merit, but which lacked stability.

He finally settled at Washington, and engaged in the prosecution of claims, and specific measures of legislation. In the latter capacity he was influential in procuring the ratification of the Alaska treaty, and was compromised by an unpleasant scandal arising therefrom.

Mr. Walker died at Washington, November 11, 1869, aged 68. In the death of Mr. Walker the country lost one of its greatest statesmen and politicians combined, always exerting a great influence at Washington.

CAPTAIN ALDEN PARTRIDGE.

BY REV. S. C. BEANE.

Perhaps no country has so urgent a motive for gratitude to its great educators as the United States, because our republican system of government rests entirely on the enlightenment and intellectual competency of the people.

Massachusetts showed a wise instinct when she chose as the two men whose statues should adorn her state-house yard the one that she then regarded as her greatest statesman, and the one that had led in the creation of her public school system.

Captain Alden Partridge, whose name, half a century ago, was familiar and respected in every part of this country, and was not unknown in Europe, devoted a long, laborious, and self-sacrificing life to the development and application of what he regarded as the true and adequate idea of American education—education for American citizenship. A short sketch of his life and work will show how able, earnest, and disinterested was his devotion to this idea.

Born, the son of a Vermont farmer, at Norwich, on the Connecticut, in 1785, he entered Dartmouth college at seventeen, but in the midst of his course was appointed to the United States Military Academy at West Point, as a cadet of the artillery. In 1806 he was transferred to the corps of engineers, where he was made 1st Lieutenant, and in a few weeks he became assistant professor of mathematics. In 1808, when only

twenty-three years of age, he was called to the duties of the superintendency of the academy during the absence of Col. Williams, and held the position most of the time until 1815, when he was appointed superintendent, holding the office a little over two years.

The weak and crude condition, in those days, of this beginning of a national military academy is shown by the fact that young Partridge had but two teachers while a cadet, and that during his *ad interim* superintendency, it required great effort and urging on his part to obtain from the government two small field pieces for practice.¹

In 1818 he resigned both the superintendency and his military commission, and henceforth, excepting a year devoted to the government survey of our north-eastern boundary, spent his life in the carrying out of his project of a national education.

His purpose first took shape in the establishment, in 1820, of "The American Literary, Scientific, and Military Academy," at Norwich, Vt., which after five years was removed to Middletown, Conn., he being superintendent of the institution.

The principal distinguishing features of the Academy, as of all the educational institutions which he established, were these:

First, the instruction was intended to fit the students for those common and essential duties of citizenship with-

¹ For this, and several other important facts of record, the writer is indebted to a biographical paper written many years ago by Hon. Thomas H. Seymour, a distinguished statesman of Connecticut.

out which, as he thought, no American is equal to his vocation. The languages, ancient and modern, were faithfully taught to all who desired them, but the chief stress was put upon the English language, the mathematics, civil engineering, military science, and the duties of an American citizen. Captain Partridge would give young men such an education as should make them competent for what they were required to do and to be in this new and vigorous republic. He would school them for the understanding of our governmental system, for the exploring and developing of our national resources, for the intelligent doing of the political and commercial duties which might devolve on every member of the body politic, and for engaging in the defence of the country when the demand came, not as a raw and ignorant recruit, but as a well drilled and patriotic soldier, ready at any hour for the national emergency.

He believed that wars, among civilized nations, would grow infrequent, and before long cease, if the citizens of those nations were generally instructed and equipped for military service, each people thus awing down its would-be foes, giving dignity and ensuring deliberation to all international questions, and preventing those weak exposures to a rival power which are, after all, a chief provocation to warfare. It was his strong hope that the United States would never again be called to grapple with foreign arms, if the fact and the understanding were, that our young men as a body had been well instructed in the military art, and that a trained volunteer army could be gathered

at sudden call—an army composed largely, in rank and file, of disciplined soldiers, who had not merely gone through the annual holiday drill, but had learned the tactics step by step with their geography and arithmetic, who from boyhood had practised the duties of the camp and march, and who had given attention, under the best experts, to the science of fortification and the movements in the field. Captain Partridge magnified the value of the mathematics, of the knowledge of political and physical geography and topography, surveying and engineering, international and commercial law, and especially of a knowledge of the Constitution of the United States, and the actual working of the general government and the state governments. In short, he contended for an American education, suited to our republican life, our pioneer experience, and the patriotic aspiration for power and prestige among the nations.

Second, physical development and endurance, as promoted by the manual of arms and experience of the march and camp, and the subjection, in youth, to military rules, was an essential feature of the system. Boxing and fencing were taught and recommended, and pupils were encouraged to make use of their easy and tireless military step in taking long walks. Travelling on foot was held in esteem, not only for its healthfulness, but for the independence it insured. Captain Partridge walked seventy miles in a day without great fatigue. His cadets were taught to disesteem public or private conveyances when the distance to be overcome was not more than twenty or even

fifty miles. Military erectness, ease of personal carriage, and orderliness of behavior were, to his mind, simple conformity to nature, and hence a secret of mental vigor and moral courage, no less than physical health.

Third. Captain Partridge was the first distinguished advocate and exemplifier in America of the elective system in a liberal education. He believed that each young man, in council with his parents and teachers, should very early select his life-work, and thereto direct his chief mental energies. Not that he would discourage the broadest culture; but he claimed that study without a particular direction and goal could have no sufficiently sober motive, but would become superficial and be apt to degenerate into mental dissipation. The one definite and sturdy aim he believed to be an indispensable condition of the best and most faithful application in whatever main road or side path the mind might travel. So that, after insisting on the rudiments of an education for citizenship,—in the mathematics, grammar, geography, history, and military and governmental science,—he advised every student to direct his energies to one principal purpose.

The writer will never forget an evening he spent with Captain Partridge, while his pupil, at the age of fifteen. It was by the captain's appointment and order, made at roll-call. "I have requested you to come," said the captain, "that we might consider together your future. What do you mean to do in the world? It is high time to decide." The young boy had never once thought of the matter. He entered the captain's

study that evening a raw, irresponsible stripling; he left it almost a man, feeling that at any rate some vocation needed him, and that life was a pretty serious business. This great teacher's maxim seemed to be, "See early what God and nature have done for you, and make the best and most of it."

Fourth. Captain Partridge was one of the first great teachers in this country, if not the first, to give instruction largely by lectures. The college catalogues of sixty years ago make very little of this feature of instruction; and wherever it existed, it seems to have been a dry and literal recital of scientific or historical facts, or moral theories and precepts. Those of us who heard Agassiz lecture twenty years ago, and Captain Partridge from thirty-five to sixty years ago, must have asked ourselves whether the latter were not the intellectual child and successor of the former. Both taught largely by lectures; both showed an exceeding breadth of view, and saw everything in its wide meanings and relations. Whatever the great naturalist was discoursing upon, he traced it to the larger domain, and found its true setting among the sciences. So that it was said that every lecture of Agassiz was a lecture upon the physical universe, and everything was made to shed clear light upon the particular subject in hand. Just so with Captain Partridge: his lectures on military science were not tissues of military rules and tactics and battles and sieges, but were concrete and often picturesque upholdings of the world's history, expositions of the events which led to particular wars,

of the progress or backwardness of the people in arts and sciences, of that intercourse or non-intercourse of the people with the larger world which would make their style of warfare what it proved to be, and the outcome in historic results. His cadets must all remember thankfully his lectures on Old Testament history, in which those Hebrew days were made almost as vivid as the 18th century,—each national movement, each clash of Israel with heathenism, each successive system of government, and each national assault and resistance, made real and significant.

Fifth. But perhaps the most interesting and grateful characteristic of Captain Partridge's method of instruction was its Socratic or Rabbini-cal feature. He made his pupils his comrades, maintaining strict military discipline, and each cadet constantly under orders; yet he took his pupils on frequent and long walks almost always with a barometer in hand, fortified with them a particular hill, or attacked an enemy in a stronghold, while rocks, and trees, and water-currents, and atmospheric movements were observed in a delightful combination of work and play. At every national or state election or annual town-meeting he sent his cadets to the voting-place to spend the day in watching the actual operations of our governmental system. More than once he made journeys, largely on foot, with a band of cadets, in vacation, visiting Washington and other places of historical or political interest, and on one and another such excursion called on every surviving president of the United States. No Gamaliel ever kept closer to his disci-

ples, or companioned more intimately with them by the way; and no teacher was ever more loath to call theoretical knowledge knowledge, until it had found its application to real facts. These are a few factors of Captain Partridge's system of American education. Whatever may be thought of it now, it was the work of a great, earnest, original mind. And for a time, at least, it commanded the attention of the country.

Besides the institution at Norwich, which afterward went to Middletown, he obtained, in 1834, while a member of the Vermont legislature, a charter for Norwich University, to be located in his native town, in which charter the trustees were required "to provide for a constant course of instruction in military science and civil engineering," and "prohibited from establishing any regulations of a sectarian character either in religion or politics." Of this institution he was president for nine years, there being no financial endowment, and the buildings and their contents, together with the arms, being his private property. Norwich University still exists, having been removed some years ago to Northfield in the same state, still unendowed, and depending upon tuition fees and annual state aid for support. After West Point, no military school in America furnished from its alumni so many superior officers for the Mexican war and the Rebellion.

In 1839 he established a similar institution at Portsmouth, Va. Indeed, the long list of military schools in the Southern states can for a large part be traced, directly or indirectly, to his genius. Probably to him, as much as to any other man, was it due

that the South was found so well drilled for the war of the Rebellion; though Captain Partridge had died seven years before the conflict began, and though he would never have sympathized with secession.

In 1849 he became the principal of "The Literary Institute and Gymnasium," at Pembroke, N. H., an institution which had been established nine years before, and which from the start had embraced in its scope more or less of physical culture and military drill. Here he remained two years, when he resigned the charge into the hands of Major William W. Benjamin, one of his cadets, who afterwards became the proprietor and superintendent of the famous military school at Sing Sing, N. Y. In 1853 Captain Partridge opened, with a large and able corps of assistants, what in its equipments and advantages was the most complete, and by every omen promised to be the most successful, of all his schools, at Brandywine Springs in Delaware. But in its very first year the buildings were burned to the ground, and the crowd of students who had rallied at the opening were dispersed. The disaster, acting upon an overworked physical constitution, together with a hitherto unsuspected disease, resulted in the death of the great educator at Norwich, on the 17th of January, 1854.

Captain Partridge was doubtless, among Americans, the greatest student and expert in military science during the first half of this century: and yet he never saw a battle. It was said at the time of his death, on what was thought to be good authority, that when the city of Mexico was

about to be attacked by our forces, Captain Partridge sent to General Scott a plan for the siege and capture, which was not received until after the successful event; but that General Scott afterward expressed regret at its delay, saying that he should have adopted the plan in preference to his own.

Captain Partridge was reported to be a friend of American slavery; but if so, his cadets never learned the fact. He was fond of what he called "Southern chivalry," the sense of honor, the large generosity, and the military spirit of the Southern people. But the writer has heard him deplore the institution of slavery as not only unfortunate, but bad. He took the ground which most Northern people did, that the constitution was a compromise, and that the preservation of the Union meant the toleration of slavery until the states wherein it existed saw fit to discontinue it.

When the Rebellion broke out, both sides sought eagerly to obtain Captain Partridge's chart of New York harbor, with his original plan of fortification for the same, but neither then nor since could it be found by his family, though it had been always kept in his library.

Many years ago Captain Partridge took into his family a Greek boy, some seven or eight years of age. This protégé, whose history is very interesting and romantic, reached the rank of Captain, U. S. N. His name was George Musallah Colvocoresses. He was murdered, and robbed of a large amount of money and bonds in the year 1872, while on his way from Litchfield, Conn., where he lived, to New York. In his will he

left \$1,000 for a monument to be erected over his benefactor's grave. This shaft, raised to the memory of the town's most distinguished son, is justly the most imposing object in the village cemetery at Norwich.

The family home, still occupied by the widow and the son, stands on the pretty, maple-shaded Main street of Norwich, whither occasionally a cadet, no longer young, goes up as to a sacred Mecca.

The present writer of this sketch

devoutly hopes that sometime an adequate biography of this remarkable American will be written. Differing as the writer does with many of the views of this old teacher, he acknowledges an indebtedness, both as his pupil and as an American citizen, which this little memorial poorly expresses. There can hardly be a school or college in the United States which is not experiencing the good influence of his ideas and his life work.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor of the Granite Monthly:

DEAR SIR: In your issue of last month, a sketch of Captain Isaac Patterson, one of the delegates to the convention of 1788, contained an allusion to the Conway class, which might give rise to a slight error, one perhaps of sufficient historical importance to require correction.

The Conway class could hardly be regarded as a Grafton county constituency at that period.

Col. David Page, of Conway, was their delegate, and has sometimes been mentioned as a member of the Grafton county delegation in the convention. Probably he should not be so considered. Conway, originally a town of Grafton county, was annexed to Strafford county in 1778. Burton, or Albany as it is now named, was transferred to Strafford county in 1800. Eaton was originally a town of Strafford county. Thus it would seem that two of the three towns in Col. Page's class were Strafford county towns, and only one was of Graf-

ton, and he was a resident of Conway. The ideas prevalent in the class would presumably be more in harmony with those entertained in Strafford county than with those which obtained in Grafton.

If we treat Col. Page as a Strafford county delegate, it would leave but one delegate from Grafton who voted against the ratification of the Federal Constitution in our convention of 1788.

Your series of sketches already published, supplemented by similar treatment of the lives of Hon. Francis Worcester, of Plymouth, and Col. Thomas Crawford, of Alexandria, which may be expected, with the more extended papers on Hon. Samuel Livermore, of Holderness, by Mr. Corning, and on Col. Elisha Payne, of Lebanon, by Mr. Cotton, which have appeared in the "Proceedings of The Grafton-Coös Bar Association," and the biography of Capt. John Weeks, in the "History of Coös County," by Mr. Fergusson, will con-

stitute a valuable addition to the history of the convention. It will furnish the details, from the stand-points of local historians, which, at this centennial period, appropriately accompany the more general discussion of the important events which were related to the promulgation and adoption of the Federal Constitution. It is to be hoped that those who are interested in the same subject in other parts of the state may be induced to continue and complete the biographies of the men who were the members of that very important New Hampshire convention.

To your readers in this state such papers would be of no less interest than the general reader has in the chapters of Bancroft, Hampton L. Carson, and McMaster, which are devoted to this subject; the admirable volume recently prepared by Mr. Joseph B. Walker; the paper by Mr. W. F. Whitcher, published last year in this magazine; and the centennial ad-

dress by Hon. J. W. Patterson, and other proceedings appropriate to the event, about to be published by the N. H. Historical Society.

B.

March, 1889.

MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
30 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
March 6, 1889.

Editor of the Granite Monthly:

The following item, taken from "The Boston Evening Post," April 23, 1744, may interest some of your readers:

We hear from *Dunstable*, that on the 11th Instant, the Dwelling-House of the Rev. Mr. *Daniel Emerson* of that Town was consumed by Fire, with his Library, Furniture, &c.

Mr. Emerson was the minister of Hollis, which at that time was known as Dunstable West Precinct. Mr. Worcester, in his history of the town, does not mention the burning of the house.

SAMUEL A. GREEN.

BRINSLEY PERKINS.

By C. C. LORD.

Brinsley Perkins was the most noted tavern-keeper ever residing in Hopkinton, N. H. We do not know when public hospitality was first offered by any one in Hopkinton. Settlements began as early as 1738, the first town-meeting being held in the fall of that year. In November, 1757, the first minister of the town was ordained. By a previous vote of the town, entertainment on the occasion was provided at six different

places. They were at the houses of Aaron Kimball, Matthew Stanley, Stephen Hoyt, Peter How, Samuel Putney, and Joseph Putney. This is the first intimation we have found of any special localization of public hospitality in the early history of Hopkinton.

The first ordination in town occurred at Putney's fort on Putney's hill. The centre of the new township was prospectively located on the

hill. Fate decreed that it should be otherwise. The "plain" soon came into competition with the "hill." The present village of Hopkinton is on the "plain."

A number of causes combined to determine the location of Hopkinton village where it now is. We will not attempt to enumerate them. It would appear, however, that the first public tavern was on the site of the present village. Benjamin Wiggin was an early resident of this town. He is said to have been here as early as 1774. He had a tavern here as early as 1786, the date on his swinging sign. Isaac Babson was also an early village tavern-keeper. We do not know when he came to town. The date 1786 was once discovered in the lathing of the house he occupied, and which he is said to have erected. This house stood on the south-west corner of the present village square.

About the year 1800 Roger E. and Brinsley Perkins came to Hopkinton from Middleton, Mass. They were brothers. Roger E. located on a farm on the western slope of Putney's hill, in what is now the Gage district. Brinsley located at the present village of Contoocook, and was proprietor of the water-power there. Roger E. subsequently purchased the Babson tavern, in turn selling it to his brother Brinsley, of whose occupancy and ownership we shall speak more definitely in the order of personal narrative.

Brinsley Perkins was born in Middleton, Mass., February 16, 1789, being a son of Timothy Perkins and Hannah Trowbridge. When he came to Hill's Bridge, now Contoocook, in

the north of Hopkinton, he was about 20 years of age. Having charge of whatever works there were on the south side of the river, he located in a house on Mill street, on a spot now known as the old mill-yard. In 1805, December 6, he married Susan Ladd, of Haverhill, Mass. She was a daughter of William Ladd and Hannah Ayer, who was a daughter of the celebrated Dr. Ayer. In 1808, on the first of March, Louisa Ayer, the only child of Brinsley Perkins and Susan Ladd, was born. She is now living, being the widow of the late Joseph Stanwood, post-master and merchant, of Hopkinton village.

Brinsley Perkins relinquished his situation in Contoocook and came to Hopkinton village when his daughter, Louisa Ayer, was about six years old. This would be about 1813 or 1814. At the village he occupied his brother's tavern. In October, 1816, he went to Andover, N. H., became a landlord there, remaining till January, 1818, when he returned to Hopkinton, reoccupied the tavern, and in 1826 it became his by purchase.

Let us now observe Brinsley Perkins, contemplating him in the meridian of manhood. He was tall, fully six feet and perhaps a little more, very erect, and slender rather than stout. His complexion was very light and fair. His hair was flaxen and his eyes were blue. His face was nearly beardless: there was only a thin tassel upon his chin. Altogether he was a handsome man. He was also a popular man. He had that natural affability that gains favor in social circles—an essential characteristic of a tavern-keeper. He had become Captain Perkins. This was

because he had commanded the "troop." The troop was a famous company of cavalry. It was a detachment of the old 21st regiment of New Hampshire militia. When every man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five was legally required to do annual military duty, certain companies were allowed to uniform themselves at their own expense. They were called independent companies. The troop was the most noted of all the independent companies. The independent companies naturally attracted the men of more pecuniary means, and became more aristocratic. The troop was the most aristocratic of all, because it cost more to belong to it. The troop was mounted on horses specially selected on account of their size and beauty. The men were clad in scarlet coats with buff facings, revealing an abundance of ruffles. The pants were darker. The cap was leather, bell-crowned, and bore a long white feather tipped with gorgeous red. No doubt many an unsophisticated observer looked upon the troop as an undisguised wonder. The gay horses, the scarlet coats, the stately plumes, the glistening arms, all conspired to command the superior admiration of beholders.

Of course no man of ordinary personal appearance could command the troop. Brinsley Perkins could and did. He was as famous as a commander as a landlord. Besides being of commanding personal appearance, he was a good rider. He literally sat his horse. In 1833 he received a special compliment. When General Jackson came to Concord there were Hopkinton people to see him. When the general appeared upon the street

on horseback, Hopkinton people said, "There's Cap'n Brin. Perkins in full life!"

Brinsley Perkins had tact, so useful in a landlord. One day he was putting the troop through warlike evolutions at the signal of the trumpeter. A funeral procession came along. Brinsley Perkins suspended military evolutions, dismounted the troop, and marched it on foot two and two to the grave. This was a great compliment to the memory of the dead. Sepulchraly impressive people remember such things.

We have said that Brinsley Perkins purchased the Babson tavern in 1826. If he made any changes in the house they were minor ones. The house stood substantially unchanged till 1870. Its general appearance is well known to thousands of living people. It was square, with a four-sided roof. It fronted the south, but there was a public entrance on the east. A long shed connected it with the commodious stable. The later out-buildings were erected by Brinsley Perkins. The house contained twelve sleeping-rooms. At first there was only a small lot of land connected with the establishment, but Brinsley Perkins bought out lands which, with a Contoocook estate, made him one of the largest real estate owners in Hopkinton.

Under Brinsley Perkins's management the original Babson tavern became a place of local and general celebrity. A number of causes combined to produce this result. Hopkinton was once a shire town of Hillsborough county, incorporated in 1771. In 1823 the county of Merrimack was incorporated, with the executive

seat at Concord. The transaction of county business at Hopkinton brought hither judges, lawyers, and the complement of executive county officials. Many of these men entertained at Perkins's tavern, where, in fact, the county probate court sometimes, at least, held its sessions. Previous to the complete establishment of the state capital at Concord in 1819, the General Court of New Hampshire met in Hopkinton four times. The presence of the General Court brought governors, councilmen, senators, representatives, and other distinguished people to Perkins's tavern. Besides being a centre of local trade and travel, in earlier times Hopkinton was on the direct line of travel between Boston and Montreal. So Perkins's tavern is said to have been the most celebrated public house between the two extreme points. This was a partially natural fact, for Perkins's tavern was a patrician, in contradistinction from a plebeian, house. First, second, third, etc., have always been social classifications since the dawn of civilization.

It were impossible to mention all the notables that came to Perkins's tavern. We might mention the Hon. Jeremiah Mason, because he was so long that an extension had to be built at the foot of the bed lest he could not stretch himself upon it. We might speak also of Mrs. Royal, because she was such an eccentric person, bearing her red book and her black book, in which were written down the good and the bad respectively. But we cannot extend our personalities. The reader is curious upon another special point. How much did it cost each of those notable

guests to sojourn at Perkins's tavern? In the palmy days of the house a meal cost twenty-five cents and a lodging eight cents. This did not include refreshments at the bar, which were of a price according to kind and quality.

Though it was a patrician house, the patronage of Perkins's tavern was not all of one class. There were at least three kinds of guests, classified with reference to their ability or disposition to pay. In the first place, there were the moneyed guests, who paid cash for full accommodations. In the second place, there were the partial guests, so to speak. In the days when all the inland commerce was effected by means of teams, there were travellers who took along a part of their provision. Teamsters often had a box which contained their substantial food, and they sometimes had grain for their horses. Their drink and lodging for themselves, and the hay and stabling for their horses, were obtained at the tavern. In the third place, there were the beggars and imposters. We need not dwell upon these. The needy and the naughty we have always with us.

The table at Perkins's tavern was loaded with an abundance and a variety of food at all times. The guests, seated at the board, found all the aliments upon the table. Of course there was no such system of ordering by instalments as now obtains in most any hotel of note. There were waiters to serve, who also poured the coffee and tea that alone were customarily brought after the guest had been seated. The reader is curious to know how all this food was supplied. Much of it was raised upon the farm

or procured at the store. In those days a butcher drove to the door of Perkins's tavern perhaps once a week. But meat and poultry were dressed, frozen, and packed in winter for future use, and killing and dressing frequently occurred at all times of the year. In all matters relating to hospitality Brinsley Perkins was on hand, acting the part of the tavern-keeper *par excellence*.

But another fact deserves mention. The landlady of those times was as much a character and feature of the public house as was even a lady in her own home. Mrs. Perkins was housekeeper of the Perkins tavern, and her efficiency was perhaps not less recognized and celebrated than the hospitality of her husband. In order to convey a definite idea of the capacity of Perkins's tavern, we will say that with the twelve sleeping rooms there were other accommodations to match. It is needless to add that Perkins's tavern was the frequent scene of every kind of social activity that naturally belongs to a public house.

Mrs. Susan Perkins died March 18, 1847. Her remains were buried in the so called new part of the old village cemetery, and a granite monument raised over them. This was the first granite monument erected in town, and it attracted special public notice. About the time of Mrs. Perkins's death her husband closed his house to the public. There was no longer any special inducement to keep a public house open in Hopkinton village. All the other public houses had closed. Concord, the state and county seat, had become a prosperous and growing town. It

was a railroad station, and all local travel was centring to that point. Hopkinton was declining in population and influence.

Brinsley Perkins continued to reside in his old home, in company with his son-in-law, Joseph Stanwood and family, till his death, on the 26th of February, 1856. The reader will observe that he had reached the ripe age of 77 years.

Perkins's tavern was closed to the public till December 1, 1864. In the meantime Joseph Stanwood had died, in 1859, and Mrs. Stanwood owned and occupied the premises. At the date last mentioned David B. Story, now sheriff of Belknap county and proprietor of the Weirs hotel, opened the old Perkins tavern as the "Perkins House," making it a scene of much winter festivity and a resort for summer boarders. In 1870 he rebuilt the house, putting on a Mansard roof, constructing an extended veranda, and otherwise changing its external appearance somewhat. In October, 1872, the Perkins House went up on the wings of flame. It was evening, and the fire was accidental.

The Perkins House burned, there was no hotel in Hopkinton village. In the summer of 1872, George G. Bailey, a former resident of Hopkinton, and later of Boston, Mass., had purchased and rebuilt the residence of Isaac Long, a former bookbinder and bookseller. A year or two after, Mr. Bailey enlarged his establishment and constructed the "Putney House," which he kept open a few years. In the summer of 1886 this house was reopened by John Stevens Kimball and Willard T. Greene, being called the "Mt. Putney House." On the 23d

of the next December this house was also burned, and Hopkinton was again without a hotel. This portion of our narrative leads to a further and more direct relation of facts.

A country village without a public house suffers a great disadvantage. It loses the interest of people elsewhere, and experiences a depression of local values. So people in Hopkinton village thought, after the loss of the Mt. Putney House. The project of a new hotel was not so easily reduced to an actual fact. The difficulty was solved in the summer of 1887 by Miss Kate Pearl Kimball, of Boston, Mass., who visits Hopkinton during the warm season annually. This lady solicited subscriptions to a building fund, and developed a project that culminated in a voluntary corporation, with a capital of \$10,000, on the 25th of August. The site of the former Perkins House was purchased of Mrs. Louisa A. P. Stanwood, and the work of building begun, Miss Kimball removing the first earth. On the 6th of the next April the capital stock of the corporation was increased to \$12,000.

The new hotel was opened with a public dinner on the Fourth of July, 1888, by Frank A. Hale, of Lowell, Mass., a landlord of successful experience. On an ancient elm, on the street corner, was hung the refurbished swing-sign of Benjamin Wiggin. Attached to the sign was the evidence of proprietorship. The new house bore the name of "The Perkins Inn." This name, commemorative of the hospitable fame of Brinsley Perkins, was selected and proposed by Miss Kimball.

The Perkins Inn has a direct east-

ern and southern exposure of 80 feet each, with a lateral depth of 40 feet, is 3 stories in height, and has a veranda 200 feet long and 10½ wide. At the western extremity of the southern wing is an extension of 36 by 34 feet. At the chief angle of the edifice is a tower and flag-staff 83 feet in height. A stable, constructed the past winter, is 60 by 36 feet. The Perkins Inn is handsomely furnished, and admirably adapted in all its appointments for a public house. The corporation has a board of ten directors, of which Robert R. Kimball is the president.

The reader who comes to Hopkinton village on a clear summer day will find pleasant streets and beautiful prospects. The scenery abounds in those charming features that make New Hampshire celebrated as a place of summer resort. Beholding both the ancient swing-sign and The Perkins Inn, he will note the evidence of the associated reflections of the old and the new in public hospitality. Benjamin Wiggin, the first, and Brinsley Perkins, the last, of the old-line landlords, are recalled to memory by the sign of the one and the name of the other. The present existence and refurbishing of the old swing-sign are due to the preservative care of Herman W. Greene, great-grandson of Benjamin Wiggin.

On the Main street of the village, only a minute's walk from The Perkins Inn, resides Mrs. Stanwood, the only child of Brinsley Perkins, and whose memory is rich with the reminiscences of an age of public hospitality that is fading from the memory of the living like a shadowy dream.

THE PALATINE HILL.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

There are certain places which are set apart as unique, it may be as intellectual shrines like the Acropolis of Athens, as religious Meccas like the cathedrals of Europe or the temples of the Orient, as memorials of a fallen civilization like Karnac or Mycenae, or as haunts of beauty and splendor like Venice slumbering on her lagoons, and Moscow with her oriental magnificence set like a brilliant among the capitals of western civilization. Though hardly partaking of the qualities of any of the classes designated, yet, as being specifically different from all other places in the world, the famous Roman eminence known as the Palatine hill must claim for itself an enviable reputation for uniqueness. Anything that is Roman is unique, and of the seven imperial hills—"the world's seven wonderments"—the Palatine claims preëminence in this peculiar line. The earliest of the hills upon which the foundations of Rome rose, its gray and wasted ruins are vivid with a splendid throng of historical recollections. The straw-roofed hut of the bandit founder rose upon the rocky summit that afterward was covered by that extreme of luxury and magnificence, the *Domus Aurea* of Nero. Its brown rock cliffs have resounded with the eloquence of the Forum and the Campus Martius. It was a silent witness of the strife between plebeian and patrician in the days of the republic. Beneath its hoary brow have passed in review those triumphal processions of victorious generals and kings which have

engirt the Roman name with ideas of grandeur surpassing all other earthly magnificence. To all intents and purposes its history is an epitome of civilized society. The straw-thatched cottage of Romulus has long since perished; and of the splendid Golden Palace where the young monster Nero revelled with his slaves and harlots only the ruins remain;—yet the lessons it speaks are as sublime as ever, and men of all nationalities,—scholars, historians, philosophers,—still turn for instruction to the Royal Mount.

The Palatine first emerges in the light of tradition upon the historic page in connection with the exploits of the Greek hero Heracles. In that early mythological time, Cacus, a famous robber, made his home, it is said, in a cave on the Aventine; and the hero trod, if indeed he lived at all, upon the soil made memorable in after ages by the homes of kings and statesmen and emperors. A great altar, said to have been dedicated to Hercules by his contemporary Evander, long stood at the base of the north-western corner of the Palatine, which was enclosed by Romulus within the line of his furrow, and was venerated from the earliest to the latest period of Roman story.

Five hundred years later, and the ark of the twin princes came floating down the tide of the yellow Tiber. It is the fashion now to discredit all of those wild tales of the she wolf, of the vulture's flight, and the mysterious disappearance of the regal despot,—and who ever did seriously be-

lieve them? But that here, on the broad, level, square surface of the Palatine, were laid the first foundations of the Roman city there is no doubt. It was on the 21st day of April—strange that the exact year cannot be ascertained as well, but somewhere about seven hundred and fifty years before our Christian Era, when Lycurgus was legislating in Greece, and King Jotham reigned in Jerusalem—the plowshare of Romulus laid out the limits of the ancient city. Up to the time of the empire, as the gossipy old Plutarch informs us, the humble cottage of the founder, beside which grew the sacred cornel tree, was preserved with reverent care by the Roman people. If, indeed, this was true, it must have borne a singular similarity to the ship of the Athenian hero, which occasioned so much discussion among the Greek sophists, the majority of the disputants claiming that it could not be the ship of Theseus, for the reason that there was not a single spike, sail, plank, or rope of the original vessel existing.

The Latin village was of slow growth, but as an asylum for the outcast and the stranger, and from the pillaging propensities of its people, it early attained to celebrity. Wealth gradually crept into the Palatine cabins, and a luxurious despotism succeeded the patriarchal government of its earliest kings. In haughty pride Tarquin rides through the streets of his Etruscan city in a silver chariot, and clothed in the regal purple. The citadel from whose ramparts Tarpeia, the only Roman woman who ever betrayed her country, looked with longing eyes upon the golden bracelets of the Sabine

warriors, shadowed a scene which poets and painters have loved to depict. Junius Brutus stands over the dead body of the outraged Lucretia, and swears by all the gods that Rome shall be free. So from his stately palace the proud ruler goes forth to return no more, and the city he had adorned with lavish outlay throws off its Etruscan allegiance and takes its place among the republics. In vain Lars Porsena leads up the twelve Etruscan cities under his banner against the Palatine; as vainly did the Tusculan Mamilius advance the banners of the thirty cities of Latium. Rome henceforth will be free.

The orators, the philosophers, and the heroes of the republic succeed the race of warlike kings, and their palaces adorn the hill. Below it the busy Forum assumes new life, where the highest problems of political science are debated by plebeian and patrician, and where the grave patriot strives to moderate the fiery strife of parties. Tumults more than once disturbed the quiet of the Palatine. The terrible bondage of the Ten meets with its retributive vengeance, and though Virginia dies a spotless victim on the altar of freedom, the haughty and brutal Claudius suffers a more dishonorable death among felons. Coriolanus leaves his palace on the Palatine an exile, and returns a conqueror; but the vengeful conquerer disappears before maternal and wifely entreaty, and Rome is saved by the patriotism of her women.

A more savage foe appears in the Gaul, who desolates the Palatine with the torch of a barbarian. Amid the waste of ruins nothing stands but the citadel on the Capitoline, and the

Roman spirit seems dead. But the heroism of Camillus rescues the fallen city from the invaders, and ere long the white steeds and gilded chariot of the second restorer passes up the street among the rebuilt houses of the Palatine. Among these towers is the palace of the patrician Marcus Fabius Ambustus, around which the legend has woven the charm of a story second only to that of Cornelia bending over her children.

Two Roman ladies sit in the atrium of the palace one summer day. The splash of a fountain mingles musically with the pleasant chatter of the ladies. Around them are entablatures of marble, telling the story of Roman days gone by. Suddenly a loud clash like the din of a battle starts one of the ladies from her seat. "Fear not, wife of the plebeian Licinnius," said the other assuringly, "it is only my husband returning. The noise that alarmed you was the sound of his liegions thundering at the door." The scornful words rankle in the breast of the plebeian dame, and soon after the Forum is tumultuous with the strife of the agitators. Time brought its revenge, and to-day the wife of the plebeian is remembered while the patrician's name is forgotten.

The august procession passes along like the march of a frieze. On the Palatine rose the villas of the Gracchi, of Hortensius, of Crassus, of Sulla, of Pompey, and of Cicero; below was the Forum which witnessed their honors or defeats, and the Sacred Way, up which they passed in haughty triumph, the lordliest pageant that even Roman potency could furnish. Cicero's house, white pillared and marble porticoed, interests us as

much as any of those clustering mansions which crown the hill with beauty. We can almost see him, the *pater patriæ*, standing in that portico, and looking out over the city that he had saved. Among the colossal figures of that age Cicero alone seems near to us, and I fancy we should have found ready welcome in the house of this many-sided Roman. During his exile the home of the great orator was destroyed through the successful cabal of Clodius. The senate rebuilt it with increased magnificence on his triumphal return, but it was confiscated after his murder. It seems to have occupied the highest portion of the hill; but neither fancy nor antiquarian scholarship can now point to the place where it stood.

As Rome slowly grew into power, the Palatine looked down upon a people fast sinking into moral degeneracy. The sources of Roman civilization and glory became gradually corrupted by gold, ambition, and slavery, and genius, intelligence, and devotion failed to save the struggling state. The Catos and Scipios dwell in their palaces, with tarnished fame. The Gracchi perish within the very sight of their noble home. Marius and Sulla war with each other, and the streets of the Palatine and the Forum below flow with the blood of slaughtered citizens. Many a proud villa on the hill wears crape for a murdered master; the halls of others are silent and tenantless. Yet freedom is not altogether dead so long as Cicero lives. The triumvirs pass along the Palatine, cruel, selfish, sanguinary; bloody proscriptions follow, and the severed head looks over the Forum scene of his former glory.

The republic perishes with the last accents of the great consul's tongue.

The Palatine now became the central seat of those powerful and voluptuous rulers whose names have become synonyms of lust and cruelty. With the ruin of the Republic all the streets and even the natural features of the mount were swept away, to make room for the dwelling of the master of the world. Augustus, the founder of the palace of the Cæsars, comprised within his own habitation the houses of Hortensius, Cicero, and some others of the victims of the proscription which sealed the last triumvirate. It was the boast of this emperor that he had found Rome of brick, and left it of marble—doubtless a fact which he thought sufficiently compensated for finding Rome free, and leaving it enslaved. And indeed the blaze of poetic and architectural splendor makes men forget that the age of Rome's apparent glory was in truth that of her real degradation. So, around the proud palace built from the despoiled mansions of Rome's sternest republicans is reflected a refulgence which far outshone anything of the simpler former times—the starry luminance of the Augustan age. Through its courts wandered Livy, the prince of Roman historians, the jocund Horace, the gossipy Ovid. A sweetly modulated voice rises above the sound of the fountain in the Cavaedium. It is Virgil reading aloud the pages of his immortal poem to the despot.

The luxurious Tiberius built another splendid palace on the opposite side of the Palatine, looking into the Velabrum. His successor, Caligula, also built one fronting the Capitol.

A flight of steps led up from the Forum to the royal residence. A temple to Apollo stood within the royal precincts, and spacious gardens stretched down towards the Circus behind. Caligula had also a palace on the Capitoline hill, and the two were connected by an aerial bridge thrown over the Forum. Building bridges was one of the manias of this monster, for he actually threw one over the broad expanse of the Bay of Baiae. Claudius had the good sense to pull down both the palace on the Capitol and the bridge that connected them, and tried to be contented with the magnificent dwellings on the Palatine. Then came Nero, who built himself a home which he called *Transitoria*. This he afterward burned down, and most of the imperial city with it, erecting on its site the *Domus Aurea*.

The Golden House of Nero was probably the grandest and most magnificent palace the world ever saw. The most skilful artists and mechanics then living wasted their noblest genius upon it, and the wealth of the empire was expended upon its construction. We read with wonder of its avenues, its triple porticos, and its thousand columns extending a mile in length. The fabulous splendor of Arabian and Persian tales is dwarfed in contrast with this creation of unlimited power and wealth. The roof, says Leutonium, was covered with tiles of gold, which glittered in dazzling splendor when the sunlight shone upon it. The entrance to the palace was sufficiently lofty to admit a colossal statue of the emperor one hundred and twenty feet high. But it was the interior of the Golden

House that excited the most marvel. There were a thousand rooms, and the walls of each one were overlaid with gold, and richly adorned with precious stones and mother of pearl. Some of the large halls had vaulted ceilings of ivory so constructed as to open of themselves and scatter flowers upon the guests, and golden pipes that shed over them showers of soft perfumes. His great banqueting room was circular, and perpetually turned round night and day in imitation of the motion of the celestial firmament. Other wonders claimed attention in this vast depository of imperial magnificence. The plundered treasures of the East and of the Ionian capitals had been gathered there without stint, and the whole interior was embellished with the finest paintings and statues the world could furnish. The most exquisite products of Grecian art met the eye at every hand.

Little cared the senseless voluptuary for the beauty of his palace and its priceless treasures. He simply determined to build a residence that could not be surpassed, and he utilized what came to his hand. Listlessly he wandered among the gorgeous halls lined with the precious marbles of Egypt and Libya, eager to take advantage of any passing excitement. His biographer gives us a picture of the imperial boy dressed in purple and silk and gold, surrounded by his twelve lictors, and attended by courtiers and slaves, viewing with luxurious ease the mad games of the circus. At other times, dressed like a woman, his light glossy hair falling in ringlets upon his shoulders, he would play upon his harp while crowds of beautiful female slaves

danced before him. His extravagance was boundless. The stables of his chariot horses were of marble and their mangers were of gold. Not content with covering the whole of the Palatine with his golden palace, Nero extended its gardens and pleasure grounds over the whole plain south of the Forum, and even upon the Esquiline and Coelian hills. Thus, so lavish was his taste, so boundless his desires, that the spot which once comprised the whole of Rome, which, till the extinction of the republic, contained the dwellings of her senators and the temples of her gods, was now found to be too circumscribed for the wants of one individual.

A nobler memory than that of Nero is connected with the Golden House. Through those marble halls walked the thin, care-worn frame of Paul. He was manacled, and guarded by two soldiers, but his bronzed, aquiline face and glowing eyes spoke of the heroic spirit that was within him. Nor was his work vain even in that haunt of sin and luxury. More than one of Cæsar's household heard the word gladly, and there is a tradition that the empress Poppæa was one of his converts. The presence of the apostle consecrates in a measure the halls devoted to pagan rites and revels, and from out the crowd of bestial, cruel, and besotted men and women the figure of St. Paul stands alone in its purity and nobility.

Vespasian tore down all that Nero erected beyond the Palatine, and reduced the imperial palace to the confines of the hill that once contained Rome; but his son Domitian, who revived the career of Nero, again re-

built what his predecessor had demolished. His additions comprised the Adonea, or halls and gardens of Adonis, and their surpassing splendor excited the astonishment even of that age of magnificence. Other emperors made additions to the imperial pile, till the time of Diocletian, A. D. 295, who turned rather a cold shoulder to old Rome. To this emperor, rather than to Constantine, the city of Romulus is indebted to her loss as an imperial dwelling-place. What Constantine really did do was to found a more suitable and enduring site for the seat of the new empire.

The palace of the Cæsars stood unspoiled for centuries, and its ruin was less the work of foreign barbarians than of the Romans themselves. Most of its portable treasures, its gold and silver ornaments, its ivory, and its marbles did indeed become the spoil of Alaric, and Genseric the Vandal pillaged it of its bronzes and remaining precious metals. So far, and only so far, did the splendor of the imperial palace suffer from the hands of its barbarian conquerors; its immense exterior, its courts and corridors, pavements, roofs, and walls, stood in perfect preservation till the days of Anastasius in the eighth century. It even welcomed royal as well as noble guests within its walls. Belisarius lodged in it, and Heraclius made it his abode when he visited Rome in 626. The long feudal wars of the Roman nobles, however, sadly devastated it. Time after time it was

fortified and attacked, taken and retaken, by the contending parties. The Frangipani family for half a century made it the central fortress of their power, and during that length of time defied their enemies from its walls. The Farnese popes and princes consummated its final destruction, constructing a hundred palaces and villas from its ruins.

To-day the Palatine is heaped with ruins; the eye vainly wanders over the wide-spread *débris* of a thousand years to find one atom of the old-time splendor. One solitary convent, which shelters a few barefooted monks, is the only human dwelling to be seen on the hill, and cabbage gardens and vineyards cover the remainder of the surface. Eighteen centuries have left their traces on the ancient hill, but to-day we regard it with sensations of undying interest. To our own country the Palatine bears a special relation, and as a nation we have profited largely from the instructions of its historic scenes. And as we look back to the spot where Rome grew into greatness and fell into decay, and when the first light dawned of that freedom and civilization which now sheds its brightness over Christian lands, may our nation learn wherein to follow the example offered by those illustrious statesmen and heroes of the republic, and shun the luxury and extravagance of the despots who first corrupted and then enslaved her liberties.

DANIEL HOUGH AND HIS DESCENDANTS.

BY C. C. BENTON, Lebanon, 1875.

Daniel Hough, the second son of Captain David Hough, was born in Bozrah, Conn., January 23, 1752, and came to Lebanon, N. H., some time before the Revolutionary war. December 12, 1780, he married Lydia Edgerton, of Norwich, Conn., a sister of Lebbeus Edgerton, lieutenant-governor of Vermont about 1833. Mr. Hough purchased land in what is called the town-farm district, situated on the south side of the road which runs westerly by the old burying-ground and Dea. Cole's residence, and his house was next, and a little higher up on "Daisy hill," and is the same now owned by Pliny E. Davis. His first house, however, was near that of Sluman Lathrop, the father of George H. Lathrop. They lived neighbors in great harmony for many years. The two families were so intimate that at one time, having children about the same age, the two mothers often relieved each other, one nursing both children while the other was absent from necessity or for pleasure. It was kind and neighborly, beside being a great convenience, and perhaps worthy of imitation in similar cases. It appears that the change of food was favorable to longevity, for the two babies, who nursed together then, are now Major George H. Lathrop, now living in our village, and Lydia Hough, the widow of Dea. Abner Allen, still living in Beloit, Wisconsin.

Mr. Hough was industrious and skillful in the management of his business, and exercised good judgment in

improving his farm. His wife possessed more dignity and independence of character than her husband. Decision was in her walk, and her address was graceful and queen-like. The writer can never forget her self-possession and ease of manner as she walked into church and passed to her accustomed seat on Sundays. Mr. Hough was more unassuming in manner. They lived together, prospering, and enjoying their home and family, until the old gentleman died, September 11, 1820, aged 68 years and 8 months. His wife lived in the family of her son Clark until March 12, 1846, when she died at the age of 81 years.

Colonel Clark Hough, whose death occurred a few days ago, was the fourth son of Daniel Hough, and was born June 19, 1792. He was the adopted farmer in the family, and ever lived and labored on the farm until his father's decease in 1820, at which time he succeeded his father in possession of the property; and by an arrangement with the heirs he established himself in the old homestead. September 3, 1822, he married Miss Sophronia Allen Royce, of Woodstock, born May 2, 1796, the only sister of Mrs. James H. Kendrick, lately deceased. They commenced their new life with a fair prospect of success, and lived to realize and enjoy the fruit of their labors.

Mr. Hough possessed a strong mind and excellent judgment, and was one of the most industrious and scientific farmers in the town of Lebanon.

He was very particular in his work, and seldom left anything undone that ought to be done. Like nearly all the farmers in town, he entered into the excitement in regard to raising wool. He was among the first to purchase Merino sheep, and stock his farm with a grade that would yield a finer quality of wool, and bring a higher price in market, and consequently return a better profit. Thus he continued to multiply his income until he obtained a competency: then he sold his farm on "Daisy hill," purchased the brick house now occupied by F. A. Cushman, and removed his family into the village. Aside from his farming, he was well qualified for public business, and much respected for an honest and independent expression of his views upon all subjects. He has often held the office of selectman and other positions in town, and also received from the state the commission of brigade inspector in the New Hampshire militia, which gave him the title of colonel—an office which he filled with military precision; and it was said at the time that no officer in the state ever did his duty better. In his tour of inspection, if the officers or privates of the company were not armed, equipped, or uniformed as the law directs, their delinquencies were specified with a military severity so mortifying that the guilty could hardly be restrained from an insurrection.

With all the apparent severity of Mr. Hough, he was very pleasant, sociable, and interesting in conversation. He was a great reader and a good reasoner, and seldom said too much or too little. He became a member of the Universalist society, and remained in that faith during life.

His wife and his father and mother were also believers in the same doctrine. In politics, he was a Democrat.

Mr. Hough's wife was very much beloved as an excellent woman. She was calm and modest in appearance, agreeable in manner and conversation, and possessed all those amiable qualities which give so much beauty to a wife and mother; and those who knew her best can never forget the pleasant smile which lighted up her face when meeting her friends.

When Mr. Hough moved into the village, his mother, who had been a member of his family from the time of her husband's death, still remained with them, continually receiving the unfailing love and kindness of her son and daughter until her decease. After the death of his mother, Mr. Hough remained some years in Lebanon; at length sold his house, and removed to Exeter, N. H., and lived in the family of their daughter Frances, the wife of W. W. Stickney, Esq., and remained with them during the sickness and death of his wife. In his deep affliction, he decided to make his home in the family of his son Henry, in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he received every attention from his son and wife until his decease, November 15, 1875, aged 83 years. His remains were conveyed to Exeter, N. H., and now rest beside those of his wife.

Their children were,—

Henry R., born July 6, 1823. After some experience as a clerk, he looked forward to a more important life, and went to New York, commenced business, was successful, and is now a retired merchant in Brooklyn. He married Susan F., youngest daughter

of James Willis, Esq., late of East Lebanon, January 1, 1852. They have one son—William Clark.

Edward C. married Sela F. Peck, August 4, 1850, daughter of John M. Peck, of Lebanon, and is now living in Rome, Georgia, having one daughter—Ella.

Frances M. married W. W. Stickney, Esq., November 5, 1850. They have two daughters—Ellen Maria and Alice.

Wade, the eldest son of Daniel Hough, was born October 3, 1781. When young, he was a clerk in James Duncan's store with Stephen Kendrick, and remained there until Duncan closed his business in 1805. He taught school occasionally, and finally left Lebanon, went to Boston, then to New York, in which places he was more or less engaged in trade. He married Miss Jane Plummer, of Charleston, S. C., May 21, 1815, and at last settled in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he died March 4, 1868, in his 86th year. His wife died November 8, 1873, aged 81 years. They had six children, among whom was Daniel, the eldest, born February, 1816; went to California.

Philura, eldest daughter, was born February 10, 1783, and married Edward Freeman, son of the Hon. Jonathan Freeman, of Hanover. She died in 1813, and her husband married Elizabeth Duncan, of Meriden.

Richard H. was born May 2, 1784, and married Sarah Squires, of Fairfield, Conn., May 12, 1812. He first went to New York, and, it was said, was in company with his brother, Wade, at one time, and that he afterwards became engaged in the Southern trade, bought and sold mules and

other property; and when on a journey to New Orleans, he was taken sick, and died there April 3, 1843, aged 59. They had five children—Mary M., two Richards, Elizabeth, and Sarah.

Daniel, Jr., born December 19, 1787, was selected for a liberal education, and taught school in sundry places while preparing for college, and graduated at Dartmouth in 1812. He studied law in Keene, N. H.; went West to find business, and found a wife in Kentucky, and finally settled in St. Louis, and lived there until his decease. They had four children. Among them was Henry W., who became president of the Life Association of America at St. Louis. Sally and Helen died young, and Josephine is probably living in St. Louis.

Sally, born March 2, 1790; died at the age of 11 years.

Asa E., born May 9, 1794. When young, he was full of life and joy; and his presence was always known by his hearty laugh and pleasant voice. In 1817 he formed a copartnership with John Baxter, who married a sister of Wareham Morse's wife, and commenced business under the firm name of Baxter & Hough, in the Benton store, now occupied by Durant & Perkins. In less than a year their business was closed by the sudden death of Mr. Baxter. Mr. Hough and Timothy Kendrick opened the same store, and traded a few years, when they dissolved, and Mr. Hough emigrated to the Western country, and died in Potosi, Wisconsin, March 20, 1846. He married, and left children.

Lydia E. was born October 5, 1796, and married Abner, eldest son of Di-

area Allen, January 8, 1823. Their home was on the Allen farm for many years. At length, desiring relief from farm duties, he purchased a house in the village, where they lived quietly until the death of Mr. Allen, November 25, 1864. Mr. Allen was deacon of the Congregational church, the same of which his wife was a member. Mrs. Allen seems to have inherited a long life from her mother, and also a personal resemblance, and her grace of mind and manner. Being left a widow, and most of her relatives far away, she selected the home of her daughter, Susan Ann, who married Rev. Joshua Blaisdell, of Beloit, Wisconsin, son of Elijah Blaisdell, Esq., late of Lebanon, as the most congen-

ial place to spend the remainder of her days. Julia Maria married Rev. Leonard Swain, August 24, 1847, son of Richard Swain, of Nashua, N. H. He graduated at Dartmouth, was a Congregational clergyman, preached at Nashua and Providence. He died several years ago.

Polly was born in 1800, and married Ammi B., son of Capt. Samuel Young, of Lebanon. He was a celebrated architect, and died in the city of Washington, March, 1874. She died in Lebanon in 1823. They had one daughter, Helen, who married Samuel R. Reed, of Toledo, Ohio, who died, April 6, 1856, at that place, leaving a daughter, Temperance Pratt Reed.

A LYRIC OF LYRICS.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

These lyrics are writ
 In my heart of heart,
 By a sleight of wit,
 And the lucky hit
 Which is better than art.

In the clatter of city cars,
 In the babble of falling waters,
 Where the twinkle of summer stars
 Is a lance the leafage shatters,
 Or a flight of arrows that darkness scatters

Others that went before,
 And some that were to follow,
 Crooned themselves like fairy elves
 Of haunted hill or hollow,
 That where no eye is seeing
 Dance their sweet souls into being.

Others again in shady nooks,
 Whose leaves are the only books
 That a poet ever reads,
 And whose rain-fall his only beads,—
 In dying again were born
 Betwixt the night and the morn.

—*Scribner's for February.*

CHARTER OF LEBANON.

Province of New Hampshire.

George y^e Third.

By the Grace of God of Great Britain, France & Ireland

King Defender of the Faith &c.

To all persons To Whom These Presents shall come.

GREETING

Know ye That we of our Special Grace, certain Knowledge and meer Motion, for the due encouragement of Settling a New Plantation within our s^d Province by and with the Advice of our Trusty and well-beloved Benning Wentworth, Our Governor & commander in chief of our s^d province of New Hampshire in New England & of our council of y^e s^d Province.

Have upon the Conditions and Reservations hereafter made, given and granted and by these presents for us, our Heirs and successors, Do give and grant equal shares unto our loving Subjects, Inhabitants of our s^d Province of New Hampshire and our other Governments and to their Heirs and assigns forever, whose names are entered on this Grant to be divided to and amongst them into sixty-eight equal Shares—all that Tract or Parcell of Land, situate lying and being within our s^d Province of New Hampshire, containing by Admeasurement Twenty Three Thousand acres, which Tract is to contain Six Miles square and more; out of which an Allowance is to be made for highways & unimprovable Lands, by rocks, ponds, Fountains & rivers. One thousand & Forty Acres for Recording a plan and survey thereof, made by our s^d Governors order and returned into the Secretary's office and hereunto annexed, butted and bounded as follows, Viz. Beginning at a white pine tree, marked with the figure 3. on one side & 4 on the other, which tree is about eighteen Miles north from the upper end of Charles Town and stands on the bank of Connecticut River, from thence south 72° East Six Miles, from thence North 36° East five miles & one half, from thence North 64° West seven miles to Connecticut river, to a hemlock tree marked with 4 & 5 that stands just at the head of White river Falls, from thence down the river to the first bound mentioned. And that the same be and hereby is incorporated into a Township by the name of Lebanon and the inhabitants that do and shall hereafter inhabit the s^d Township, are hereby declared to be enfranchised with, and entitled to all and every the privileges and immunities that other Towns within our Province by law exercise & enjoy: And further that the said Town as soon as there shall be Fifty families resident and settled thereon, shall have y^e liberty of holding two Fairs, one of which shall be held on the and the other on the annually, which Fairs are not to continue longer than the respective Allowing the said and that as soon as the s^d Town shall consist of fifty families, markets may be opened, and kept one or more days each week, as may be thought most ad

vantageous to the inhabitants. Also that the first meeting, for the choice of Town Officers agreeable to the laws in our s^d Province, shall be held on the last Wednesday of August next—which s^d meeting shall be notified by John Bawldwin, who is hereby also appointed the Moderator of the first meeting, which he is to notify and govern agreeable to the laws and customs of our s^d Province, and that the *annual meeting* forever hereafter for the choice of such officers for the s^d town shall be on the second Tuesday of March annually. To have and to hold the said tract of land as above expressed, together with all privileges and appurtenances to them and their respective heirs and assigns forever, upon the following conditions—viz that every Grantee, his heirs or assigns must cultivate five acres of land within five years for every fifty acres contained in his or their share or proportion of land in s^d Township and continue to improve and settle the same by additional cultivation on penalty of the forfeiture of his grant or share in the s^d Township and of its reverting to us our heirs and successors to be by us or them regranted to such of our Subjects as shall effectually cultivate and settle the same.—

2^d That all white and other pine trees within the said Township fitt for masting our Royal Navy be carefully preserved for that use and none to be cutt or felled without our special License for so doing, first had and obtained upon the penalty of the forfeiture of the right of said grantee, his heirs and assigns to us our heirs and successors, as well as being subject to the penalty of any act or acts of Parliament that now are, or shall hereafter be enacted.

3^d That before any division of the land be made to and among the Grantees a Tract of land as near the Centre of the s^d Township as the land will admit of, shall be reserved and marked out for Town lots, one of which shall be allotted to each Grantee, of the contents of one acre.

4th Yielding and paying therefor to us our heirs and successors for the space of ten years, to be computed from the date hereof, the rent of one ear of Indian Corn only, on the twenty-fifth day of December annually, if lawfully demanded, The first payment to be made on the twenty fifth of December, 1762.

5th Every proprietor settler or inhabitant shall yield and pay unto us our heirs and successors Yearly and every year forever from and after the expiration of ten years from the above said twenty fifth day of December—namely, on the twenty fifth day of December which will be in the year of Our Lord 1772 one shilling proclamation money for every hundred acres he so owns, settled or possessed and so in proportion for a greater or lessor Tract of Land: which money shall be paid by the respective persons their heirs or assigns in our Council chamber, in Portsmouth or to such Officer or Officers as shall be appointed to receive the same and this to be in lieu of all other rents and services whatever.

In testimony whereof we have caused the seal of our Province to be hereunto affixed, Witness Benning Wentworth our Governor and Commander in Chief, of our s^d Province, the Fourth day of July in the year of our Lord

Christ, one thousand seven hundred and sixty one and in the first year of our Reign. By his Excellency's Command with advice of the Council——

Theodore Atkinson Sec^y.

B. Wentworth.

The names of the Grantees of Lebanon.

| | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|------------------|
| John Hanks | Levi Hyde | Samuel Storrs |
| Thomas Barrows Jun ^r | Constant Southworth | Robert Hide |
| John Salter | John Burchard | Joshua Blodgett |
| Joseph Dana | Hobart Estabrooks | John Storrs |
| Obadiah Loomiss | John Allen | Jonathan Yeomans |
| John Swift | Benjamin Davis | Seth Blodgett |
| Elijah Huntington | Lemuel Clark | Jonathan Walcott |
| Daniel Allen J ^r | Daniel Blodgett 3 ^d | Nathaniel Porter |
| John Baldwin | Joseph Wood | Jabez Barrows |
| Huckin Storrs Jun ^r | Thomas Storrs | Nathaniel Hall |
| Robert Barrows Jun ^r | Moses Hibbard Jun ^r | Jonathan Murdock |
| David Eldridge | Charles Hill | David Turner |
| Jesse Birchard | John Hide | John Burchard |
| Nathan Arnold | Joseph Turner | Joseph Martin |
| Richard Salters. | Josiah Storrs. | Daniel Blodgett |
| Jonathan Martin | Jesse Birchard | Juda Storrs |
| Nathan Blodgett. | Nehemiah Estabrooks | Robert Martin |

Edward Goldstone Lalushien

One whole share for the Incorporated Society, for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts

One whole share for a Glebe for the Church of England as by law established.

One whole share for the First settled Minister.

One share for the benefit of a school in s^d Town.

His Excellency Benning Wentworth Esq^r. a Tract of Land of five hundred acres as marked in the plan, which is to be accounted two of the within shares.

Jedediah Dana William Dana Mark Hunt Wentworth

James Nevens Esq^r Jonathan Blanchard Oniel Lamont

Clement Jackson Esq^r Hugh Hall Wentworth

Samuel Penhallow and William Knight.

Province of New Hampshire July 5th 1761

Recorded in the Book of Charters

Theodore Atkinson Secy.

A true copy of the Grant of the Township of Lebanon

Attested and recorded the 7th day of October Anno Domini, 1761.

Pr John Salter Prop^{rs} Clerk.

EARLY HISTORY OF LEBANON.

LEBANON PROPRIETORS' MEETING.¹

At a meeting of the proprietors of the New Incorporated Township of Lebanon in New Hampshire, legally warned, holden at the house of Amariah Storrs, Innholder in Mansfield Conn. on the 6th day of Oct^r A. D. 1761, the following votes were passed :

1st Made choice of Nehemiah Estabrooks for Moderator.

2nd Chose John Salter a Clerk of said propriety.

3^d Voted to admit Moses Hibbard to vote as a proprietor, although by mistake his name was left out of the grant.

4th Chose Jonathan Murdock Collector for said propriety.

5th Chose Amariah Storrs Treasurer for said propriety.

6th The following persons chosen for a standing committee for said propriety, viz. Nehemiah Estabrooks, Charles Hill and Joseph Dana.

7th Voted that the Main street running through the Township of said Lebanon, should be layed out ten rods wide.

8th That the committee hereafter be chosen for y^e purpose of laying out y^e lots and roads in said Township ; make reservation of such lands and roads in said Township as they shall judge necessary and convenient.

9th Voted that the first division, after the one acre division mentioned in the Grant, shall consist of fifty acres, being proportioned according to the quality of said land.

10th That the committee for laying said lots shall proceed to y^e business at or before the 10th day of Oct^r instant.

11 The following persons were chosen for a Committee for laying out said lots as above directed Viz. Capt. Nath^l Hall Hucksins Storrs jun^r and Daniel Blodgett jun^r.

12 Voted to allow the aforesaid committee 3/ pr. day when in said service and also to defray their expenses.

13th Voted that the proprietors of the Townships of Lebanon would choose a Committee to join a Committee chosen by y^e proprietors of Enfield, to receive and settle the accounts of Jedediah Dana Agent for the proprietors of said Townships, and that each committee make report to their respective Constituents at their next meeting, and the following persons were chosen as a committee for y^e purpose aforesaid Viz. Nehemiah Estabrooks, Capt Samuel Storrs and John Storrs.

14th Voted that a tax of ten shillings lawful money be levied upon each proprietor, to defray the expense of laying out said Township by the Committee chosen for that purpose, and that s^d tax be paid in by the first Monday in Jan^r next.

15th Voted that the money which was paid in by the proprietors of the Townships of Lebanon to refund the expense of the proprietors of the Townships of Enfield in case they had not obtained a Grant of a Township, shall be taken out of the hands of y^e former Treasurer (John Salter) by the present Treasurer of said propriety (Mr. Amariah Storrs) he giving a receipt therefor to y^e said former Treasurer and committee y^e same

¹ From the MSS. of the late C. C. Benton.

into the hands of y^e Committee for laying out said Township of Lebanon, and said committee to exchange the same (being paper bills) for silver to the best advantage and render an account of their doings to said propriety.

16th That the committee, for laying out said Townships, shall provide a Surveyor for the purpose and exhibit his account to said proprietors.

17th This vote had reference to proposing a settlement between Lebanon and Enfield proprietors &c. The meeting was then dissolved, the foregoing votes attested and recorded.

John Salter
proprietor's Clerk.

The next proprietors' meeting was at the same place on the 15th day of December, 1761.

1st Chose Nchemiah Estabrooks Moderator.

2nd Chose the following persons assessors for said propriety: Nehemiah Estabrooks, Capt. Sam^l Storrs and Thomas Storrs.

3rd Chose the following committee to join with the Enfield committee for the purpose of making a settlement with the proprietors of the two Townships &c Capt Storrs, Thomas Storrs &

4th Voted to allow Jedediah Dana, Agent for the propriety, above what was before granted.

5th Voted to accept the doings of the Committee in their laying out of lots with the alterations made upon their plan.

6th Voted to allow the accounts of the committee for laying the lots and raise £30-0-0 lawful money to make up the sum due them.

8th Voted a Lottery be made by

Thomas Storrs and Judah Storrs, and that Oliver Davidson and Ephraim Parker should draw y^e lots.

9th Voted that the Clerk procure a book for Records.

10th Voted Charles Hill be appointed to treat with the proprietors of y^e Townships between y^e Old Fort at No. 4 and said Lebanon relative to a highway between said Fort and said Lebanon.

11 Voted that for the encouragement of the speedy settlement y^e said Township of Lebanon, that those of the proprietors who shall settle upon said lands within the term of two years, shall have the privilege of cultivating and improving such a part of the Interval as shall best suit them, with these restrictions, That the interval land so improved by them be in one piece or body and when said interval shall be divided among the proprietors, Those persons aforesaid shall have their proportion of y^e aforesaid interval so cultivated by them.

12th Contains the names of the proprietors and the no. of the lot, drawn against each name.

“Voted to raise a tax of 10/ upon each *right* to be paid into the Treasury the first of December ensuing, and also 10/ more to be paid in by the said day of December, 1763, to encourage Oliver Davidson to build a Saw Mill upon some suitable stream within the township of Lebanon; and if the said Davidson should begin and complete a good and sufficient Saw Mill as near the centre of said Township as shall be judged best within the term of two years; then the aforesaid sum and sums to be paid to the said Davidson at the several terms above mentioned, and to direct the

Committee of the propriety of said Township to take sufficient bonds for the performance of the promises." Voted to adjourn to the second Tuesday of March next (1762)——

Met according to adjournment. Having discovered, since their vote in 1761 upon their draft of Township lots that there was a great mistake in running the lines on the plan and also in laying out said lots and that many inconveniences would follow, and therefore for the peace as well as the interest of said propriety, it was thought best to reconsider and disannul those former votes relative to the laying out and drafting said lots, which was done accordingly.

Voted that Oliver Davidson have the privilege of laying out his first division of one hundred acres, so as to include the spot which shall be judged convenient for erecting the saw mill, reserving all other privileges of the stream with a sufficiency of land for other mills and necessary roads.

Voted to choose three surveyors to continue in office two years, or until March 10, 1764, and made choice of Charles Hill, Levi Hyde, and Jedediah Dana.

It will be seen that the proprietors' meetings were still held in Mansfield, Conn., for the next one was the second day of September, A. D. 1762. Chose Nehemiah Estabrooks Moderator and Thomas Storrs Collector in place of Jonathan Murdock, and chose the following persons to clear a road from the Old Fort No. 4, to said Lebanon—Capt. Nath^l Hall, John Hanks, and John Birchard.

Voted the Committee proceed to clear a horse road from said Fort to Lebanon or further if thought best,

and to use their influence with proprietors of other towns to assist them, and voted also to raise a tax of 5/ upon each proprietor to defray the expenses of said road.

The proprietors met according to adjournment the 2^d day of December, 1762, and chose a committee of three men, viz., Capt. Samuel Storrs, Joseph Dana, and Dea. Nehemiah Estabrooks, to treat with the proprietors of the Townships adjoining to or near the Township of Lebanon, relative to an encouragement for the preaching of the Gospel in said Townships, and make report of their proceeding as soon as the nature of the business will admit of.

They voted to have the second division of one hundred acre lots surveyed and laid out, and also the interval land laid out, in proportion to each proprietor, by a committee appointed for that purpose, &c., and chose Dea. Nehemiah Estabrooks, Capt. Samuel Storrs, and Capt. Nath^l Hall; also voted a tax of 12/ upon each right to pay the expenses of said laying out.

At an adjourned meeting the last Tuesday in March, 1763, they voted to accept y^e report of y^e committee appointed to treat with the proprietors of y^e neighboring Townships for encouraging y^e preaching of y^e Gospel in said Townships, in consequence of which said propriety voted a tax of 4/ on each proprietor for the purpose aforesaid, and appointed Dea. Estabrooks a committee to join a committee of the neighboring Townships to make provisions for y^e preaching of y^e Gospel in said Townships the ensuing summer.

Voted to appoint Constant South

worth to go to Portsmouth and collect the rates due from the proprietors residing in those parts, and to allow him $3/6$ lawful money pr. day for himself and horse and defray the expense of y^e journey.

Again at Mansfield on the 9th day of January A. D. 1764, they voted that the encouragement given by y^e proprietors at their meeting in 1762 (for y^e speedy settlement of the land in said Township) should be continued until March A. D., 1765. Peter Aspinwall was appointed a committee to act in conjunction with y^e committees of Hanover and Norwich in settling the account for laying out and clearing the road from Old Fort No. 4 to Lebanon; also voted the sum of £29-6-7 $\frac{3}{4}$ for clearing the above mentioned road.

Voted to dismiss the standing committee, Chas. Hill, Nehemiah Estabrooks, and Joseph Dana, and appoint Nehemiah Estabrooks, Constant Southworth, and Peter Aspinwall in the room of those dismissed.

From the following it appears that the proprietors held their servants accountable for an honest fulfilment on their part. They voted to allow Thomas Storrs three shillings per day, and defray his expenses, in case he forthwith repair to Portsmouth to collect the taxes from y^e proprietors in those parts; said $3/$ per day to be allowed only while said Storrs is actually in said service.

The one acre division of lots was drawn to the proprietors this year (1764). Seven shillings upon each right was assessed for the purpose of making roads. In December, 1764, eight shillings, lawful money, was raised on each right to support y^e

preaching of the gospel in said township, and appointed Nehemiah Estabrooks and Capt. Samuel Storrs a committee to provide preaching in said township y^e ensuing summer.

Voted, to raise a tax of ten shillings and sixpence on each proprietor's right, for making and improving roads, and appointed Nath'l Porter, Silas Waterman, and William Dana a committee to lay out said money.

Voted, that the encouragement given to settlers in 1762 for taking up lands be extended, in regard to time, to 1765.

Voted, to grant to Charles Hill one acre of the undivided land, in consideration of his deeding one acre of land to the propriety on the south part of his 100-acre lot for the use of a burying place (the old burying).

Voted, to grant John Bennet a privilege on y^e stream between Oliver Davidson's saw-mill and the mouth of the Mascoma to erect a grist-mill, and liberty of passing to and from said mill on the undivided land, provided said mill be completed by the first day of March, 1766.

Voted, to appoint Levi Hyde clerk for propriety.

A record of the lots of land taken up by the first settlers of the township upon the encouragement given by the propriety for the speedy settling of said township was made, giving the names of the settlers, the numbers of the lots of upland, and also their proportion of interval (1764).

Voted, to allow Charles Hill liberty to keep up gates and bars at each end of the road running through his lot, during the proprietor's pleasure.

The first meeting of the proprie-

tors in the town of Lebanon, in the province of New Hampshire, was held the 22^d day of April, 1765.

Voted, to collect the money raised at the last meeting for road purposes, and have it laid out accordingly.

Voted, to raise a tax of 3/ on each right to enable the committee to settle y^e accounts against the propriety. Also paid Samnel Storrs fifty shillings for travel and expenses to procure money for y^e service of said propriety.

At an adjourned meeting in December, 1765, it was voted to raise the sum of 10/, lawful money, upon each proprietor's right, to be appropriated for y^e use of supporting y^e preaching of y^e gospel in said township y^e ensuing summer. Also to raise 10/6, lawful money, on each right for making roads, and Aaron Storrs and Jedediah Hebard were chosen a committee to direct the use of it and to accept three days' labor in full of y^e aforesaid tax, from May until the 1st of October. After that time to y^e 10th of November four days labor shall be accepted as aforesaid.

It was further voted, that John Slapp have the liberty to erect a mill on Mascoma river, below Davidson's saw-mill, provided he will build a good grist-mill on or before the first of December next (1766).

In 1766 Charles Hill, John Wheatley, and Levi Hyde were chosen assessors; Aaron Storrs, collector; and John Wheatley, treasurer.

Voted, to hold the proprietors' meetings of the township of Lebanon in said Lebanon for the future.

Voted, also, to raise a tax of twenty shillings, L. M., on each

right for the settlement of the gospel in said Lebanon, to be paid in Oct., 1767.

The next meeting was held June 9, 1767, at the house of Charles Hill, in Lebanon. Aaron Storrs was chosen moderator; Capt. John Wheatley, for 1st committee to manage the prudential affairs of said propriety; Nath'l Porter, for the second; and Aaron Storrs, for the third.

Voted, that the clerk of the proprietors warn the meetings by the application of one sixteenth of said propriety.

At another meeting the same year, July, 1767, it was voted to raise a tax of six shillings, lawful money, on each right, to support the preaching of the gospel the current year.

Voted, also, to raise six shillings for making and mending highways in said town, or two days work.

Voted, that Maj^r John Slapp have all the undivided land between the now travelled road to Oliver Davidson and Mascoma river, &c., provided said Slapp shall erect a grist-mill by Jan. 1, 1769.

At a meeting of y^e proprietors of y^e township of Lebanon, in the province of New Hampshire, at the house of Charles Hill, 1768, upon the article in the warning for settling the town line between Lebanon and Plainfield, Charles Hill, John Wheatley, and Lieut. Nath'l Porter were chosen a committee for that purpose, and requested to settle the difficulty.

Voted, to raise a tax for laying out and making a road from the great river to the great interval and so on to the Enfield line, and a tax was raised of eighteen shillings, lawful money, on each right of land for that

purpose. Levi Hyde, Huckin Storrs, and John Wheatley were chosen a committee for that business, and directed to call a day's work $3/$, lawful money.

At an adjourned meeting, May 17, 1768, voted to accept the doings of the committee chosen to settle town lines between Lebanon and Plainfield.

After several meetings in the year with no transactions interesting to relate, they met according to notice, October 23, 1769.

Voted, to have the south-west corner of the township established according to the charter, and that Aaron Storrs and Elijah Sprague be a committee to make application to his excellency to grant the request.

On the 26th of May, 1772, the proprietors voted to build a meeting-house, and Aaron Storrs, Huckin Storrs, and Jedediah Hebard were a committee for carrying out the object. And also voted to raise forty shillings upon each proprietor's right, to be paid by the first of September next, for the use of said committee to build said meeting-house.

Voted, to raise twelve shillings, lawful money, on each right to pay outstanding debts of said propriety, to be added to the forty shillings tax.

Voted, to appropriate said forty shillings for building said meeting-house when all proper arrangements are made.

Voted, to build said house in the township of Lebanon for the use of the town on the south side of the river Mascoma, on the east side of the road which leads from the saw-mill lately belonging to the estate of Oliver Davidson, deceased, into the road called Enfield road, near the

house of Lieut. Nath'l Porter, about half way between the Hubbard bridge and the present residence of Dea. N. B. Stearns, and opposite Maj. John Slapp's corn-mill. Said meeting-house to be 44 feet in length and 32 feet in breadth and 20 feet posts. And a committee of three men to be appointed to accomplish said purpose as soon as the nature of said business will admit.

At a meeting of the proprietors at the house of Charles Hill, the 29th of September, 1774,

Voted, to pursue some method to ascertain the south-west corner of the township, and a committee was appointed to mark the southern line of the same according to the charter, which corner bound is 18 miles distant in a line from the north-west corner of Charlestown. And the committee were requested to warn any person or persons who were trespassing within the township of Lebanon to depart immediately, and if they desist, to take legal steps to remove them, so as to put a final end to the dispute. In December, 1774, the committee employed Jonathan Freeman to assist them in surveying the said lines, and his report was laid before the proprietors and accepted by them, and the dispute was settled.

In 1775 a meeting was held at Charles Hill's, and voted that the propriety empower their committee to call any meeting on the application of one sixteenth part of the proprietors by posting a warning on the house of Capt. Bela Turner.

It seems that some portions of the records were lost. At a meeting, the 24th day of March, 1778, Dea. Nehe-

miah Estabrook was chosen moderator. A new standing committee was chosen for the propriety, consisting of Dea. N. Estabrooks, John Wheatley, and John Griswold. Chose Nath'l Hall collector.

Voted, that Elisha Payne have the privilege of laying out an undivided tract of land abutting easterly on Benjamin Fullers, Jr., hundred acre lot, and southerly on Masquema river, &c., on condition that the said Payne, his heirs or assigns, shall build and erect a good saw-mill and grist-mill on Mascoma river, near to the place where said river empties out of the pond, within two years from the first day of April next, unless the public commotions and the present war shall render it impracticable, in which case they shall be built as soon as the public affairs will admit of.

Voted, that the Rev. Isaiah Potter may have a small tract of common and undivided land, enclosed within his fence lying near the bridge over the Masquema river near Maj. John Slapp's grist-mill.

Voted, that Charles Tilden, William Dana, Elisha Ticknor, and Moses Hibbard be a committee to lay out all the undivided lands in said town; and Voted, to allow the committee and surveyor five gallons of rum while laying out said undivided lands.

In Oct. 29th day, 1778, Voted, that John Wheatley, Aaron Storrs, and Levi Hyde be a committee to rectify all mistakes in the propriety records, and all the omissions in the entry of said records.

In December 24, 1778, Voted, Col. Elisha Payne have the liberty of erecting a dam across Mascoma river, at the mouth of Enfield pond (so

called), in order to raise said pond sufficient for the use and benefit of the mills, which he has undertaken to build, by a former vote of the propriety.

At a meeting of the proprietors, June 1, 1779, many allotments of land were made to sundry proprietors, and a grant was voted of a certain piece of undivided land in said Lebanon to David Hinkley, clothier, as an encouragement to him to set up his trade, said piece containing eight acres. It was also voted to pay Levi Hyde £62=0=0 in Continental money for his services as clerk of the propriety.

At a meeting in March 17, 1780, Voted to appropriate the whole of the sequestered rights of land in said Lebanon, viz., the propagation right and the glebe for the Church of England, so called, for the support of schools in said town.

Voted, that the committee who laid out the last division, make a correct plan of said town, and lodge it with the clerk of the propriety when completed. During the year a division of the land was continued.

March 27, 1781, the following votes were passed: That Theophilus Huntington be moderator; and that Hezekiah Waters shall represent Ensign Thomas Blake in the meeting; then proceeded to divide the land, and a draft was made by numbers.

December 9, 1782, Gideon Baker was chosen moderator. During this year there was an exchange and assignment, etc., of lands.

In November 8, 1785, met at the dwelling-house of Nath'l Porter, Gideon Baker moderator. Voted to raise a tax of 12/ upon each right, to be

paid one third hard money, and the rest in certificates for the delivery of grain at cash price.

May 24, 1786, Voted, that Robert Colburn be agent to petition the Hon. General Assembly of the state of New Hampshire, then to be holden at Concord, in said state, the first Wednesday of June next, praying that they will please order, that the charter of said Lebanon be entered by the secretary in the records of said state, and that said agent receive of the clerk of said propriety the records of said propriety and said charter, in which said charter is fairly entered.

November 24, 1786, Voted to dismiss Dea. Theophilus Huntington from being a standing committee, and chose James Jones and Lemuel Hough said committee.

April 24, 1788, met at the house of Nath'l Porter. Relating to surveys of lots, etc., voted to appoint Elisha Payne, Jr., collector. Voted to adjourn this meeting till the third Monday in June, at the meeting-house in Lebanon.

In 1790, Dec. 27, a meeting of the proprietors was held at the said meeting-house; chose Lemuel Hough moderator, and adjourned to Esquire Hydes. Voted the widow Wheatley a certain piece of land; also voted to hold proprietors' meetings in future at the meeting-house.

At a meeting warned and convened at said meeting-house, April 30, 1789, Gideon Baker was chosen moderator.

March 30, 1791, Robert Colburn chosen moderator, and made arrangements to dispose of the undivided lands, and voted that Lieut. Robert Colburn, in behalf of the propriety,

request the selectmen of Lebanon to call a meeting, to see if the town will allow the proprietors to dispose of part of the road formerly laid out eight rods wide, to assist them in defraying the expense of laying out and dividing their lands.

May 12, 1791, relates to sales of land by auction—Gideon Baker and Robert Colburn Committee for the Sale.

Met the 30th day of May 1792. Voted to dismiss Elisha Payne jun^r, from his collectorship and chose James Jones in his place.

Voted to hold proprietors meetings at Robert Colburns for the future. At a meeting the 9th day of November 1795, Gideon Baker moderator.

Met Jan^y 4, 1796 Voted to choose agents to settle a dispute between the proprietors and Cap^t. Daniel Phelps. Chose Col. Elisha Payne and Lemuel Hough and directed them to take such legal methods as they shall judge best.

Met at Cap^t Robert Colburns on the 30th day of September 1802. Chose Cap^t Robert Colburn moderator—and finally adjourned to Jan^y, 1803.

FIRST TOWN-MEETINGS.

In accordance with the act of incorporation of the town of Lebanon, the first meeting of the inhabitants of the town was held on the 13th day of May, 1765. Their record is in the following words, *verbatim et literatim*:

A True Coppy of y^e Votes Passed at A Town Meeting Held at Lebanon On May y^e 13th, 1765, at y^e house of Mr. Asa Kilbourn (Viz) After Chusing a Moderator.

Query^d 2^d Whether we will Have a

Minister this Summer or Will Not. Voted in the Affirmative.

3^d That We First Send Subscriptions To y^e Neighboring Towns and Get What We Can subscribed and what Remains Wanting To Supply y^e Pulpit six Months, Will Stand Sponsable For To Be Paid at y^e end of s^d Six Months. Voted the affirmative.

4th Chose Aaron Storrs To carry a Subscription To Take Care To Get as much In y^e Neighboring Towns as he can.

5th Voted that the Selectmen take it upon them to Seek Quarters for y^e Minister and Provide For His accommodation.

[This was, indeed, a very pleasant opening of the town record, an honor to the inhabitants, thus to lay out first, a Christian highway, then selecting a ministerial surveyor to work and improve it with moral power and gospel truth.]

At the next town-meeting, legally warned, Sept. 12, 1765, John Wheatley was chosen moderator, and it was

Voted, that the highway through the interval on the *great* river (the Connecticut) shall be an open way.

Voted, that the town lay out land for a burying place on the north side of the road that leads to the saw mill [on Charles Hill's land, which place is now the "*old burying ground*" near the Luther Alden house].—Voted that Silas Waterman purchase a book for records.

Here follows the record of the first March meeting, 1766.

Charles Hill was chosen Moderator, John Wheatley, Silas Waterman, and Charles Hill, Selectmen. Silas Waterman, Town Clerk. Aaron Storrs, Constable. Jedediah Hibbard and Samuel

Meacham, Tytheing men. Charles Hill and Jedediah Hibbard, Highway Surveyers. Voted Silas Waterman 3s 8d lawful money to pay for record book.

At the town-meeting of Aug. 25, 1766, it was voted, Whether it would be proper and convenient under our present circumstances to pursue such methods as may be thought best for the obtaining of a steady gospel administration amongst us. Resolved, in Affirmative, and next resolved to treat with the Rev. Mr. Treadway, and voted that the selectmen provide for him on his return.

May 25, 1767, Resolved to choose a regular candidate for the gospel ministry the ensuing season, and voted Aaron Storrs, Jo^s. Dana and Captⁿ John Colburn, a committee for the purpose aforesaid.

Oct^r, 1767, Voted to have the Rev. Mr. Wales to preach the ensuing year.

Feb. 26, 1768. Upon the question, "Whether the town will do any thing about building a meeting house for the conveniency of public worship." It was voted in the negative.

July 19, 1768, "Whether the spot near the burying ground should be the place to set a meetinghouse upon. Voted in the affirmative."

July 27, 1768, "Query, whether they would give Mr. Wales a call to settle in the ministry in this town. Resolv'd in y^e affirmative. Query, whether they will give Mr. Wales fifty pounds as a salary for the first year and rise five pounds a year till it arrives to seventy pounds if he may be obtained. Resolved in the affirmative."

Sept. 7, 1768, The town voted

twenty pounds for the support of schools, and appointed a committee to conduct said schools, consisting of Lt. John Griswold, Asa Kilburn, and Joseph Wood.

Sept. 30, 1768, "Query, whether they would accept of Mr. Wales' verbal answer (sent by Dea. Nehemiah Estabrooks) of his acceptance of, and compliance with, their call to settle in the work of the gospel ministry amongst them. Resolved in the negative."

March 14, 1769, 3^d "Whether they will build two bridges across the Mascoma—one at the fordway near Benjⁿ Fullers' and the other near the mill in said Lebanon. Resolved in the negative."

"Query. Whether they will agree to build one bridge. Resolved in the affirmative."

"Query. Whether they will build a bridge at s^d Fordway. Resolved in the negative."

Query, Whether they will build a bridge near said mills. Resolved in the affirmative.

4th Whether they meant to be understood by their former vote Sept. 30, 1768, wherein they manifested their non-acceptance of Mr. Wales' verbal answer, thereby to have repealed or made void all their former votes, passed by them in favor of said Mr. Wales' settling in the gospel ministry amongst them. Resolved in the affirmative. 5th to see if they will think proper as a town, to make Mr. Wales some compensation for the loss of his horse, supposed to be gored to death in Levi Hyde's pasture. Resolv^d in the negative."

May 8, 1769, "Query, whether the town would do any thing relative to

having the gospel administration amongst them the ensuing summer. Resolv^d in the affirmative. Chose Cha^s Hill, Capt. John Wheatley and Joseph Wood a committee to procure a minister, and directed them to apply to Mr. Kenne, and if they could not obtain him, to take the best method possible to secure a minister the ensuing summer. Voted to purchase a Law book for the use of the town and to be kept in the Town Clerk's office."

Jan^y 29, 1770. "Query, whether they would build a bridge over the river *Masquoma*, near the grist mill in said Lebanon. Resolved in the affirmative. Voted, to build said bridge below Maj. Slapp's dam, where it will best accommodate the public and make the road two rods wide from said bridge. Voted a tax of sixty pounds lawful money for the purpose aforesaid."

March 13, 1770, No other business but the choice of town officers for the year.

Nov^r 5, 1770, "Query, whether they would do any thing relating to the article in the warning to build a meetinghouse. Voted in the affirmative." Next, voted that they would not "build a meetinghouse for the convenience of public worship in town." Voted that the selectmen erect 2 line posts to sit up warnings on for the future, one to be placed at the corner of the road that leads to Mr. Woods, and the other at the corner that leads out to Maj. John Slapp's, said posts to be kept at town cost.

Nov^r. 26, 1770. "To see if they agree to build a house for public worship. Resolved in the affirmative."

Adjourned meeting, Jan^y. 19, 1771.

The following questions, which were brought before the meeting,—relating to the building of a meetinghouse in Lebanon—were acted upon and passed in the affirmative, viz., whether they would go into a reconsideration of the votes heretofore passed in regard to building. And whether they will build a house of public worship and take a longer time to complete said house, than heretofore agreed upon—and whether they will set upon some other spot than that already selected, and whether they will agree to choose a committee to fix the spot to set said house upon, which shall be the established place—all of which was resolved in the affirmative. Then proceeded and chose Samuel Chase, Esq^r, Capt^a Hezekiah Johnson, and Lt. David Woodard a committee to affix the spot to set said meetinghouse. These gentlemen not being residents of the town—a committee was very properly chosen to receive and wait upon them during the performance of their duties.

Jan^y 29, 1771. “Voted to build a house for public worship, to be thirty feet square and ten feet posts. Voted, to fence the burying ground upon the town’s cost.”

Annual Town Meeting, March 12, 1771, only chose the necessary town officers.

March 19, 1771. “Voted, to take into consideration the request of Dr. Eleazor Wheelock, President of Dartmouth College, that one mile and a half of land in breadth and three miles in length, of the Township of Lebanon in the north-west corner thereof, be incorporated with other lands into a township or parish. Pursuant to said request—voted to pray

the General Court that the lands included within the following lines (viz.), from the north west corner of Lebanon, running easterly upon the town line, three miles, thence southerly at a right angle, one mile and a half, thence westerly in a line parallel with the first line to the river, thence abutting westerly on said river to the abovementioned bound, may be incorporated into a town or parish. Voted that Dr. Eleazor Wheelock be an agent to represent the town at the General Court in favor of the above request and the obtaining of the same. Voted that a tax of six pounds, L. M., be laid upon the town to defray town debts.”

Aug^t 21, 1771, “Whether they will agree to give Mr. Isaiah Potter a call to continue in the work of the Gospel ministry in order for settlement in said work amongst them. Resolved in the affirmative. Chose Charles Hill and Azariah Bliss a committee to treat with Mr. Potter for the purpose aforesaid. Voted, that the selectmen should assess the inhabitants of Lebanon for defraying all necessary charges arising on account of obtaining Mr. Potter for his labor and support for the time being amongst them. Voted to enlarge the meetinghouse already voted to be built, from thirty feet square and ten feet posts to forty eight feet in length and thirty four feet in width and twenty feet posts. Voted to adjourn to September 4, 1771, at which time the above named committee made their report to said meeting. Of Mr. Potter’s acceptance of their proposition made to him by said committee, so far as to return to them the ensuing spring—extraordinaries excepted.” Voted to

accept the report. Voted to change the spot, heretofore selected near the burying ground, on which to erect the meetinghouse, to the most convenient place in Mr. Hill's pasture, near the road that leads to the saw mill. "Voted, that Maj. Slapp, Silas Waterman and Huckin Storrs, be a committee to build said meetinghouse. Voted, that said committee proceed to erect and enclose said meetinghouse and lay a good floor by the first day of Oct^r next, which will be in the year 1772."

"November the 7th, 1771. Voted, to *transpose* the meetinghouse, voted to be erected in Mr. Hill's pasture, to the clay pit about fifty rods westerly of said spot. Voted, that Azariah Bliss, John Slapp, and John Wheatley, Esq^r, be a committee to oversee the erecting, enclosing, and laying a good floor to said house by the 1st of Oct^r, 1772."

Meeting Dec. 2^d, 1771. Voted to raise a tax to build a meetinghouse on sawmill road at the spot last agreed upon.

Town Meeting, Jan^y 7, 1772. Voted to accept of a spot, pitched by a committee, in the field of Jonathan Dana, to set the meetinghouse. Voted to *transpose* the meetinghouse already voted to be built by a tax, near the clay on saw mill road, to the said spot in said Dana's field. Voted, that Maj. John Slapp, Charles Hill, John Griswold and Silas Waterman be a committee to oversee the building of said house.

Annual town meeting, March 10, 1772. The usual town officers were chosen, and voted forty pounds lawful money for making and repairing highways.

Town meeting Ap^l 7, 1772. Resolved to alter the size of the meetinghouse to 40 feet in length, 30 ft. in breadth, and 10 feet posts.

At a meeting April 20, 1772, "voted to *transpose* the meetinghouse from Mr. Dana's field to Mr. Hill's field, near the house of Bela Turner, and that Azariah Bliss, Cha^s Hill, Silas Waterman, Maj. Slapp, Lieu^{ts} Porter and John Wheatley be a committee to oversee and forward the building of said house. Adjourned to the 27 inst., and voted that said committee proceed to erect said Meetinghouse as soon as may be."

June 12, 1772. The committee appointed to confer with Mr. Potter in regard to the proposals of the town to give him a call reported, and a motion was made by the meeting to Mr. Potter to give his answer to the call, by the people of Lebanon, to settle in the Gospel ministry amongst them. To which Mr. Potter was pleased to answer in the affirmative. Voted, to give Mr. Potter thirty eight pounds in addition to the sixty two pounds granted by the proprietors of said Lebanon towards the settlement of the first gospel minister settled in said town (as a settlement for Mr. Potter) in case he becomes the established minister in said town. Voted, to give Mr. Potter as a salary fifty pounds lawful money a year, for the first two years, and then to rise annually, five pounds a year, till it shall amount to eighty pounds, and that said eighty pounds, when attained as above, shall be the stated salary for Mr. Potter so long as he shall continue in the gospel ministry in said town.

TO BE CONTINUED.



Truly Yours
Henry A. Furtwangler

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HENRY H. FURBISH.

For over a century New Hampshire has been contributing to her sister states men and women of the first class. To nearly every state of the South and West have her sons and daughters gone, to become identified with their highest advancement. While the many have gone towards the centre, some have sought a home in the adjoining state of Maine, where they have received distinguished treatment. From New Hampshire went General Henry Dearborn, Senator John Chandler, Senator William Pitt Fessenden, Judge Nathan Clifford, Governor Edward Kent, John B. Brown, the McKeanes, Cochrans, Burleighs, and many other influential men and families. From Maine, Vermont, and Massachusetts, New Hampshire has received many valuable accessions to her population, who have become so identified with the state of their adoption that it has become in every sense their home. From Vermont came Edmund Burke, Ossian Ray, George A. Bingham, and Harry Bingham. From Maine, the Pine Tree State, came one who has done much to build up Berlin, one of the

most flourishing villages in northern New Hampshire, a man who would be a welcome addition to any community in which he might cast his lot,—Mr. Henry H. Furbish.

The following sketch is from the pages of the History of Coös County, written by W. A. Fergusson.

“Successful manufacturers are public benefactors, and merit the gratitude and praise of their countrymen. The nation that produces the most in proportion to its numbers will be the most prosperous and powerful. The United States possess all the natural advantages for the attainment of a result so desirable. It is the part of patriotism to turn these advantages to the best account, to differentiate the industries of the people, and to give employment to all classes of mind and capacity.”

The citizens of Berlin have great reason to congratulate themselves on the formation of the Forest Fibre Company, and the establishment of this industry, as it brought to the town one who identified himself with its interests, is a most prominent factor in its development, and a generous contributor to all matters hav-

ing for their object the weal and betterment of the community.

Henry Hart Furbish, son of Dependence H. and Persis H. (Brown) Furbish, was born June 3, 1835, in Gray, Me., where for many years his grandfather had conducted one of the largest tanneries of the state. The family removed to Portland when Mr. Furbish was but six months old, and he received the educational advantages of the excellent schools of that city, and was fitted for college. Inheriting business qualities of a high order from his paternal and maternal ancestors, at the age of sixteen he entered the sugar house of J. B. Brown, from whom he received the best of training in the supervision of large interests. He was an apt pupil, was made manager in due time, and had held this responsible position for several years when the works were closed in 1870.

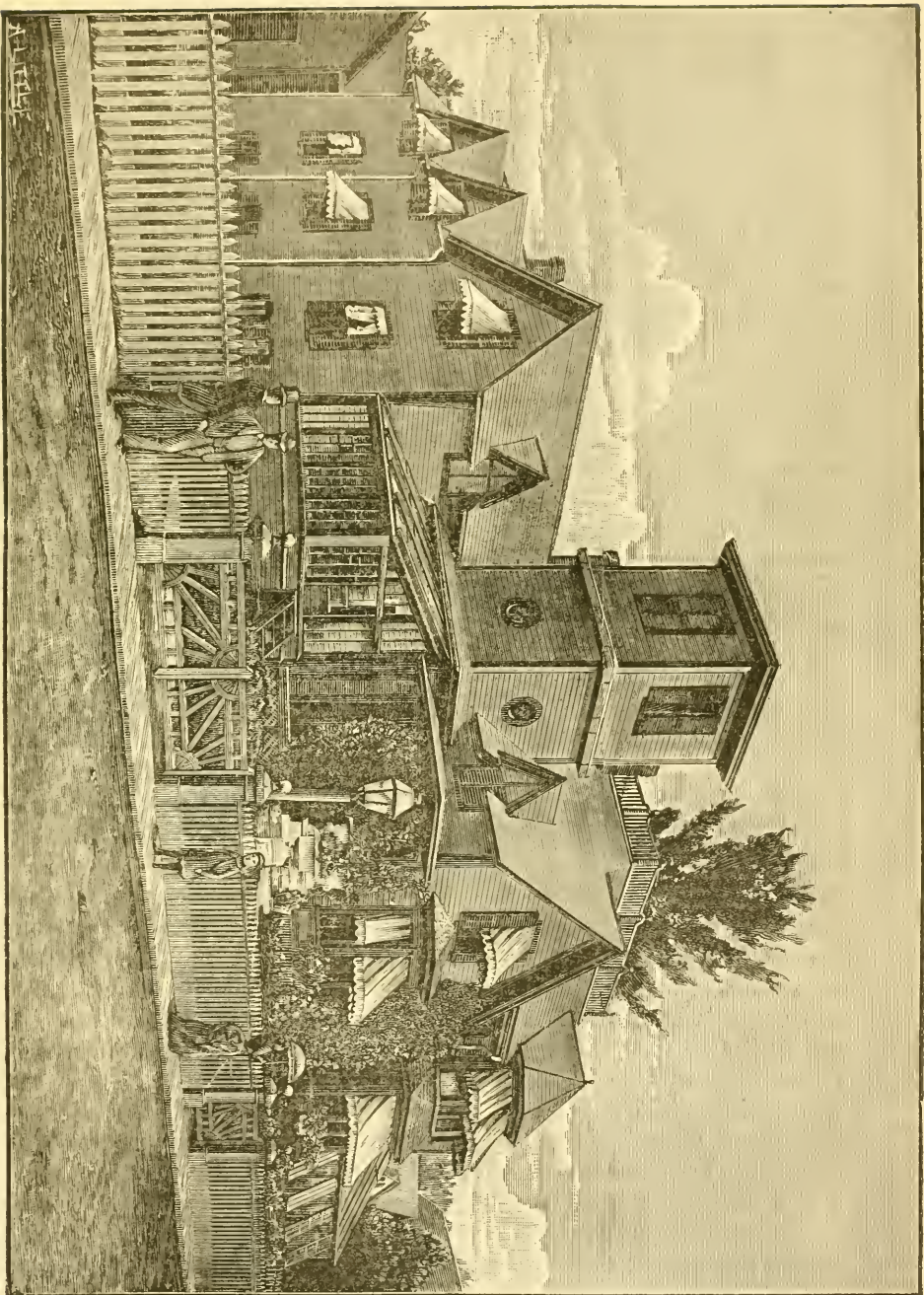
In 1871 the attention of Mr. Furbish was attracted to the manufacture of wood fibre by the soda process. He conducted experiments for the perfection of this process in New York until 1873, and from 1873 to 1877 was manager of the experimental works at Yarmouth, Me.

In July, 1877, availing himself of the valuable water-power at Berlin Falls, Mr. Furbish formed the nucleus of the present large operations of the Forest Fibre Company, by starting a small pulp mill (Mill "A"), which could manufacture three tons of wood-pulp a day. The capacity was soon increased to six tons, and the industry became a fixed institution, and was the signal of progress and development of the town. The demand for the product became so

large that in connection with J. A. Bacon, of Boston, Mr. Furbish, in 1880, erected "Mill B," which has a capacity of about twenty-five tons a day. The Forest Fibre Company has now one of the largest, if not the largest plant for making chemical fibre in America, if not in the world. It furnishes employment to nearly 300 men, and ships its product to paper-mills in every section of the United States. This establishment is the pioneer of the many like enterprises which ere long will utilize the waters which now go rolling almost unchecked along the rocky bed of the never-failing Androscoggin.

In 1880 Mr. Furbish purchased his residence, which is beautifully situated, commanding a fine outlook. On a clear day the summit of Mt. Washington can be seen, and at all times "Far, vague, and dim, the mountains swim," and the many pleasure-seekers who travel miles, and expose themselves to the perils and discomforts of sea voyages, can find here the most lovely and romantic scenery. The river, which has a fall of some 200 feet in a mile, is bold, wild, and picturesque. The cultured taste of Mr. Furbish has made his home, with its accessories of comfort, convenience, and elegance, one of the most attractive places to be found in many a mile of distance.

No one who has been familiar with the growth of Berlin for the last decade will fail to award Mr. Furbish much of the credit for its present prosperity. His energetic force, his love of the beautiful, his broad liberality, have united in rendering him a most positive power in the community in making in the wilderness



RESIDENCE OF HENRY H. FURISH.

comfortable homes, and providing for the many the labor by which their daily bread may be earned. He has laid out a large territory into building lots, graded streets, introduced electric lights, made other valuable improvements, and created a beautiful village of eighteen model houses, to which number additions are being rapidly made. At the present time he is contemplating a systematic sewerage of the place, an undertaking of no small moment when we consider that the village is located on immense ledges of granite, everywhere outcropping on the surface of the ground. From his agricultural operations and fine Jersey stock the farming community can draw useful lessons of improved agriculture and stock-raising.

Mr. Furbish married, first, in Sep-

tember, 1856, Harriet A., daughter of Reuben Ordway, of Portland, Me., who died in December, 1871. Of their three children, but one, Willard H. (born March 4, 1862), survives. He is in business with his father. Mr. Furbish married, second, September 20, 1883, Susan A., daughter of George F. Emery, of Portland. They have one child, Persis E., born June 14, 1884.

Mr. Furbish was made a Mason in Atlantic Lodge, Portland, and has taken thirteen degrees in Masonry. He is a Republican in politics, an Episcopalian in religion, a valuable citizen, a prosperous manufacturer, a progressive leader in town improvements, and, by his public spirit and large-hearted generosity, proves his belief that he lives not for himself alone.

BERLIN.

One of the most flourishing, most enterprising, and most progressive towns in New Hampshire is Berlin, situate in Coös county, on the Androscoggin river, where that dashing, rushing stream leaves the highlands, and becomes, in the adjoining town of Gorham, a dignified river making its way slowly toward the ocean. Berlin without the Androscoggin would perhaps have enjoyed the quiet of its sister towns for many decades to come, but the fall of a great river two hundred feet in a mile of its course attracted enterprising men to the development of the water-power, and within ten years the town has doubled its population. The census

of 1890 will show over 4,000 inhabitants within the township, mostly confined to the village.

The main street of the village, extending for more than a mile, follows the course of the valley, and has a decided "up-hill" tendency as it leads toward the Berlin Mills. The buildings, public and private, are modern, artistic, and attractive. They are not temporary structures designed for the day, but are built to withstand the rigors of a Northern winter, and to charm the eye during the summer when the neighboring mountain region draws so many tourists from away.

¹The history of the town goes back

¹ Compiled from Fergusson's History of Coös County.

to the years previous to the Revolution; but for a long time it was uninteresting and of little importance. Hunters and trappers camped here in pursuit of game and peltry; later, the magnificent growth of pine brought lumbermen from the lower country to cut the logs which they transported to the mills below. Early settlers on farms farther down the valley, when in want of ready money to make payments on their land or to purchase supplies for their families, would make a temporary occupancy in a rude camp hastily constructed, and by hard labor would make "salts" from the ashes of the large elms along the valley; then, having accomplished the object of their visit, would return to their homes to tell of the rocky ledges, the beautiful cascades, and the wonderful growth of timber.

The surface of Berlin is broken and mountainous, with ledges of rock outcropping in many places, and in others, with boulders of varying sizes scattered over the ground. It is not an agricultural town, although there are some good farms in the eastern part.

The town was granted as Maynesborough, December 31, 1771, to Sir William Mayne, Baronet, Robert, Thomas, and Edward Mayne, and others, of Barbadoes, and was incorporated as Berlin July 1, 1829. It has an area of 31,154 acres. Many fine views of mountain, river, and forest scenery are afforded from various points; but the charm of all this section is the river scenery at Berlin Falls. For over a mile a succession of rapids and falls whirls along the rocky banks of the Androscoggin,

which is the only outlet of the Umbagog chain of lakes. In its course above it receives the waters of the Magalloway, Diamond, and Clear rivers, and several minor streams, and at this point it is scarcely inferior in volume to the Connecticut at Northumberland. At the Glen Manufacturing Company's works this immense mass of waters is poured through a narrow chasm thirty-three feet in width, descending in one hundred yards over one hundred feet. At times of high water the view combines the terrible, majestic, grand, and beautiful, in a weird and fascinating combination. Seething and plunging and whirling itself into masses of snowy foam, it rushes down the narrow passage.

"Rapid as light
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss."

Rev. T. Starr King says that he does not think "in New England there is any passage of river passion that will compare with Berlin falls."

In the Act of Incorporation, dated 1829, Benjamin Thompson, Thomas Ordway, and Thomas Wheeler, Jr., were authorized to call the first town-meeting, which was held at the dwelling-house of Andrew Cates. Amos Green was chosen first selectman at the meeting, Peter Wheeler, constable, and Samuel S. Thompson, surveyor of lumber. Other residents at that time were Samuel Blodgett, Abiathar Bean, Simon Evans, and families.

INHABITANTS OF BERLIN IN 1829.

Green, Thomas, Jr., b. Feb. 12, 1783.

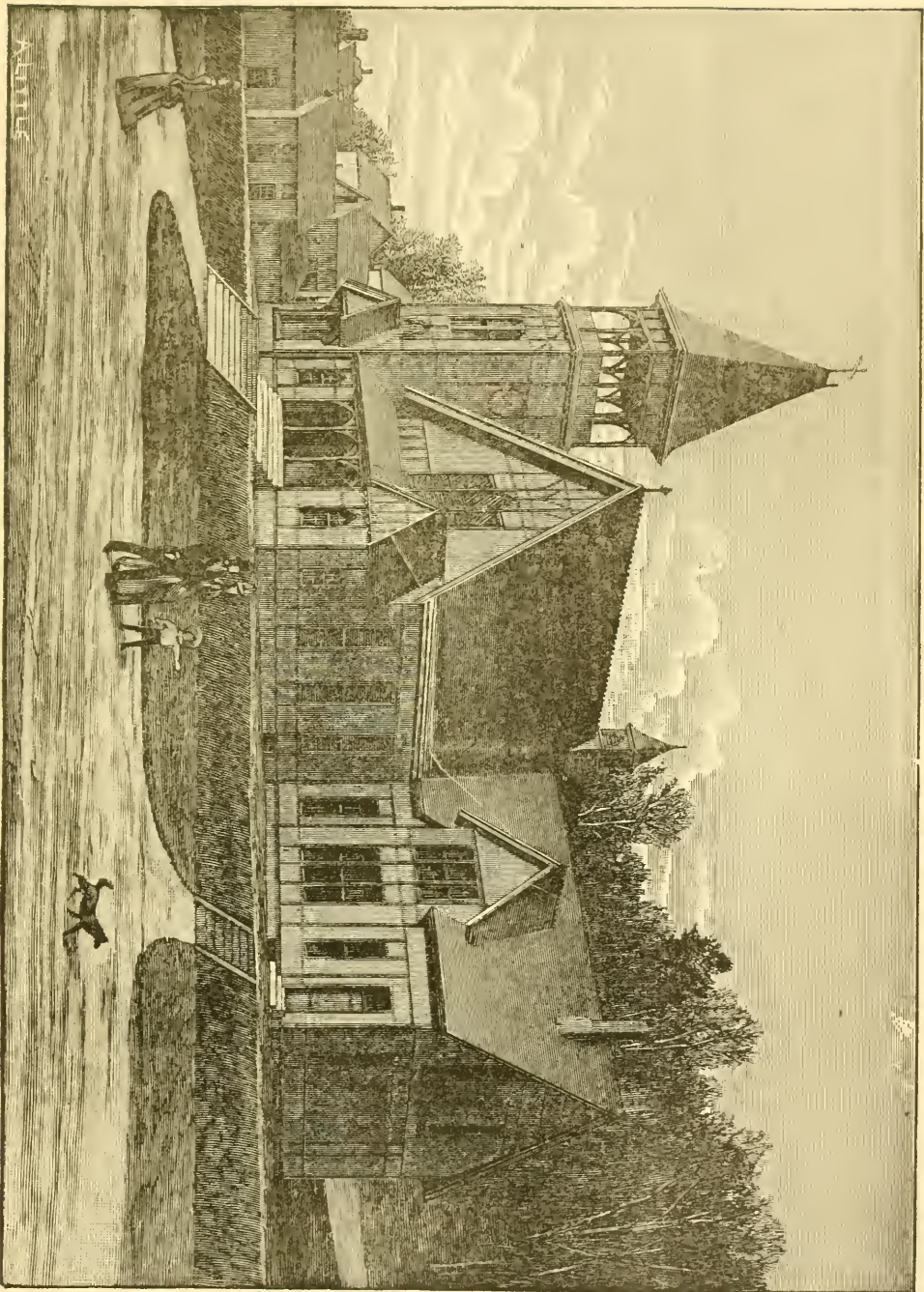
Lydia F. (Evans), b. Feb. 3, 1785.

Amos, b. March 21, 1807.

*Daniel, b. Dec. 19, 1808.

Edmund, b. Jan. 26, 1812.

- Green, Aaron, b. Jan. 4, 1814.
 Lydia, b. Aug. 17, 1817.
 Wallace, Levinia, b. March 29, 1811.
 Cates, Andrew, b. May 30, 1784.
 Betsey (Scribner), b. July 14, 1785.
 *Daniel, b. Aug. 11, 1813.
 Lydia, b. Oct. 11, 1816.
 *Sinclair, b. March 19, 1820.
 Scribner, b. Oct. 13, 1821.
 Hannah, b. Jan. 10, 1826.
 Betsey, b. Sept. 16, 1810.
 Andrew, Jr., b. April 2, 1808.
 Betsey (Griffin), b. Sept. 28, 1805.
 Nathaniel, b. May 15, 1829.
 Wheeler, Peter, b. Dec. 18, 1790.
 Sally (Seavey), b. Feb. 23, 1800.
 Nathan, b. Nov. 24, 1818.
 James, b. Nov. 19, 1820.
 Albion, b. May 2, 1823.
 George, b. Nov. 13, 1825.
 Lafayette, b. March 9, 1829.
 Thomas, b. Dec. 29, 1783.
 Sally (Blodgett), b. April 2, 1787.
 Thomas, Jr., b. June 18, 1806.
 *Cyrus, b. July 5, 1810.
 Polly, b. April 1, 1812.
 Sally, b. May 18, 1814.
 *Dexter, b. April 27, 1816.
 *Reuben H., b. April 20, 1819.
 *Hiram, b. April 8, 1822.
 Daniel J., b. Oct. 12, 1825.
 Jonathan W., b. Nov. 1, 1829.
 *Blodget, Samuel, b. Aug. 28, 1802.
 Rebecca (Bean), b. Oct. 10, 1800.
 *Samuel D., b. Oct. 27, 1827.
 Zeruah, b. Jan. 23, 1828.
 *Nathan, b. Aug. 30, 1829.
 *Joseph, b. Dec. 6, 1804.
 Mary L. (Wright), b. April 12, 1809.
 *Herman A., b. Nov. 28, 1827.
 Ruby, b. Nov. 30, 1829.
 Bean, Abiathar, b. June 30, 1794.
 Mercy, b. Jan. 1, 1797.
 Eliza Jane, b. Jan. 2, 1817.
 Lydia M., b. June 10, 1821.
 Louisa, b. Sept. 25, 1823.
 Thomas C., b. Oct. 27, 1826.
 Mary A., b. Aug. 13, 1829.
 Thompson, Samuel S., b. Sept. 19, 1773.
 Thompson, Catharine, b. Nov. 15, 1772.
 Benjamin, b. Aug. 1, 1803.
 Eliza, b. Feb. 29, 1807.
 Sarah J., b. Sept. 1, 1810.
 Amos, b. July 19, 1818.
 Evans, Simon, b. Sept. 13, 1780.
 Mehitable (Messer), b. Aug. 19, 1782.
 Caroline, b. March 28, 1799.
 Lydia, b. June 8, 1807.
 Lovina, b. Aug. 7, 1808.
 Uriah, b. Feb. 25, 1810.
 William, b. Jan. 21, 1812.
 Polly, b. May 19, 1814.
 Abigail, b. April 15, 1816.
 Betsey, b. Dec. 23, 1818.
 Esther A. R., Sept. 3, 1823.
 William Sessions, of Gilead, Me., came to Berlin in 1821 or 1822, cleared a piece of land, and with Cyrus Wheeler built the first house in the township, in 1823 or 1824. In the spring of the latter year a party of eighteen people from Gilead accompanied Mrs. Sessions into the wilderness, and formed the first settlement. Mr. Sessions sold his farm to Benjamin Thompson, before 1829. He died in 1885, aged over 90 years.
 Simon Evans came from Shelburne. Samuel S. Thompson, an old Revolutionary soldier, and his son Benjamin, came in 1827. He was a carpenter. Samuel Blodgett, a brother of Mrs. Sessions, was the first settler on the west side of the river. Benjamin Bean came from Success. Thomas Wheeler, son of Samuel Wheeler (a soldier of the Revolution, who moved from Temple, N. H., to Gilead, Me., in 1799), came from Shelburne in 1826. They were all natives of Gilead. His daughter Polly married Daniel Green, and Sarah married Benjamin Thompson. The Chandlers, early settlers, were of Pembroke extraction.



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BERLIN.

The first trader in town was Thomas Green, who had a small store near his grist-mill as early as 1835. He afterwards introduced wool carding machinery into town. Daniel Green opened a store in 1850. He had commenced the manufacture of mill machinery in a small way in 1843, at which time he was, with his brother Thomas, making clapboards, which they drew to Harrison, Me., a distance of forty miles. The last raft was run down the river in 1851. In 1850 the population was 173, the valuation \$161,045. The valuation in 1888 was \$760,963; in 1889 it will amount to about \$1,000,000.

During the Rebellion, Berlin is credited with nineteen three-years men, thirteen one-year men, and three nine-months men, over half of whom fill soldiers' graves. There is but one man who enlisted from Berlin who now resides there. Three of Daniel Green's sons were in the service,—Sullivan D., Francis D., and Charles V. Only the former returned to his old home. On the Berlin roll of honor should be inscribed also the names of Scribner Cates, D. W. Blodgett, S. A. Andrews, Ethan A. Andrews, Nelson Green, Charles S. Green, Albert Green, and Jesse Tuttle.

The Congregational church of Berlin was organized in 1877, and has been ministered to by Rev. Arthur J. Benedict, Rev. Albert Donnell, and Rev. Stephen L. Bowler. The meeting-house was built in 1882, and is valued at \$10,000. St. Ann's, Roman Catholic, was built in 1880. The Universalist church was organized in 1885. The St. Paul, Lutheran, was organized in 1887. St.

Barnabas church (Episcopal), organized in 1888, is in charge of Rev. Herbert L. Mitchell. It is designed to build in the immediate future an appropriate chapel. The high school house was finished in 1885.

About \$3,000 is raised for school purposes. Mr. Irving Stearns has been principal of the high school for the past year.

The Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad was incorporated in 1847. The road was completed to Gorham in 1850, and trains ran regularly to and from Portland on and after July 4, 1851. The road was opened to North Stratford in 1852, to Island Pond in 1853, connecting with the Canadian road in July of the latter year. In 1853 the road was leased to the Grand Trunk Railway. From Berlin Falls station, which is 1,011 feet above tide-water, the branch was opened to Berlin Mills in 1854.

BERLIN MILLS.

The opening of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad to Berlin threw the great advantages of the enormous water-power of the Androscoggin river into practical availability, and those wise financiers and far-seeing business men to whom this railroad owed its existence at once took measures to utilize the falls in the manufacture of lumber. J. B. Brown, Josiah S. Little, Nathan Winslow, and Hezekiah Winslow, all of Portland, under the firm name of H. Winslow & Co., erected a mill in 1852 on the Thomas Green privilege, at the head of the falls. This mill contained one gang and two single saws, with a capacity of production of from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 feet of lumber

per annum. The river at this point has a fall of seventeen feet, with an estimated power of 20,000 horses, only a fraction of which has as yet been utilized. In 1855 another gang saw was added. The mill was in good operation, and had established a demand for its lumber, when the disastrous and widely sweeping panic of 1857 overwhelmed the business world and carried many large lumbering firms to destruction. Through skilful management and judicious care H. Winslow & Co. weathered the storm, although conducting business for some years at a loss of thousands of dollars. This was the critical period of the prosperity of the mill, and, once passed, nothing but success has since attended its progress. In 1858 a single saw and a grist mill were introduced, and in 1860 the first rotary saw was placed in position. From that time to the present many changes have been made, numerous buildings erected, and machinery added, until the plant to-day is one of the largest in north-eastern New England. Its present production is 140,000 feet of long lumber per day, 30,000 shingles, 10,000 clapboards, 60,000 laths, 15,000 pickets, etc. There are four circular saws, a gang and a band saw, three single machines, two clapboard machines, lath and picket saws, etc., etc. To attend to the labor the services of from 275 to 300 men are required. The main building is 225 feet by 60 feet in size; but with the out-buildings, blacksmith and repair shops, offices, store, houses of operatives, etc., etc., a flourishing village has sprung up, with a beautiful church and parsonage. In the

winter season from 300 to 400 men are employed in the logging operations in the woods on the upper river.

In 1866 the Berlin Mills Company was formed, the members of the company being J. B. Brown, Mrs. Little, and Messrs. Clemens, Brigham, and Warren. Subsequently the other members of the firm acquired the interests of Messrs Clemens, Brigham, and Warren. In 1868 J. B. Brown sold his interest to William W. Brown, and Lewis T. Brown purchased a part of the interest of the Little heirs. Subsequently Mr. W. W. Brown sold a portion of his interest to J. W. Parker and Thomas Edwards. In 1888 Mrs. A. I. C. Davis and Mrs. L. T. Brown sold their interest to the other partners and H. J. Brown.

William W. Brown has shown himself possessed of rare business powers, and stands prominent among the lumber manufacturers of the age. He has taken a fatherly interest in the progress of Berlin, and his financial assistance is always to be relied upon in furtherance of any movement to advance or improve the condition of its people. Lewis T. Brown was for many years the superintendent, and formed an extensive acquaintance in Coös county, and probably no one in this section ever stood higher in the esteem of the leading men. He died in 1886.

The corporation formed in 1888 consists of William W. Brown, J. W. Parker, Herbert J. Brown, and Thos. Edwards. William W. Brown is president, Thomas Edwards, treasurer; J. W. Parker has charge of the logging operations; H. J. Brown, su-

perintendent of the mills ; H. E. Oleson is in charge of the store. This "store" is a mammoth affair, conducted with the same system, and rivalling in extent of its transactions many metropolitan establishments. There are departments for dry goods, clothing, groceries, hardware, stoves, etc., paints, oils, etc., flour, feed, etc. The Berlin Mills post-office was established in 1881, with J. W. Parker post-master. L. C. Beattie is the present incumbent.

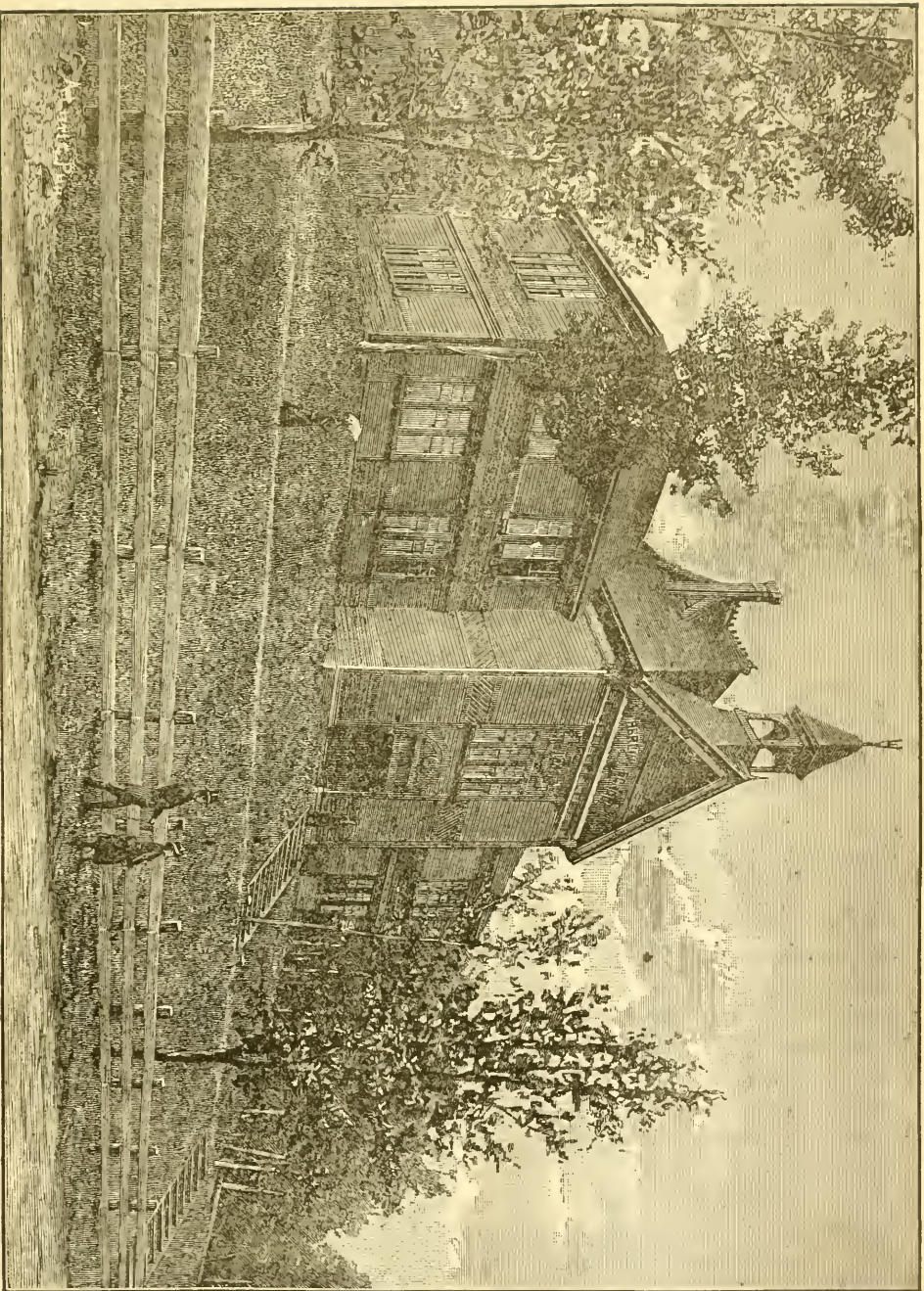
FOREST FIBRE COMPANY.

The large chemical pulp-mill of this company attracts prominently the attention of every visitor to Berlin, by its conspicuous location, the prominence and size of the buildings, the thick clouds of smoke rising from the massive smoke-stacks of its furnaces, and in the evening by the brilliancy of the electric lights, which not only illuminate the large grounds of the plant, but a much larger area. In the manufacture of wood pulp in this manufactory the wood used is principally poplar and spruce; the poplar is brought from the surrounding country, and the spruce consists of the slabs and waste product from the saw-mills of the Berlin Mills Company, several hundred yards above, and connected with the pulp-mills by a car-track. The logs and sticks, of any and all sizes, are fed into a large hopper and descend upon a set of heavy knives, revolving with great rapidity. Here they are speedily converted into small chips, which, falling on an elevator belt, are carried into the adjoining building and dropped upon the floor of the mill. They are then shovelled into iron

boilers set beneath the floor, where the chemicals are added, and the chips reduced to pulp by boiling. After coming from the boilers, the pulp is taken into large wooden tanks and passed through heavy rollers, thus straightening out the fibre and removing a large proportion of the water and chemicals. It then passes to the pressing-room, where it is made into cheeses under a hydraulic pressure of 3,500 pounds to the square inch, after which it is tied up in bags and is ready for the market. The liquid pressed from the pulp is taken to an adjoining building, and the chemicals reclaimed with very little loss. Henry H. Furbish is the directing spirit.

GLEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

In June, 1885, availing themselves of the grant of exemption made by Berlin to any establishment for the manufacture of wood-pulp which should be erected on the "great-pitch" of the Androscoggin, a number of wealthy Massachusetts capitalists formed the Glen Manufacturing Company, and erected one of the best constructed and equipped pulp and paper-mills in New England, at a cost running into hundreds of thousands of dollars. Building operations were commenced July 4, 1885, and the mill was started May 1, 1886. The special feature of this mill is the development of power, 9,000 horse-power being produced under a head of forty feet. Connected with the mill are four pairs of forty-two inch horizontal wheels, one thirty-six inch and two twenty-four inch vertical wheels, sixteen pulp-grinding machines, eight fifty-four inch rag-engines, two ninety-two inch and one



HIGH-SCHOOL BUILDING, BERLIN.

ninety-six inch paper machines. A large and complete fire service has been provided, consisting of automatic sprinklers, steam and rotary fire-pumps, etc. The mill produces thirty tons of ground wood-pulp and twenty-five tons of roll-paper a day, and employs 200 workmen. Seven double tenements were built in 1886 by the company for rent to the employés. The officers are J. L. Hobson of Haverhill, Mass., president; H. M. Knowles of Boston, treasurer; and I. B. Hosford of Haverhill, Mass., manager.

This mill, in connection with the Haverhill (Mass.) Paper Company, furnishes the print paper for the *New York Tribune*, *New York News*, *Boston Globe*, *Chicago News*, besides numerous journals of smaller circulation. It uses in the manufacture of this paper 7,000,000 feet of spruce lumber, and 4,000 cords of poplar annually.

WHITE MOUNTAIN PULP AND PAPER COMPANY.

In September, 1883, P. W. Locke purchased a guaranteed 500 horse-power near the mouth of Dead river, of Daniel Green, and at once began the erection of a three-ton pulp-mill. In December, 1883, the White Mountain Pulp and Paper Company was organized, with a capital of \$40,000, B. S. Gibson, of Portland, president, P. W. Locke, treasurer, A. M. Munce, clerk. In 1885 the company more than doubled the capacity of the mill, purchasing additional power sufficient to run it. Additions were made in 1886 which have increased the capacity to seven tons a day and give employment to thirty men. The mill

uses about 1,800 cords of spruce and poplar wood per annum, and is lighted at night by forty-one of Edison's incandescent electric lights. In 1886 Benjamin F. Hosford, of Boston, Mass., purchased the interest of Mr. Locke. The officers were B. F. Hosford, president, A. M. Munce, treasurer, superintendent, and clerk. In August, 1887, this mill passed into the hands of the Glen Manufacturing Co., and Charles D. Porter succeeded Mr. Munce in his offices. Production increased to 12 tons daily. There is 1800 horse power utilized at No. 2.

The Glen Manufacturing Company's mill No. 3 was built in 1888 on the old Horner & Hastings privilege, on the site of the first mill in Berlin. The capacity of the mill is six tons of ground wood pulp per diem. The horse-power is 900. The three mills give employment to 400 men.

Hon. Samuel E. Paine, state senator from Coös county for 1887-'88, has been a resident of Berlin for eighteen years, and one of its keenest business men. His active life has been mostly passed in Milan and Berlin, and wholesome practical results testify to his business ability. A Democrat in politics, a Universalist in religion, he supports in the most energetic manner anything he deems for the good of the public, which has often called him to positions of trust. The senator is immensely popular with the masses, and rarely fails to carry his point. He was representative from Berlin in 1877, 1885, 1886.

Physicians.—The early physicians were those who were called from a distance. The visits of Dr. John

Grover, of Bethel, Me., Dr. O. B. Howe, of Shelburne, and Dr. O. M. Twitchell, are remembered by the older citizens as being often made, and furnishing the medical aid of the day. Later, Dr. H. F. Wardwell and Dr. E. M. Wight came from Gorham. Finally, Dr. Wardwell located here, the first settled physician of Berlin. His practice has been a large one, and with undiminished clientage he is to-day as brisk and cheerful, as cordially welcomed to the homes of the suffering, as when he first threw his "pill-bags" over the back of his horse for a trip up the Androscoggin. Dr. F. A. Colby, a young man of cosmopolitan experience and thorough medical knowledge, came here in June, 1882, and after a stay of nearly three years sold out his practice, in April, 1885, to Dr. F. B. Locke. After two years' residence on the Pacific coast on account of his health he returned to Berlin, purchased from Dr. Locke the right to again practice in the village, and permanently located here in February, 1887. Dr. J. A. Morris came here from Littleton in 1886. Dr. Lavallee is the French physician. Dr. J. D. Holt settled in Berlin in April, 1888, and Dr. H. W. Johnson settled in August of the same year.

One of the oldest and most prominent business men of Berlin is Daniel Green, in whose possession at various times has been all the water-power along the Androscoggin at Berlin. His sons Sullivan D. Green and John W. Green are residents of Berlin.

Among the young, enterprising, and successful business men, no one ranks higher than Eugene W. Scribner, born in Gilead, March 12, 1852, who

settled in Berlin in 1870. He is a Democrat, and has served Berlin as selectman, and Coös county as county commissioner two terms. He has lately moved to Fort Payne, Ala.

The law business of the village is attended to by Robert N. Chamberlin and Daniel J. Daly. Mr. Chamberlin was born in Bayor, N. Y., July 24, 1856, and comes of French stock. His father lives at West Stewartstown. Mr. Chamberlin commenced to study law in the winter of 1877-'8, and was admitted to the bar at Guildhall, Vt., in 1881, and to the New Hampshire courts in 1883. He settled in Berlin in 1881, and is a member-elect of the New Hampshire legislature. He is a Republican. Mr. Chamberlin is a ready speaker, a well read lawyer, an energetic worker, and would make a good presiding officer of any assembly. Daniel J. Daly was born in Lancaster, Jan. 27, 1859, read law with W. & H. Heywood, and was admitted to the bar in March, 1885, and a few months later settled in Berlin. He is a Democrat, and was elected State Solicitor for Coös county at the last biennial election for a term of two years, running largely ahead of his ticket.

The firm of Twitchell & Goss was established in Berlin in November, 1888. Mr. Twitchell resides in Gorham. Herbert I. Goss, born in Vermont, Dec. 4, 1857, read law in St. Johnsbury, and was admitted to the bar in Vermont in June, 1883, and in New Hampshire in July, 1885.

George H. Hoadley, D. D. S., located in Berlin in 1886. He is a native of Vermont.

As might be expected in such a young and thriving village, most of

the business of the place is in the hands of young and active men.

Stahl Brothers, dealers in dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, fancy goods, carpeting, jewelry, silver-ware, etc., established in 1881, claim the largest store and largest stock in Coös county, with branches in Gorham and New York. The brothers are natives of Germany.

The firm of C. C. Gerrish & Co., dealers in dry goods and general merchandise, was founded in 1878. They have a large store, and do a large business. The firm consists of Charles C. and William H. Gerrish, cousins, who came from Maine.

J. B. Gilbert, dealer in hardware and furniture, started in business in January, 1889.

Pickford Brothers, dealers in groceries, clothing, and general merchandise, were established in 1887. They settled in Berlin in 1876. They are natives of Quebec.

A. B. Forbush, jeweller, carries a choice stock of goods. He is a native of Lancaster, N. H., and has been in business in Berlin since January, 1885.

Hodgdon & Crowell, dealers in general hardware, silver, tin, crockery, glassware, stoves, sporting goods, paint, and furniture, attend to the plumbing and steam-heating of the village, and manufacture tin plate, sheet iron and copper work, steam boilers, furnaces, and gas machines. The firm was established in 1885.

F. F. Bisbee, druggist, successor of F. C. Stevens, commenced business in April, 1889.

Stearns, Wheeler & Co., dealers in general merchandise, meats, and provisions, were established in July,

1888. The firm succeeded John B. Noyes, who sold the business when he was appointed P. M. The Co. is George W. Page.

Tucker & Hodgdon, dealers in hay, grain, flour, clothing, and groceries, was established in June, 1888. The members of the firm are both natives of Coös. Mr. Tucker has been in business since 1886.

Life insurance and accident insurance business in the village is attended to by E. M. Abbott, a resident of Berlin since 1869, and a native of Stow, Maine.

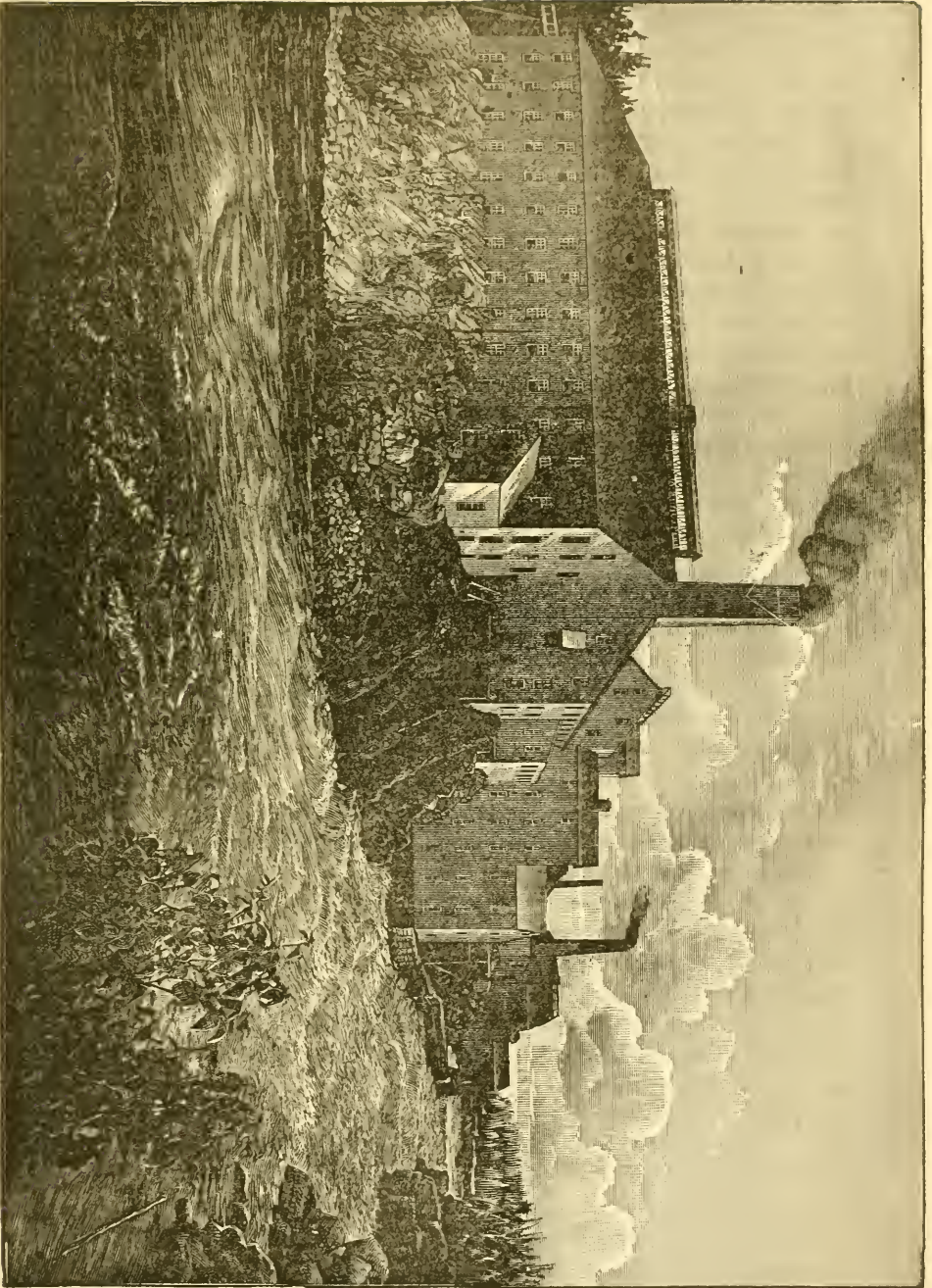
Oliver Lambert, dealer in dry goods, ready made clothing, boots and shoes, and general merchandise, settled in Berlin in 1879, and has been in business since 1884. He is a native of Quebec.

Frank L. Wilson, druggist, was established in business in the village in 1885. He comes of Londonderry, N. H., stock, and has lived in town since 1855.

The Wilson House, A. C. Evans, proprietor, has a good livery connected with it. It is a small hotel of twenty-four sleeping-rooms, and the only hotel in town. The Cascade House, very popular with the traveling public, was sold in the fall of 1888, and is to be turned into a parochial school.

The *Berlin Independent*, a Republican newspaper published by W. A. Boothby, was first issued early in April, 1888.

The future of the town is assured. Such immense water-power, only partially utilized, is certain to be all improved in the near future, and Berlin has only commenced its career as a manufacturing centre.



FOREST FIBRE COMPANY'S MILL, BERLIN.

HON. WILLIAM E. CHANDLER.

Hon. William E. Chandler was elected June 15, 1887, by the legislature of New Hampshire, to fill out the unexpired term in the senate of the United States caused by the death of Hon. Austin F. Pike. At that time we predicted in the pages of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* that the state would be represented by another strong senator; that he would enter the senate chamber with a national reputation for sagacity and wisdom; and that his ability and influence would be immediately recognized by that body. For two years Mr. Chandler has served New Hampshire in the senate of the United States—the most august legislative body since the days when the Roman senate governed the world: only two years of a senatorial career, yet long enough to demonstrate to his constituents and to the whole country that Mr. Chandler is the equal of any of his senatorial associates.

The most important work of modern legislative bodies is done in committees. Mr. Chandler, very properly, was given a place on the Committee on Naval Affairs, being peculiarly fitted for the duties of that important committee from his service as Secretary of the Navy during the administration of President Arthur. He was also a member of the Committee on the Improvement of the Mississippi River, of the Committee on Railroads, of the Committee on Additional Accommodations for the Library of Congress, of the Committee on Indian Traders, and of the Committee on the Suppression of Epidemic Diseases.

During the session of the Fiftieth Congress Mr. Chandler spoke on the tariff, on the fishery treaty with Great Britain, on instituting a department of agriculture, on the work of the civil service commission, on naval affairs, and on the irregularities occurring at the election of the legislature in the state of Louisiana.

His speeches were listened to by his brother senators, and were read by thoughtful men in every section of the country. They were words of wisdom, strong in common-sense, appealing to the judgment, convincing the reason, understood by all. He addressed a home audience of over sixty million people. His political opponents found in him a fair if a bold and aggressive antagonist. His incisive speeches would sometimes cut them like a knife, but all recognized his conscientiousness and his patriotism.

Every patriotic American, especially every New Englander, if he has not already done so, should read Mr. Chandler's speech on the fishery treaty. To him was largely due the rejection by the senate of a treaty which would have been a disgrace to the great American people.

The resolutions, introduced into the senate by Mr. Chandler, demanding an inquiry into election methods in Louisiana, and his clear and ringing speech exposing frauds against American suffrage in that commonwealth, influenced the north and in no small measure contributed to marshalling the Northern states in an almost unbroken phalanx to offset and counteract the iniquitous

methods adopted in some of the Southern states to carry an election.

Mr. Chandler is credited by his political opponents with having secured the election of Rutherford B. Hayes to the presidency. He certainly took no inconspicuous part in those days in maintaining that the right should prevail. His friends claim that indirectly during the last election he was no inconsiderable factor in the great victory achieved by his party. He did not hesitate to "wave the bloody shirt." So long as an American citizen, white or black, is deprived of his right to cast his ballot, or is robbed of the right to have that ballot fairly counted, so long will Mr. Chandler boldly and openly oppose such crimes against the suffrage.

From his first entry upon his senatorial duties Mr. Chandler took a broad and statesmanlike view of all subjects which came up for consider-

ation in the senate. Faithful in small things, in matters of great import Mr. Chandler has been equally faithful. Seeking always the best interests of the country, he is staunch and stalwart in his allegiance to the great political party which he helped to organize, and which by his counsel and advice for a quarter of a century he has wisely led.

In ability, in political experience, in sagacity, and in statesmanship which comprehends our complicated foreign relations, as well as the needs, demands, and necessities of every section of our country, and the wants and rights of every citizen, Mr. Chandler is the peer of Hale and Frye of Maine, Edmunds and Morrill of Vermont, Hoar and Dawes of Massachusetts, Evarts of New York, Sherman of Ohio, Ingalls of Kansas, and of all those great men whose public services render so distinguished the senate of the United States.

EARLY HISTORY OF LEBANON.—Concluded.

August 10, 1772. Voted, to build a meetinghouse on the east end of Mr. Hill's pasture, near Maj. Slapp's. Voted, that the former committee appointed to build near Mr. Turner's, build said meetinghouse at the east end of Mr. Hill's pasture, aforesaid, 48 ft. in length, 34 broad, and 10 or 12 ft. posts. Voted, to disannul and make void all former votes passed in said town respecting a meetinghouse, excepting the timber heretofore procured for that purpose.

March, 1773. After the election of the town officers, voted to raise 40

pounds to make and repair highways, and 20 pounds for the support of a school, and submitted the laying out of a road from Masquama bridge through Jon^a. Dana's and Maj. Slapp's land to the meetinghouse, to the discretion of the selectmen. It would be proper, for a better understanding of the location, to state that said road is the one now travelled from the said bridge (called the Hubbard bridge) to West Lebanon, on the south side of which, about half way between the Luther Allen house and the cottage of Richard Kimball, stood the wan-

dering and metamorphosed meeting-house.

At a meeting Sept. 7, 1773, Jedediah Hebbard and Jonathan Dana were chosen Grand Jurymen. The first elected in town. Voted, that Jury boxes be procured by the selectmen, and that the said selectmen get a plan of the meetinghouse and lay it before the town in order to erect pews and seats in said house.

March, 1774, town officers chosen. Raised 40 pounds for roads and bridges.

May 30, 1774, made choice of Nehemiah Estabrooks Grand Juror, to serve at the Hon. Superior Court at Plymouth. Query. Whether the town will do anything to finish the meetinghouse. Resolved in the negative.

Sept. 4, 1774. Chose Sam^l Payne and John Hyde Grand Jurymen for the year ensuing.

Jan^y 5, 1775. Voted to build a Grist mill and chose a committee to look out a place and make report. Voted the sum of 30 pounds for the support of schools, and chose a committee to divide the town into districts for school purposes. The Committee reported four districts, and gave to the first £11-18-6 ; 2, £9-16-6 ; 3^d, £5-8-6 ; 4th, £2-16-6 ; making £30. Said report signed by John Wheatley, John Slapp, John Griswold, Bela Turner, and Jedediah Hebbard.

March¹ 14, 1775, being the commencement of a new era in the history of the country, the names of the town officers elected will be given (viz.), Nehemiah Estabrooks, Mod-

erator ; Dea. Nehemiah Estabrooks, John Wheatley, Esq., and Lt. John Griswold, Selectmen ; Silas Waterman, Town Clerk and Treasurer ; Azariah Bliss, Constable ; Charles Saxton, John Lyman, Abiel Willis, and Nath^l Porter, Jr., Tytheing men ; Henry Woodard, Lt. Samuel Payne, Nath^l Porter, Jr., and Zacheus Downer, Highway Surveyors ; Lt. John Griswold, Joseph Martin, and Ensign W^m Dana, Fence viewers ; Capt. Bela Turner, Sealer ; Joseph Wood, James Jones, Samuel Bailey, Abel Wright, and Charles Hill, Haywards ; Nath^l Storrs, Silas Waterman, Ebenezer Bliss, and Jesse Cook, School Collectors ; Bela Turner, John Wheatley, Levi Hyde, John Griswold, and John Slapp, School Committee. Voted £6 to defray town debts, and £40 lawful money for repairing highways and bridges. Also voted £2 to defray the expenses of the committee appointed by the Province of New Hampshire to attend the Continental Congress.

July 17, 1775, chose Nehemiah Estabrooks, Maj. John Griswold, John Wheatley, John Slapp, Silas Waterman, Jedediah Hebbard, and Azariah Bliss, a Committee of Safety. Voted, that in case it is not convenient for all to meet, any number, not less than three, may be empowered to act, and that any one of the committee may be empowered to issue a warrant in case of necessity, or deputize an officer if occasion shall require it. Voted, that said committee be directed to confer with the committees of the neighboring towns,

¹ The proceedings of the town-meeting following from March 14, 1775, to 1783, were of so much interest that we have given them entire as copied by the late C. C. Benton, from whose writings the foregoing statements of town-meeting doings have been gathered.—ED.

that there may be a plan of uniformity in their proceedings.

Feb. 1, 1776, Resolved, to pursue the present plan proposed for a redress of grievances, and chose Dea. Estabrooks, John Wheatley, and John Griswold to act as said Committee, and to correspond on that subject with other towns.

March 12, 1776, chose Dea. Estabrooks, Moderator, Silas Waterman, Town Clerk and Treasurer, and the remainder of the usual town officers.

March 31, 1776, Dea. Estabrooks moderator. Query—whether the town of Lebanon will procure a town stock of ammunition for the use of said town. Resolved in the affirmative. Whether the town will direct the selectmen to procure one hundred pounds of powder, four hundred pounds of lead, six hundred flints, to be deposited in some proper place in said town, and under the direction of the selectmen as a town stock of ammunition for said town, and also to see if the town will agree to purchase a like quantity of powder &c., to be disposed of by said town to the inhabitants thereof, at a reasonable price, in order to accommodate them for the ensuing muster in May next. Resolved in the affirmative.

March 11, 1777, chose the usual town officers, and elected Maj. Slapp, Lieut. Ticknor, Dea. Dana, a committee of safety. Voted to the soldiers from this town, in the Royalton company in proportion with Hanover, said to be eight men at 10 each. In regard to the small pox, voted that the people of Lebanon who are disposed to be inoculated, shall have preëminence before the people of other towns, and in case there is suf-

ficient room, the doctor may take some from other towns, but under very stringent rules. Voted, the committee of safety appoint as many meet persons as they shall judge necessary to accommodate the public as tavern keepers in the town the current year, under such restrictions and regulations as they shall judge most conducive to the peace and good order of the town, and the public generally. Voted, that Charles Sexton and Zacheus Downer be inspectors of public houses in this town the current year.

April 14, 1777, voted not to choose a county register.

November 26, 1777, voted not to direct the selectmen to pursue the warrant sent to them by the assembly at Exeter, for the choice of counsellor and representative the ensuing year. Voted, that the town will vindicate the selectmen in their non-compliance with the aforesaid warrant.

Town meeting December 24, 1777. Voted, to choose a committee of three men to examine into the cases of those persons who neglected their duty, when draughted into the public service the current year. Maj. Slapp, Joseph Wood, and Lemuel Hough were chosen said committee. Voted, that the aforesaid committee be and are hereby authorized and empowered to detain such delinquents as aforesaid before them, and to make strict inquiry into the cause of their neglect; and if said committee shall judge their reasons sufficient, they shall acquit them or him. If otherwise, said committee shall exact a fine not exceeding ten pounds, of each delinquent for every defect as

aforesaid. And said committee are hereby empowered, in case of non-compliance, to issue forth a warrant for the collecting said fine out of the estate of such delinquents as shall refuse to pay as aforesaid, said fines to be improved for the benefit or encouragement of such of the inhabitants of said Lebanon as have gone or hereafter shall go into the public service.

March 10, 1778. After election of town officers, voted that all taxes that may be granted the current year shall be raised upon the dollar by an equal distribution, according to the number of polls in town, and that the assessors shall assess the inhabitants of this town. and if any shall refuse to pay, who is liable, or is suspected of not giving in a true account of his interest, and refuses to take his oath, then the assessors shall assess them according to their best judgment, in such sums as to them appears equitable in such a case.

March 31, 1778, voted that Amos Robinson, and any other person disposed to attend public worship in this town, have full liberty therefor as they shall think proper. Voted, Azariah Bliss and Jesse Cook be tavern keepers the current year.

Voted, that the committee of safety and selectmen exert their authority to suppress tippling-houses in this town the current year. Voted, to raise the sum of £291-17-6 as a Continental tax, to be paid in Continental bills into the town treasury by the first day of October next.

Voted, that the public tax of £200, granted February 3, 1778, be paid in Continental bills, and bills emitted by the state of New Hampshire.

A pamphlet containing the Constitution of Vermont being read in the meeting, voted, unanimously, to accept it with the several articles of alteration, proposed to be made thereof by the convention of committees from a considerable number of towns on the grants east of Connecticut river, and concur with such towns as are disposed on said easterly grants, in the proposed union with the State of Vermont." Voted, that Dea. Estabrooks and John Wheatley be a committee to represent the town of Lebanon in the proposed convention of committees from a number of towns on the grants east of Connecticut river, to be held in said Lebanon in May next.

June 26, 1778, Voted, the sum of £8-0-0, being the proportion of said Lebanon, of the public expense arising from the complication of the union with the State of Vermont. Voted, a tax of £37-15-2 to discharge the debts of the town. Voted, that Mr. Waters, Mr. Jones, Joseph Tilden, and Martin Dewey be released from a fine laid upon them for delinquency in public service. Voted, that Maj. Slapp procure a copy of an act passed by the state of Vermont, for regulating taverns and preventing tippling houses.

July 7, 1778, Voted, that an average, with respect to the public service, be made amongst the inhabitants of said Lebanon upon polls and estate, and that the selectmen be a committee to join the military officers in making said average.

December 1, 1778, Voted, that we approve of the conduct of our representatives and others, members of the Assembly of the State of Ver-

mont (held at Windsor in said State, in October last), who dissented from said Assembly, excluding the sixteen towns east of Connecticut river (that had entered into a union with said State) from any privilege whatsoever, that might, and in justice ought, to accrue to said town, by virtue of their aforesaid union with said State. Chose Dea. Estabrooks and John Wheatley to represent the town of Lebanon, in a proposed convention of the towns upon the grants east and west of Connecticut river, to be held at Cornish in this month.

Annual meeting March 9, 1779, chose town officers, and also chose Dea. Estabrooks, John Wheatley, Elihu Hyde, Silas Waterman, and Edmund Freeman, a committee of safety. Adjourned to April 20, 1779.

Voted, that all monies received for taxes and from other sources, and all payments shall be made equal in value to what it was in 1774. Voted, a tax of £20 to pay town debts. Voted, to build a bridge over the river Mascoma, near the house of Jesse Cook, as soon as public affairs will admit, and chose a committee to examine and select the most proper spot and report. Voted, £40 for repair of highway, and that labor should be three shillings per day at the rate of wheat at six shillings per bushel. Adjourned to May 3, 1779, at the house of Azariah Bliss, innholder. Voted, to erect a cart bridge over the river Mascoma, near the house formerly occupied by Jesse Cook and voted a tax of £11 for said purpose, accounting wheat 6/—Rye 4/—Indian corn 3/—per bushel. Voted £2-12-0 to James Jones for

the journey of his horse to Saratoga, and 3/— for the loss of his bridle.

July 16, 1779, voted, to choose agents to attend a convention to be held at Dresden [now Hanover Plain], and made choice of Dea. Estabrooks and Capt. Turner, July 28. Voted, to accept said committee's report, and concur with the late convention at Dresden in their further proceedings. Voted, that the town provide three gallons of rum, for those who assist in raising the bridge over the river near Capt. Turner's.

December 22, 1779. Voted, to raise the sum of £200, for defraying the charges of an agent or agents to represent the circumstances of the people upon the New Hampshire grants, before the Hon. the Continental Congress, the first day of February next. Voted, that the constable shall not demand any part of the above tax of £200, of any of the inhabitants of this town who have put themselves under the protection of the State of New Hampshire.

January 26, 1780, voted, that the company officers of the militia in this town, select six men for a scouting party in conjunction with other towns, in order to make discovery of the enemy, if any there be, and give timely notice to the inhabitants.

Voted, also, to recommend it to the said officers to equip fifty-six men, to be ready at a minute's warning, to march against the enemy in case of an invasion, and to be put in the best condition to resist a general attack. Voted, that the six men for scouting be engaged till the first day of April next, unless sooner discharged, and also that each man receive forty shillings per month for the

time being as money passed in 1774, and also that the town provide each man with a blanket and a pair of snow-shoes, to be returned to said town. Voted, that in case Lieut. Ticknor should fail to go with said scouts—that they choose any one they please to take his place. Voted, that the authority of this town stop the transporting of all kinds of provisions that may be attempted to be carried away, from or through this town, till the danger of the enemy be over, excepting such as are purchased for the use of the Continental army. Voted, that the authorities of the town, and all others be directed to examine all strangers suspected to be spies, and if need be to detain them, as the exigency of the case may require. February 4, 1780, at a special meeting, voted, to raise four men in addition to the six men already raised for a scouting party, and be furnished with blankets and snow-shoes on the same conditions, and paid the same.

Annual meeting March 14, 1780. After the election of town officers they chose Dea. Estabrooks, Elihu Hyde, and Elisha Lathrop, committee of safety, then voted that the executive authority of the town shall proceed in their several departments to pursue and conform themselves to the rules prescribed in the laws of Connecticut, especially those acts that more immediately refer to the peace and good order of towns, &c. Voted, £35 to pay indebtedness, £40 for repairs of highways, and £20 for cutting roads, as money went in 1774. Voted, that the authorities pursue the rules of the Connecticut laws, so far as they may be consistent with the

present political state of the town of Lebanon.

Voted, That one half of the town meetings be held in future at the dwelling-house of Zalmon Aspenwall and at Henry Woodward's. Voted to raise £10, accounting wheat at 6/ per bushel, forthwith to be paid to Capⁿ Payne as a bounty for raising five men for scouting northward for six months unless sooner discharged. Also voted that the town will assist the militia officers in raising twelve men for one month, and to pay each man serving as aforesaid ten bushels of wheat or money equivalent by the 20th of January next, and that the selectmen provide for the support of said twelve men for one month at the expense of the town, and that they supply them with ammunition in case they are not supplied from the public stores.

Nov^r 9, 1780. Voted to keep a guard upon the public roads as long as it shall be thought necessary, and to request the military officers to class such men in town under their command, as are fit for duty, to attend upon guarding as aforesaid, and in case of delinquency, after due notice, shall be liable to a fine of one bushel of wheat or the equivalent in money. They also chose Elihu Hyde, Simeon Peck, Nath^l. Storrs and Theophilus Huntington to be a committee to adjust the accounts of provisions expended in the late alarm, and also the wages and provision of the twelve men—and also directed the selectmen to purchase one barrel of powder and lead and flints in proportion, and to render an account thereof to the town. Then voted a tax of £82-0-6 to defray the expenses of the

town caused by the late alarm—and also the wages and rations of the said twelve men raised for their services on the frontier, and also appointed Hnckin Storrs to remove the provisions from Strafford to Royalton in case said men are ordered to that town. Voted a tax of £114-19-7 to defray the expenses of the town. And voted to Stephen Bliss £2-18-9 for sundries paid soldiers in Col. Chase's, Col. Bellows' and Col. Ellis' Regiments; and voted, that the town is willing to pay their proportion of thirteen gal^s. of rum, delivered out of Col. Chase's store in said Lebanon by order of Capt Payne and Col. Chase, to the soldiers when passing through in the late alarm.

Dec. 25, 1780. Voted that Elihu Hyde be a delegate to attend the convention at Charlestown according to a proposition from the County of Cheshire. Voted to raise £25 to procure one hundred pounds of powder and lead and flints in proportion.

March 2, 1781. By request, Voted to raise six men for a scouting party, to give each man eight bushels of wheat pr month, and to provide for the said men, 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ ^{lbs}. flour, one pound of pork and one gill rum pr day—and that the militia officers see to raising said men.

March 13, 1781, chose Elihu Hyde moderator, John Wheatley, town clerk, Nath^l. Storrs, Hezekiah Waters and Edmund Freeman, selectmen, Elihu Hyde, Dea. Estabrook and Maj. Lathrop, Committee of Safety, Constant Storrs, Constable, Nath^l Wheatley and Wm. Dana, Grand Jurors. Voted £40 for repairing highways—and the several articles of union agreed upon by the Assembly

Committee of the State of Vermont and the committee of convention from the County of Cheshire and Grafton &c. being read in said meeting, was agreed to *Nem con*, and voted Col. Elisha Payne and Lt. Elihu Hyde represent the town of Lebanon in the Assembly of Vermont, to be holden at Windsor on the first day of April next. Voted that all monies raised by taxes on appropriated lands in town be applied for the support of schools in Lebanon.

Ap^l. 30, 1781. Voted to pay Col. Payne for his services in the late convention at Cornish. Also to pay £43 for expenses in the late alarm at Newbury. Voted that Nath^l Bosworth be a brander of horses. Voted to pay each man that will engage in the service for this town, twenty shillings per month from the time of their enlistment until discharged, and that they shall be free from bearing any part in the payment of said bounty. Voted to build a Pound near Esq^t. Hyde's, and that Henry Woodward be pound keeper. Also voted that the selectmen procure barrels in which to secure provisions, and that each man provide his own salt according to his quota of provisions assigned him according to his list. The selectmen made a committee to look out a proper place to erect a bridge over the river Mascoma, near Gov^r Payne's Mill (which was at East Lebanon).

Annual March meeting, 1782. Town officers chosen. Voted to raise ten hard dollars immediately to bear the expense of an Agent, now going to the Assembly of New Hampshire. Voted that the Selectmen take into their care, the money of the Vermont emission now in the

treasury, and make the best use of it for the benefit of the town.

May 10, 1782. Nathaniel Storrs was added to the committee for examining into the expenditures of the town in the contest with Great Britain. The selectmen were directed to furnish plank to cover the bridge lately raised over the Mascoma river near Simeon Peck's interval [which stood about 70 or 80 rods below the present one at the Scythe Factory].

Aug^t. 12, 1782. Met at the dwelling house of Zalmon Aspinwall. Query, Whether the town will raise nine men, sent for by the State of New Hampshire, to join the Continental army. Resolved in the negative. Whether they will raise one man for the defence of the Frontier to serve as a soldier till November. Resolv^d in the Negative. Whether they will raise the sum of £914-13-4 demanded by the State of New Hampshire. Resolv^d in the negative. Whether they will choose one or two men to set in Convention at Concord in the aforesaid State to assist in forming a Constitution for said State of New Hampshire. Resolved, in the affirmative. Chose John Wheatley to represent the town of Lebanon in said Convention for the purpose aforesaid.

Sept. 24, 1782. Voted to recall the said Representative chosen to attend the Convention at Concord. Adjourned to the fourth day of Oct^r, and voted to reconsider the vote passed in said meeting, Sept. 24, 1782, for recalling their Representative elected to a seat in said convention.

Nov. 12, 1782, Voted to postpone the Consideration of the Constitution

framed for the State of New Hampshire for the present—and appointed Col. Payne, Maj. Griswold, Esq^r. Hyde, Lt. Hebbard and W^m. Chaplin a committee to examine said Constitution, and make report to the town.

Nov. 26. Voted to recall their Representative who joined the Convention at Concord, and *voted* that the above vote to *withdraw* be sent to said Convention, to be entered upon the files thereof. A committee was appointed to examine into the matter represented to the town by Col. Payne and others, respecting their being set off in a district from the town. From Feb^y 24, 1783, to March 14, 1786 (being about three years) the record is missing.

The first male child born in the town was Thomas Waterman, July 11, 1766, though on the records is found "Roger Hebbard, son of Jedediah Hebbard, born August 13, 1764." This is to be explained by the fact that Roger was born in Connecticut just previous to the migration of his parents, and hence his birth was recorded here. In 1768 a horse road, or properly a cart road, was completed through to Charlestown, and in the following year a grist-mill was built, upon the site, it is said, now occupied by the mill of Thomas P. Waterman.

In the War for Independence the people of Lebanon took an active part. Every male inhabitant signed what is known as the "test;" and the return was made July 4, 1776. Many of the inhabitants were found in the army doing valiant services for their country. Luther Wheatley fell, mortally wounded.

William Downer was one of the

first settlers in Lebanon. He came from Lebanon, Conn., about the year 1763. Having purchased the right of land, containing five hundred acres, which was reserved in the charter of Lebanon, in the Province of New Hampshire, to the Hon. Benning Wentworth, governor of said Province, he made arrangements to remove from the old to the new Lebanon, and soon left with his family. Their small collection of furniture and other goods was packed, carried to the Connecticut river, put on board of two canoes, and, with the assistance of two men, commenced their journey up the river. On the eighth day from their departure they landed on the said Wentworth's tract of land, one of the most choice locations in town. It was situated in the extreme south-west corner of the town bordering on the west bank of the Connecticut river and on the north line of Plainfield, and lying, as it does, in a graceful bend of the river, and so well proportioned with meadow and upland, that it has always been celebrated as a desirable property, and well known as the Downer farm, the same which is now owned and occupied by Mr. Bradley True. Mr. Downer lived on the farm up to the time of his decease in 1784, aged 55 years.

Among their children was William, Jr., who was born in Lebanon, Conn., in 1753, and came to Lebanon, N. H., when he was ten years of age. He married twice. The name of his last wife was Anna Wilson. In the two families were thirteen children. William was a peculiar sort of a man, and was guilty of a breach of good faith with his father. The old gen-

tleman made his purchase of the governor on a credit, and gave a mortgage for security. Not being able to meet his engagements, he sent his son, William, Jr., to his excellency the governor, to arrange for an extension of time. William, Jr., attended to the business without delay, but ignored his father's instructions and secured to himself the title to the farm, and left his father without a claim, thus causing much unhappiness in the family. His mother said that such a fraud upon his father would be followed by a punishment from an All-Wise power, and that he would never prosper on his journey through life. And the mother's prophecy proved true, for poverty became his handmaid while he lived. Among his thirteen children there was another William, Jr., who never married. He was called "Bill" Downer, and, according to the words of his cousin, Elisha Downer, "he was filled with the devil," and nothing could restrain him in his wild career. He became a sailor and followed the seas for some years. At last he was unfortunate, got caught in bad company, was taken into Liverpool, England, by a British man-of-war, where, with his comrades, he received the penalty for crimes committed on the high seas. This proved the last wreck in his voyage of life.

Another son of William Downer, senior, was Joseph, who was born in 1759, and came to Lebanon with his father when he was four years old. He married Mary Aldrich, sister of Richard Aldrich, about 1785. He commenced his first settlement on the north side of the brook opposite the old homestead, where his brother,

William, Jr., lived, who succeeded his father, and lived there many years, until after the decease of William, Jr., after which a change in the property took place, with Elisha on the same old farm up to the time of his death, Augt. 24, 1841, aged 82 years. His wife Mary lived to the advanced age of 90 years. Their children were

Hannah, born Dec. 1, 1787.

Martha, born June 23, 1789.

Mary, born June 2, 1791.

Joseph, Jr., born May 21, 1793.

John Colburn came from Connecticut at an early day and settled on the land which is now owned by John Miller. His house was built on the meadow near the present bank of the river, and about twenty rods easterly from the north end of the foot-bridge which crosses from the Agricultural Manufactory to the north side of the Mascoma river. The first road that was laid out from the Connecticut up the valley of the Mascoma river was located the whole distance on the north side, as there were no bridges for some years, and Mr. Colburn's

house was built on this road; and it remained there until bridges changed the travel and new roads were made. Then the old house was removed to the same spot where Mr. Miller's brick house now stands, which remained there until destroyed by fire about the year 1830. The writer remembers seeing the old cellar after the house was removed, but there is no appearance of it at the present time. He was also present at the burning of the house.

John, Jr., the oldest son, came from Connecticut with his father and mother, and was married August 25, 1785, to Theody Dunham, and lived on the same farm with the old folks, or rather the old folks lived with him. Their children were

Luther, who died young.

John, Jr., born July 21, 1787.

Permelia, born Dec. 24, 1790.

Roxana, born Oct. 18, 1788.

Theody, born June 11, 1792.

Luther, born Nov. 4, 1793.

Dan, born Oct. 8, 1795.

George & Giles, twins, Nov. 16, 1797.

Jerusha, born Aug. 10, 1799.

DR. PHINEHAS PARKHURST.

A brief history of one of the early settlers in Lebanon, including a sketch of his father's family.

BY C. C. BENTON.

Tilly Parkhurst, the father of Dr. Parkhurst, was born in Plainfield, Conn., in 1729, and died in Royalton, July 11, 1802. He married the widow of Elias Stevens, whose maiden name was Sarah Shepherd, and was born in Conn. in 1730, and died in Royalton December 12, 1816, aged 86.

She had a young son, named Elias,

Jr., who was adopted a member of the Parkhurst family. They continued their residence in Connecticut several years after their marriage—even until the birth of all their children. At an early day, however, they left their old home and removed to Royalton, Vt., where they located a new one, and settled in the valley

of White River about two miles below South Royalton. Their home was established there several years previous to the charter of the town, which was granted in the year 1779.

The children of Tilly and Sarah Parkhurst were Jabez, Ebenezer, Molly, and Phinehas.

The father was active, energetic, and persevering, and, with the assistance of his boys, opened his new farm in the wilderness, erected house and barns, raised a fair stock, and was successful in his business until that unfortunate raid of the Indians at the burning of Royalton in 1780. At that time the torch was applied to his house, as it was to all others in the vicinity, and a great conflagration extended up and down the White River valley in Royalton. The destruction of his property was complete, excepting a portion of the bucket which contained a quantity of maple sugar that the Indians probably overlooked. The family succeeded in escaping upon a very short notice. Ebenezer was chased into the woods, and hid himself under a fallen tree; and other members of the family escaped in different ways, which will be noticed hereafter. Thinking that some of the incidents given in the history of that interesting event might be agreeable to the reader, and having in view their immediate connection with the wonderful escape of Dr. Parkhurst with his life, and their influence in moulding his occupation as a physician, the writer proposes to relate some of the most interesting facts appertaining to that savage incursion.

The first settlers in Royalton were an industrious class of men, and had

succeeded well in farm improvements, and were living in fancied security, enjoying the fruits of their labor, until the 16th day of October in the year 1780, at which time they were surprised by the appearance of about 300 Indians. They entered the town before daylight. First took John H. and Abijah Hutchinson prisoners. Next went to the house of Robert Havens, who, in pursuit of some sheep, was on a hill in sight of his house when he heard the Indians and saw them entering the door of his dwelling. Knowing that he could not give his family any assistance, he secreted himself under a log, and remained there until the danger was passed. Two young men, by name Pemberton and Burton, were killed in attempting to escape. At the house of Joseph Kneeland they found, beside himself and his father, Giles Gibbs and Jonathan Brown, and made them prisoners. Next, they entered the house of Elias Curtis, whom they took, with John Kent and Peter Mason. Mrs. Curtis had just awaked, and was dressing, when a savage entered the room and seized her by the neck with knife in hand, and just at that moment he discovered a string of gold beads, which he secured with great avidity, and left Mrs. C. unharmed.

Gen. Elias Stevens, step-son of Tilly Parkhurst, who resided in the first house on the river above the mouth of the branch, was at work some distance down the river. While there engaged, a man bareheaded, with his horse upon the run, seeing Gen. Stevens in the field, cried out,—“For God’s sake turn out your oxen for the Indians are at the mill.” The

general immediately unyoked his oxen, mounted his horse, and started for home, and on his way met Capt. Joseph Parkhurst, who informed him that the Indians were in hot pursuit near by, and, knowing that he could not render any assistance to his wife and children, he endeavored to assist his neighbors, and, when arriving at the house of Dea. Daniel Rix, he found Mrs. Rix and two children whom he took with him on his horse, and with Dea. Rix and several others on foot hastened down the river.

The general not having seen any Indians, concluded to leave his neighbors, Mrs. Rix and children, with a Mr. Burroughs, and return for his family, hoping to find them safe, but discovered the Indians a short distance from him. He quickly returned and told all to run for the woods. Those on foot were soon out of sight of the Indians and safe, as the savages were intent upon securing him. He soon reached the house of his father-in-law, Tilly Parkhurst, when seeing his half sister Molly engaged in milking, he told her to "run, or the Indians would have her." He rode to the house and told all the family to run for their lives, and continued warning others until the road was full of men, women, and children, and the Indians near by. The horrid yells of the savages frightened the women and children, and Gen. Stevens used all his exertions to get them into the woods, but most of them kept the road as far as Capt. E. Parkhurst's in Sharon, where they halted a few minutes—the Indians having stopped to plunder, but they were soon in sight—when the general put his mother and half sister on

to the horse. Capt. Joseph Parkhurst put Mrs. Rix and three of her children upon another horse without a bridle. The wife of Capt. E. Parkhurst was left with six small children without any protector, her husband being absent from home. The Indians took her oldest son and ordered the rest to leave. Soon after Gen. Stevens started, his dog came in his way, causing him to stumble, and he was obliged to flee to the woods, leaving the women and children, who were pursued, and those on foot were overtaken. They took Gardner, son of Dea. Rix, a boy fourteen years of age, and still pursued as far as the house of Mr. Benedict, where Mr. B. saved himself by hiding under a log. At last they took a young man by the name of Avery, and then gave up the chase. On the east side of the river, they went down as far as Capt. Gilbert's in Sharon, then commenced a return, destroying everything on their retreat, burning houses and barns, killing horses and cattle, and in one yard killed 14 fat oxen. Thus ended this terrible Indian raid, and the savages with their prisoners and plunder pursued their trail through the wilderness to Montreal, and there reported their brave exploits over a few defenceless men, women, and children, and no doubt received a handsome reward from the officers of a Christian government.

The foregoing incidents relating to the burning of Royalton are some of the most interesting in the history of that unhappy event. The writer has learned, and would add, that Gardner Rix, the boy fourteen years of age, who was taken by the Indians from

his mother in Royalton and carried to Canada, remained there about eighteen months. The government gave him his choice, to remain in prison or labor among the inhabitants, and he chose the latter. After his discharge as a prisoner, he came back to Royalton, grew up to manhood in his native town, got married, raised a family of children, and one among them is our worthy townsman Heman Rix, who married Betsey, the youngest daughter of Dea. Barnabas Fay, and they are now living on Hanover street in this village.

The writer will now introduce a brief history of Dr. Phinehas Parkhurst and his descendants.

Phinehas was the second son of Tilly Parkhurst, of Plainfield, Conn., and was born in that town Jan. 6, 1760. He went to Royalton, Vt., with his father, when a youth, and labored on the farm like other boys until that day of terrors in 1780, when the Indians commenced the work of destruction in the White River valley.

The evening previous to that event Phinehas was absent from home, visiting a family in the north part of the town, and near where the Indians were first seen, and being so far from home, he was easily persuaded by the family to remain until the next day. While at the breakfast-table in the morning, he heard the Indian war cry, and saw them coming like bloodhounds toward the house. He quickly passed from the house, caught the horse feeding near by and mounted instantly, taking the mother up in front and the daughter behind him, and hastened swiftly down the bank of the river to the fording-place,

crossed safely to the opposite shore, and on he rode, warning the inhabitants of the near approach of the Indians, and still hurried on until he reached a place of safety for his precious burdens, where he left them while he returned to give the alarm, and assist others in escaping. When arriving on the bank of the river at the fording-place opposite to his home, he saw a band of Indians at his father's door. He realized his danger at once, and immediately wheeled his horse. At that moment the Indians discovered him, and with a horrible shout, fired (which was the first and only gun discharged during the raid), hitting Phinehas in the back, the ball passing through his body and lodging beneath the skin in front. He grasped the ball between his fingers and urged his jaded horse on the road where he hoped to obtain the services of a surgeon. Notwithstanding the severity of the wound, he was enabled to retain his seat on the horse for several miles, but growing weak and faint, he was obliged to dismount for a little rest, and while lying almost helpless by the road-side a young woman discovered him and gave him stimulants, so that he was able to regain his seat and continue his ride to Lebanon, a distance of several miles. He was fortunate in obtaining the services of Dr. Tiba Hall, who removed the ball with safety. The wound at first was supposed to be dangerous, but it did not prove so, though he was confined some time and never fully recovered from its effect; still it never disabled him from engaging in business, or restrained him from active or laborious duties. The ball

seemed to have found an easy passage through his body, avoiding on its way every vital part, thus saving Phinehas to the world for a long life of usefulness.

It may be truly said that the angel of mercy "cast her bread upon the waters and it was returned after many days," for in time this young woman became a wife, and mother of a large family, and Dr. Parkhurst, in kindness, remembered this good woman who helped him when he lay helpless by the roadside, and whenever his skill and services were required by that wife and mother his visits were always free.

This narrow escape, and the experience of pain and suffering, gave him ample time for meditation, and when sufficiently recovered from his wound, he had formed a resolution to study medicine; and not long after his decision he became a student of Dr. Hall. Having a natural love for the profession, he applied himself with an energy which was sure to accomplish his purpose and give him success. Although without a roll of parchment to introduce him into practice, still his study and experience worked together for good, and soon crowned him with a diploma, giving him an honorable position among the physicians of that early day. He became a successful practitioner, almost by intuition, and commenced his medical labors under Dr. Hall at once, exhibiting much skill and good judgment in his practice, and receiving in return the good will and worthy praise of all his patients.

Having obtained his profession and established his character as a physi-

cian, he concluded to establish a home and secure a wife to give it sunshine. The object of his choice was his cousin, Miss Lucy Pierce, daughter of Nathaniel Pierce, of Roy-alton, Vt. She was born in Connecticut, December 28, 1762, and they were married in 1783.

After the wedding ceremony he took his young bride upon his horse, with all their household goods, and bore them safely to their plain and simple home in Lebanon, where they commenced their married life in a log house near where a red house is now standing, by Robinson's Ferry, so called, on the bank of the Connecticut river, about equal distance between the Mascoma Mills and West Lebanon. They were poor indeed in their earthly possessions, but rich in health and strength, and in the hope of a prosperous future. The doctor's wardrobe was not very extravagant, having but two shirts and one cravat, which was washed over night.

Mrs. Parkhurst used to say that she spun and wove her wedding dress, the material being linen, colored with copperas, and that her father gave her one cow, one pig, three plates, three knives and forks, and three cups and saucers, and in six months her cow and pig went to pay her husband's debts, and she took her wedding dress to make him shirts, and also said that she replaced the broken glass in the windows by pasting on paper, and that when her first child was born the snow sifted into the house between the logs. It was indeed a forlorn home for a young wife. Although "home is where the heart is," still it is sometimes a little darker before day. The doctor's

experience continued to give confidence in himself and to the public, which increased his business more and more until his practice extended many miles into Vermont and New Hampshire, and was always prompt to obey every call for services, and ever ready to go far or near, through sunshine or shade, to do his duty and relieve the sick and suffering; and thus by his industry and devotion to his business he secured many of the comforts and necessities of life to his household, and gave to his wife something more to do, and to both of them something more to enjoy.

His visits were always made on horseback at that time, and he was often seen with his saddle-bags and medicine hurrying from town to town and from place to place, in the performance of his duties. They lived and prospered in the old red house until August, 1794, at which time the doctor purchased of Isaac Walbridge the premises now owned and occupied by Mrs. Susan W., widow of the late Dea. Luther Alden, being the same land given and deeded to John Slapp, March 9, 1779, by the proprietors of the town of Lebanon, provided he would erect a dam and mills thereon, which condition was fully complied with by Mr. Slapp. He also erected a house and other buildings for the accommodation of his family. Dr. Parkhurst, at the time of his purchase in 1794, moved into the same house then on the premises, and there established a home with his wife and two children. Not long after a settlement in his new house, he commenced a light trade in raising mules for the market. The business increased rapidly, and

by uniting that with his medical practice it proved a profitable arrangement. His success in this, his first experience, induced him to pursue and systematize that peculiar branch of business by purchasing animals for the purpose, and distributing them in different portions of the country, thus establishing the raising, buying, and selling of mules, which at length became an important business in the hands of Dr. Parkhurst during his active life.

The appearance of Dr. P. represented a man a little less than the usual height, thick set—much like the Germans—short neck, a good sized, well balanced head; on the whole, a form that was well fitted to contain an iron constitution, a good heart, a strong mind, and with great human power to perform heavy duties and endure the many vicissitudes of a long life.

During the passing years a further increase in his family required more room, youthful pride desired a better house, and the doctor's success in business gave him an opportunity to gratify the wishes of all interested, and so in the year 1808, when his family consisted of his wife, two sons, and five daughters, he erected a two-story front to the old house, made other improvements on the premises, and, when completed, it was said to be one of the finest establishments in Grafton county. The writer remembers that place in 1812, with its high embankment wall, which enclosed the front yard and grounds around the house, and the long stone stairs with an iron railing which led to the front door, on which is still standing the iron railing,—and from that

pleasant location was had a beautiful view of the Mascoma river winding along its deep valley, and of the farms and hills in the distance.

He purchased the grist-mill at an early day, which was situated on the same water-power where Mr. A. M. Shaw's mill now stands. He built it over in 1839, and this was the same mill which was destroyed by fire a few years ago.

Dr. Parkhurst's energy and industry were proverbial, and his active life was a night and day labor almost superhuman, and his business capacity seemed to increase with his years, and his desire to improve opportunities for speculation induced him to invest his surplus income in mills and landed estate according to his means.

And so he purchased in early days the lands adjoining his homestead, the farm and timber lands called the Snow place, now owned by Edwin Perley, the Bliss and Downer farms, and numerous other farms and lands, numbering over sixty deeds in Grafton county. In the year 1810 he purchased the Robert Colburn farm in the centre village of Lebanon, and other lands of Nath'l Wheatley and Jesse Cook connected therewith, which included all the land between Bank street and Mascoma river, and all the land south of Bank street to Kendall and Kimball's line, nearly to South street. He also purchased meadows on the north side of the river, and the Colburn hill pasture, and these altogether eventually constituted his home farm and his last abiding-place. The first two years after his purchase he rented the premises to David Whitmore, the next two years, from 1812 to 1814, he rented it to

William Benton, who opened the house for a tavern, being at that interesting time when the war of 1812 was in full operation.

On the 4th of March, 1814, he sold the farm to Benjamin Lamphear, a gentleman from Boston, who bought it for a sheep farm, he being one of the first men who introduced Merino sheep into town, and it may be truly said that he was the greatest benefactor to the town of Lebanon and vicinity, that ever lived in the country; but like other public-spirited men, he commenced the business with great liberality, paid five dollars apiece for common sheep for crossing with the Merinos, and soon became embarrassed for want of funds. This obliged him to give up his favorite object and leave the fruit of his labors to be gathered by the farmers and others in this community, who at once adopting the ideas of Mr. Lamphear, commenced an improvement in their flocks, and in a short time they had good sheep, fine wool, great prices, and ready sales, which returned them a rich reward. Mr. Lamphear, not being able to continue the business, redeeded the farm to Dr. Parkhurst, June 14, 1816, and removed with his family to Lexington, Kentucky.

The doctor continued his residence in the pleasant home he fitted up in 1808, until the spring of 1817, at which time he sold the house and farm to the Rev. John Foord (having sold the water-power and mill property previously to Ahira Hubbard), and then removed to the Robert Colburn farm, which was located within the precinct of the centre village. The house occupied the same spot where Henry W. Carter's residence is

now standing. The old house was among the first built in this part of the town. In 1806 Mr. Colburn erected a two-story front, and soon after the doctor came in possession he made another addition, modernized the whole premises, and made it one of the handsomest residences in the village. The farm altogether was superior to any other in town, and the barns, stables, sheds, and other outbuildings, for the accommodation of mules and other stock, resembled a small town.

When the doctor commenced his trade in mules, he purchased Jacks and distributed them among his agents in sundry places in Vermont and New Hampshire,—the agents sometimes owning one half of the Jack and receiving one half of the profits. The young mules were returnable at four months old and valued at twenty-five dollars. The doctor kept a portion of the mules in his own yard, but the greater share were distributed among the farmers in different towns. As they were not marketable under two years of age, it required pasturing, which was usually a very unpleasant part of the business. Pills and jalap were a legal tender for keeping mules. The yearlings were always peaceable in the summer pastures unless a two year old happened to get in with them. Like young school children, they always behave well until an older scholar sets a bad example. Josh Billings told one truth about mules when he said that “If you wish to keep a mule in a certain pasture you must turn him into the one next to it, and he will surely jump into the right one.” Wherever mules were kept they

were the source of much trouble between neighbors, and often caused a spasmodic slip of the tongue even among sober men. The mules were easily managed in droves; a man on horseback to lead the way, and one in the rear to drive up the stragglers, were all that were necessary to take them on journeys of a thousand miles. They were often driven to the coal fields in Pennsylvania, to Richmond, Va., Charleston, S. C., Kentucky, Georgia, &c; and also sold to parties in Boston, New York, New London, Conn., and New Haven, and transported to the West India Islands and sold there in exchange for the produce of those islands. Dr. P. used to ship them to sundry places on his own account, and receive in return, rice, cotton, indigo, and tobacco, which articles opened a heavy trade between him and the country merchants in the adjoining towns.

On the return of the doctor from Boston, where he had been to sell mules, he was witness to a war of words among the stage proprietors about the stocking and settlement of the way-bills. In conversation with a neighbor he said,—“By Judas! it made me think of Priest Foord, and I don’t know but I have as good an opinion of an honest minister as anybody else, but if Priest Foord is to pilot us on the highway to the kingdom of God, I believe he would steal the money and keep back the way-bills.”

The doctor, having sold a lot of mules in Boston and settled his business, thought he would treat himself to a boat ride in the harbor. During a short voyage a violent storm arose causing sea-sickness, which prostrated

him in the bottom of the boat, causing the exclamation,—“I wish I was safe on shore!” The captain, to calm his feelings, told him the story of the old negro who was anxious to go to sea with his master, and was permitted, but the poor fellow repented during a storm and asked the captain to pray for him, and was told that “he must pray for himself,” when the old fellow fell upon his knees, saying,—“O dear, great, Massa God, if you will only carry me safely back to my good Massas’s door-stone, you will never catch dis nigger here again.” The doctor in agony said, that “the negro spoke his mind exactly.”

The doctor always kept an old Jack in a barn located where John Burnham’s house now stands. His stable was on the south side, and in it was a window just large enough to admit his head, giving the old fellow a full view of the public travel, in which he always seemed very much interested. His long ears and cotton colored head and open mouth, as he brayed a most unearthly salute to the passing teams, presented a more interesting and comical picture than could be imitated by an eminent artist. Many a time in the old meeting-house on the common, during church service, his voice has reverberated within its walls, awaking the *sleepers* from their dreams, making them think that the angel Gabriel was sounding his last trumpet. But the most amusing exhibition of his science in music was occasionally given just after reading a hymn, when the choir arose and “pitched the tune.” He often caught the first sound and ran his voice up and down the octave, grinding out the tones

and semitones with about the same harmony that is expressed in the rise and fall of an old-fashioned saw-mill gate.

The doctor was a firm Democrat, and belonged to that class who claimed the right of free speech, and always expressed his views on political subjects with freedom; and as he increased in age, his mind often skipped back to those early days in our Revolution which tried men’s souls when we had to fight the British and Tories beside.

The doctor remembered those times better than the recent past, and often, as he expressed it, had a “*tale to tell*” about that “torified possy,” who were traitors to the country. He had a string of names well established in his memory, among them were “Shem Kenfield, Zadock Wright, Ben. West, Josiah Dunham, and the Devil.” But he gave good credit to the ministers who fought well the battles of our country, and in his old age he used to say,—“There was our good Priest Potter of this town, and his brother who preached at Norwich, with other ministers of the same faith, shouldered their muskets and fought well at the taking of Burgoyne and other times, but after the final success of our armies, peace declared, and the constitution adopted, giving to every person the liberty of worshipping God according to their own free will,” then, he said, “there was an earthquake among them.” Notwithstanding this change in the disposition of some of the clergy at that time the doctor and Priest Potter and their families, being near neighbors, were always intimate and good friends during life.

MODES OF BURIAL.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

The natural tenderness felt by mankind for the bodies of those who are dear to them, as well as the necessity of removing from sight or contact objects which rapidly become offensive, has in all ages led to some disposition of the dead by which it was thought these ends could best be effected. Funeral rites, too, have in all ages been interwoven with and consecrated by the ceremonies of religion. Portions of these rites have often survived the people and the religion to which they owed their origin, and the three-fold sprinkling with earth with which the Christian is consigned to the tomb is handed down to us from the pagan Greeks and Romans. The affection of the living for departed friends appears in all the various methods of disposing of corpses which have been practised by different nations. Whether the body is reduced to dust by fire or by decay, the commemorative urn or tomb is esteemed sacred, and is guarded with pious care. Sometimes the vain ostentation and lavish wealth of men have enabled them to conspicuously honor the dead bodies of their friends by funeral rites of the most gorgeous description. Costly hecatombs have been burned with the bodies of valiant heroes; magnificent mausoleums and stupendous pyramids have been raised for the tombs of kings. Rivers have been turned from their courses, and, wrapped in silk and gold, and precious woods and gems, with all the attributes of potent royalty about their cold and pulseless forms, the bodies of conquerors laid to rest in

the channel, and the waters again allowed to rush on. Yet sleep no easier Patroclus or Hector, or Mausolaus or Cheops, or the bloody Goth, Alarie, than humbler men. To them as well the simple grave beneath some stately pine or drooping willow, where the shadows love to linger, or a resting-place underneath the ocean's billows, as the hecatomb of slaughtered beeves, or pyramid, or rush of mighty river. Yet the spirit that prompted all this lavish outlay and garish show has its parallel in modern times. It is too true that the custom of burial nearly everywhere is but little removed from an abuse. Funeral pomp and the splendor of burial service are things which hold on to the very soul of society.

The duty imposed on us to impoverish the living that the dead may be put into the grave with a certain etatage of nodding plumes, sleek horses, and strange men draped in floating black, seems to some of us inalienable to the decency of civilization; to others, remnants of the barbaric emphasis with which savage chiefs and Indian braves conclude their lives. If we believed the theory that the ghosts of the dead were soothed by our display, why we should then have some kind of reason for the action, more or less sound. But we have not even this to impel us: only the tyranny of a despotic custom. So we go on putting the poor, pale dead in coffins of oak bossed with silver and lined with

satin, dissipating the bread of the widow and children, because we are civilized, and show is a greater thing than substance.

The cemetery is a costly luxury indeed. The funeral too often impoverishes those of slender means, and altogether too much money is expended in giving what is recognized as "first-class Christian burial" to the departed.

Three methods chiefly, at various times and in different countries, have been employed for the disposition of the dead—mummification, incineration, and interment.

Mummification was practised by the ancient Egyptians, who used every art to preserve the relics of the dead. They embalmed not only human corpses, but those of all the sacred animals. Dead Egypt may be seen to-day in her tombs and pyramids, though her stupendous temples and palaces have crumbled, and the statue of Memnon no longer mingles its music with the Nile's. This preservation of the bodies of the dead through a long series of ages created an enormous multiplication of mummies.

"All this," said an Arab to a French savant, showing from the summit of the great pyramid the immense plain which, for the space of fifty square leagues, extends about its base,—"all this is mummy." This was indeed the great cemetery of the Egyptians, and is still called the Plain of Mummies. Here lie the embalmed remains of the citizens of Memphis and Heliopolis, among countless mummies of ibises and cats. The kings and priestly nobles, however, were buried on the hills in

pyramids of brick or stone. The low Libyan hills, that separate the grass land from the glaring western sands, are fringed along their tops, as far as the eye can reach, with pyramids of all sizes—the burial places of men who once owned the plain. The fields and gardens of the living, like life itself, are bounded by the tombs, and beyond lies the silent, pathless desert.

The pyramids of Ghizeh were built as tombs for some of the early kings, and they can be taken as a measure of their pride. Each of these mountains of stone was to cover the body of one weak man, and to keep it after embalming till the day of his resurrection, which, without this care, he feared he might lose.

On the walls of the Egyptian temples are carved representations of funeral processions by water, where the mummy of the dead man is lying in a boat, and is followed by other boats, full of mourning friends and kinsmen; while in other places some of his friends are pictured throwing dust upon their heads in token of grief. Hence the Greeks afterwards borrowed their river Styx, the lake of Acheron, Charon's boat, with other notions about the souls of the dead.

The burial-places in the sides of the Theban hills are wide and lofty rooms, with their roofs upheld by columns, and their walls covered with paintings, which can be seen only by the light of the torch. These were meant to keep the embalmed bodies safe and undisturbed till the day of judgment. And while the slight mud and wooden huts which sheltered the living reminded them of the short-

ness of human life, these massive buildings well deserved the names of their lasting abodes. The mummies which were buried in them have long since been broken to pieces in the search for gold and precious stones, which were often wrapped up in the same bandages with the body. With the mummy were sometimes buried not only the treasures which the man valued when alive, but farming tools and seed-corn for his use when he should come to life again.

The Hebrews, Babylonians, and Persians buried their dead in general. In no instance, save that of Saul and his sons, were the bodies burnt; and even then the bones were interred, and reëxhumed for solemn entombment. All of these nations had their public burial-grounds, consecrated by laws and religion, from the remotest times, and the Jews, in particular, used much care in selecting plots for sepulture. Every city had its public cemetery outside of its walls, that of Jerusalem being in the valley of the Cedron. Tombs were also in use among them. The cave of Machpelah was used as a place of sepulture by Abraham and the patriarchs, and there their bodies have lain for thirty-seven hundred years. David and the princes of the royal line of Judah were not laid to rest in the valley with the artisans and merchants, but consigned to loftier burial in the sepulchre of the kings in the city of David.

It has been much the fashion to look to Egypt for the prototype of every form of Jewish art, but certainly as regards their forms of burial service there must be allowed an absolute antagonism between the two

nations. From the burial of Sarah in the cave of Machpelah to the funeral rites prepared for Dorcas, there is no mention of any sarcophagus, or even coffin, in any Jewish burial. Still less were the rites of the Jews like those of the Pelasgi or Etruscans. They were marked with the same simplicity that characterized all their religious observances. It was the office of the next of kin to perform and preside over the whole funeral office; but a company of public buriers, originating in an exceptional necessity, had become, it seems, customary in the times of Christ. The bier, the word for which in the Old Testament is the same as that rendered "bed," was borne by the nearest relatives. The grave-clothes were probably of the fashion worn in life, but swathed and fastened with bandages, and the head covered separately. Sepulchres were marked sometimes by pillars, as that of Rachel, or by pyramids, as those of the Asmoneans at Modin. Such as were not otherwise noticeable were scrupulously "whited" once a year, after the rains before the passover, to warn passers-by of defilement.

Among the Greeks, in historical times, both cremation and inhumation were practised, and the same word is used for either method of burial. When the body was not burned, it was placed in a coffin made commonly of baked clay or earthenware, and buried without the walls of the town. Intramural interment was forbidden, from the superstition that the presence of the dead brought pollution to the living. After they adopted the Phrygian custom of burning their dead, the body was placed

upon a pyre built of wood, to which fire was communicated in the presence of those who attended the funeral. After the flames were extinguished, the bones were carefully collected by the friends of the deceased and placed in urns made of various materials. These were preserved in tombs, built commonly on the roadsides without the city gates, though in Athens the honored dead were buried in the temples, or beneath monuments of splendid workmanship. Sometimes whole avenues were lined with statues, and the porticos of temples and theatres illustrated with bronze figures of renowned Athenians. To the eye of the traveller this colossal picture-gallery was most interesting. Here could be seen warriors,—Conon, Thucydides; the commanding forms of Cimon, Miltiades, and Phocian. Lawgivers were there, such as Solon, Themistocles, Demosthenes, and Pericles. Well was it said of Athens by Petronius, that it was then easier to find in it an idol than a man. The burial of the dead by the nearest surviving relatives was a sacred duty in Greece, and its neglect exposed them to grave accusations. After the funeral, the family of the deceased assembled at the house of the nearest friend and partook of a feast; and at Athens the period of mourning continued thirty days, during which other feasts and sacrifices were celebrated.

In the olden times of the Republic the Romans generally buried the dead, though sometimes they inurned the ashes of their noblest heroes. Sylla appears to have been the first of the Cornelian family who was burned. Under the Empire, however,

cremation and urn burial were almost universally practised. In those ages of unrivalled pomp and show the burning of a dead body was a splendid spectacle. The corpse, anointed, and dressed in its richest robes, was placed upon a pile of wood, built commonly in the form of an altar. The bark was usually left on the wood, and the four sides of the pile were covered or festooned with pendent leaves of dark hue. The body was often decorated with flowers, and branches of cypress placed before the funeral pyre. The nearest relative, with an inverted torch and an averted face, ignited the pile. While the body burned, frankincense and spices were scattered over the pyre, filling the air with perfume, and oils were poured upon it, giving the flashing flames the colors of the rainbow, and producing a picture at once poetical, picturesque, and awe-inspiring.

These pyres were frequently erected on hills, high places, or on headlands overlooking the sea. The funeral always occurred at night. When the burning was concluded the ashes were gathered and preserved in an urn. The urns were of various forms, and were made of gold, silver, alabaster, marble, or terra cotta, according to the wealth or station of the deceased. They were deposited for safe keeping in monuments made for the purpose, called *columbarium*. These receptacles for funeral urns lined all the roads leading out from Rome, and the Appian Way was walled for miles with sepulchres and tombs.

The burning of the dead was common amongst the Celts and the old German nations, and was practised by the Druids.

The Hindoos generally consume the bodies of their dead by fire, except those of the religious orders, which are buried in a sitting posture, with their legs crossed, as we see those of the idols. It is considered very unfortunate to die in a house, therefore when a man draws near his end, he is always carried out of doors and laid on a bed of grass, usually on the banks of a stream, the Ganges being always preferred if within reach. The funeral rites are performed immediately after death, and the ashes scattered to the wind.

The suttee, or immolation of widows, was formerly a very prevalent practice among the Hindoo people, but was not universal, as has been supposed, and the victim generally acted by her own free will, often in opposition to the wishes of her own relatives. But this was not always the case, especially among the families of princes and great Brahmins, who were often desirous of augmenting the solemnity of the obsequies by a suttee, and would even employ force to accomplish their object. The British government has done much toward the abolition of this barbarous custom; and the humane endeavor to suppress it entirely has long been warmly supported by the most enlightened portion of the native population. But in some parts of the country, where the ancient superstitions still prevail in all their original force, a suttee is even now heard of occasionally.

The Karens, Siamese, and other populous nations of the East also practise cremation. It would seem as though death, instead of lurking in every flower and leaf, had been

banished from these sunny countries of perennial vegetation; for here are no cemeteries, and, except the stately mausoleum, no tombs. The funeral pyres are perfumed with spices and fed with oils, and sandal-wood is not unfrequently used to give fragrance to the fire.

In China they bury the dead. The burial-places are always at some distance from the towns, and very generally on the side of a hill, which is cut into terraces, one above another, covered with monuments of the dead. The coffins are not put into the ground, but laid upon it, and covered with a tomb, which is more or less handsome, according to the circumstances of the relatives, some being only mounds of earth, while others are of stone, having in front a slab of black marble, bearing an inscription in letters of gold; and they present altogether a picturesque appearance amid the trees and shrubs which are planted about them.

Among the sacred customs observed by the Chinese is that of visiting the tombs of their departed relatives twice a year, to make sacrifices, sweep the tombstones, and clear away the weeds that may have grown near them. At the performance of these commemorative rites all the male population of the village repair to the place of interment, carrying with them wine and meats, sticks of incense and paper offerings, to burn at the tombs. When the ceremonies are concluded, each individual sets up a long streamer of white or crimson paper, which is fastened to a stick fixed in the ground, as a token that he has performed his duties to his deceased kindred. These rites to the

dead are always followed by feasting and merry-making, for it is considered rather a joyful than a mournful occasion, as the visitors suppose that they have been holding communion with their departed friends, and ministering to their wants by offerings of food and raiment. Every rich family in China has, moreover, a temple or large building, called the Hall of Ancestors, in which are placed tablets of stone or wood, bearing the names and ages of all deceased relatives, with dates of the days on which they died, and the occupation each had followed in this world. Here, at certain times of the year, all the male members of the family assemble to show their respect for the memory of the deceased by prostrating themselves, and placing wine and meat and incense before the tablets. Those who cannot afford to have a distinct building for this purpose, hang up the memorials in some room of their house, where they perform the customary ceremonies. There is, in fact, no country in the world where so much respect is paid to the memory of the dead, or where they are held so long in remembrance. A son would sometimes keep the body of a parent in his house for years, enclosed in a varnished coffin, usually very richly ornamented, which was placed in the best apartment, and on all particular occasions candles were lighted and incense was burned before it, the room being hung with white, which is the color appropriated by the Chinese for mourning, and is worn as such by all classes of people.

Among the North American Indians different modes of burial prevailed with different tribes. Some

laid the body on the ground, and erected over it a little house covered with bark, or dug a grave in the earth, in which they placed the corpse in a sitting posture. Other nations deposited the body in a kind of coffin on a high scaffold, or left it hanging from a tree. The Indian wished everything that he valued in life to be buried with him, that it might be ready for his use on entering the spirit land. His tomahawk and knife, his bow and arrows, were placed by his side. This custom is still preserved among the remaining tribes. His medals and other tokens of distinction are often laid in the hand of the deceased chief, and his favorite dog and horse are killed to bear him company.

Among civilized nations, since the Christian religion has obtained the ascendancy, the mode of disposing of the dead has generally been by interment. Cemeteries and abbeys contain to-day the dust of the dead of all Christian nations. In the cemeteries, under the broad, glorious canopy of heaven, the bones of the humble have crumbled away. In Westminster and St. Denis, beneath costly tombs and effigies, underneath the gorgeous domes of art, rest all that is mortal of poets and priests and kings.

At a very early period it became customary to bury the dead in the immediate neighborhood of churches, in grounds consecrated for the purpose. Often the tombs invaded the church itself, which was undermined by crypts like a city by catacombs. In the earlier Middle Ages the cemetery was the churchyard, and relics of this usage are still seen in the

graves which surround old churches in cities, and in the common juxtaposition of the church and burial-ground in small villages. With the increase of population, however, it became necessary to establish large public cemeteries without the city walls, and this practice has become general in modern times.

Not a few modern cemeteries have acquired quite a celebrity, either for the beauty of their surroundings, or for being the burial-places of famous men. Père la Chaise and the Campo Santo in Europe, and Mount Auburn and Laurel Hill in America, are among these, and divide with the cathedral of the old countries the honor of being men's last resting-place.

The subject of the mode of disposing of the body after death is just now one of the muddles into which the unquiet spirit of the age has gotten us. The question of substituting cremation for inhumation is a rising one, and certainly from both an aesthetic and sanitary point of view is worthy of the advocacy of all thinking persons. Sir Henry Thompson has discussed, with force, clearness, and spirit, this question of cremation and urn burial. The arguments in favor of such a disposal of the dead carcases of men seem to us rationally unanswerable. There is absolutely nothing to be said against it, and there is little present likelihood of argument doing much for the cause. It is a case for example, which would be of much more effect than precept. No doubt there is nothing but prejudice, and an ignorant misinterpretation of certain texts, which can be advanced against cremation as a means of disposal of the dead. But there

is a rooted sentiment which is opposed to it. It is ignorant; it is old-fashioned; it is contrary to the laws and economies of nature, and to the interests and almost the proprieties of civilization. But there it is, and nothing short of the initiation of a society of incremators will produce any effect. If a few hundred men of notable character, ability, and respectability were to agree to commit their bodies to the flames after death, and make suitable arrangements, they would probably soon be imitated by thousands, and so the foul practice of committing a rotting body to the ground, there to poison the soil which it encumbers, would be replaced by the more reasonable and cleanly reduction of the body to ashes by the speedy agency of flame.

The main objections to cremation rest on sentiment and custom. The Christian world was shocked when Lord Byron and his friends burned the body of Shelley amid spicery and clouds of frankincense, on the desolate beach of the Mediterranean. The burning was in accordance with the rules of the quarantine, the poet's body having drifted ashore. The ceremonies and the associations were solemn and imposing; but it was contrary to Christian usage, and therefore disapproved by the Christian world. But all this should be overlooked when it is remembered what the definition of burial is. Burial means two things: First, a safe disposition of a dead body. But an interred body is not safely disposed of. It is not beyond the reach of "body-snatchers." It is not safely disposed of as to the living. Six feet of earth will not keep in disease and the foul

odors of decomposition. How much cholera, small-pox, and disease of every kind we annually drink and breathe is hard to tell. It is very plain that burning would be a safer disposition of a dead body than burial. Secondly, burial means a natural return of a human body to the source whence it sprang. "Earth to earth, dust to dust," is the idea. This

is compensatory and poetical, a truly beautiful economy. But nature absorbs only by chemical action. The body is not a part of earth or nature until it is decomposed and assimilated—a tedious and disgusting process. Why not help nature assert her sovereignty, and make a short and cleanly job of it? Why not burn, and finish the picture with "ashes to ashes"?

COLONIAL LAW vs. FREEMAN'S OATH.

BY C. S. SPAULDING.

The law requiring all persons intending to exercise the rights of freeman, before taking the oath, to become members of the church, thus making church-membership a qualification as a voter, was passed into a law by the Colonial court of Massachusetts, under date of May, 1631. The justification of the measure has been transmitted to us in the language of the act itself,—“To the end that the Body of the Commons may be preserved by honest and good men.”

As an excuse they sought to check intruders by prescribing some safeguard in exercising the right of suffrage. Viewed in the light of the more liberal policy of later years, the action of our Puritan forefathers would be severely criticized, and characterized as the growth of intolerance. “Union of church and state—the bigoted exclusiveness!”

It is apparent that the main cause which led to the establishment of this law was that the colonial charter, as

granted by the crowned heads of England, was well-nigh a pure democracy; and under it every freeman of the colony had a right to take a part in the choice of officers, in making laws, and in administering justice in popular assemblies where all came together and acted by majorities.

The people had left many active and determined enemies at home, ready to seize upon any pretence for depriving them of their free charter. The government, in the hands of their enemies, they did not consider safe a moment; and the purposes for which they came here would be defeated, etc.; hence this law was passed, it is said, at the instigation of Rev. John Cotton, D. D.

A very large proportion of the male population of the early settlers of Massachusetts, and also the ancestors of the people who settled in southern New Hampshire, took the freeman's oath, to enable them to become good citizens, and also to have a voice in the affairs of government.

PLEA FOR NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN, BEFORE THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

EXTRACT FROM THE ARGUMENT OF HON. FRANK B. SANBORN, MARCH 14, 1889.

If the Massachusetts legislature should pass a law forbidding insanity to be cured in our hospitals unless the patient had a domicile in Massachusetts, and if every other state but New Hampshire should be brought under that cruel, unjust rule, I apprehend, gentlemen, that something in the memory of mankind, in the record of history, in the deeds of the past, would prevent the people of Massachusetts from enforcing that edict against the people of New Hampshire. Bear with me while I recount some of the reasons, not drawn from the stingy folds of the pocket-book, but from the tablets of the heart, why little New Hampshire must not be shut out from any provision which her sister states make for their own advantage. 'Tis a little state with a great history. She has seen and borne arms in ten wars, but no foreign soldier ever set foot on her soil save as a captive or a guest. She was the bulwark of your safety against Indian ferocity; and hardly a New Hampshire man lives who had not some ancestor hacked in pieces or shot down from ambush while defending your forefathers from attack. My ancestors, five or six of them, suffered that death.

She rose against Randolph and the minions of the Stuarts six years before Massachusetts imprisoned Andros. When New England sailed to capture the great French fortress at Louisburg in 1745, it was a New Hampshire volunteer, William

Vaughan, who took the royal battery with 400 men, and with 13 men prevented its recapture. In the French and Indian war of 1755, Stark and Rogers, of New Hampshire, with their forest rangers, made victory possible, and secured their countrymen from the worst evils of defeat among the woods of Ticonderoga. New Hampshire was the first province to banish its royal governor, Sir John Wentworth, generous and beloved, but the foeman of liberty. Her Sullivan and her Langdon captured the first British fort in 1774, and from its magazine of powder supplied the ammunition of Bunker Hill. Her Stark and her Reid led to that battlefield 1,200 New Hampshire yeomen,—more than half the whole American force which fought on that day of glory.

Let me give you an incident scarcely worthy of notice in New Hampshire, where every man expects to go to the front in time of action, but which drew the attention of eye-witnesses from Massachusetts. Stark, with his regiment of 1,000 men, and McClary, his Scotch-Irish major, was ordered in the afternoon of June 17th to move from Somerville, and oppose the British army landing from their boats at Charlestown point. He marched quickly to Charlestown Neck, where another New Hampshire regiment, under Reid, of Fitzwilliam, joined him. The British men-of-war and floating batteries were sweeping the narrow pass with their deadly fire.

Two regiments, earlier on the march, were halting for fear of the canonade. McClary went forward from Stark's side, and said to the colonels,—“If you are not going to move forward, I wish you to open ranks and let our regiments pass,” which they immediately did, and Stark's men repulsed the flow of the invading army, until Prescott and his men in the redoubt could withdraw from the fight. Then the men of New Hampshire covered the retreat of their comrades, bringing with them the body of McClary, slain in the front rank.

Again the historian finds Stark at Trenton, where Washington made his desperate ventfire against the Hessians of Cornwallis. Six weeks after that brilliant action, Sullivan, who led the vanguard under Washington's eye, wrote to the governor of New Hampshire,—“No men fight better or write worse than our Yankees. General Washington made no scruple to say publicly, the remains of the eastern regiment were the strength of his army;—he calls them to the front when the enemy are there; he sends them to the rear when the enemy threatens that way. Believe me, sir, the Yankees took Trenton before the other troops knew anything of the matter; more than that, there was an engagement.” These Yankees were 600 men from New Hampshire, the remnant of four regiments.

Belittling Stark's gallant conduct and his seniority of rank, a congressional cabal promoted his junior, and the veteran threw up his commission. New Hampshire men are not always submissive. But hardly had he reached his farm on the Merrimack

when Burgoyne's threatening advance roused the whole state to arms. Its treasury was empty, its hero had been insulted, but its neighbors in New York and Vermont cried out for aid. Langdon, its wealthiest merchant, laid his whole fortune at the feet of Stark: “Take this and equip your men,—command them yourself. If we win, I may be repaid; if we lose, this property will be worthless.” At this summons of his friend, Stark sprang to the saddle. Soldiers volunteered by the hundred to go with him, and the contest was which should march first. It was Bunker Hill over again. You know the story. Should you forget it, look in yonder senate chamber, where the trophies of Bennington have hung in honor for more than a century. The men of New Hampshire marched fifty miles beyond that town, as when they came to your rescue after the Concord fight. They scaled the Hessian breastworks,—they fought two battles in one day, and their valor in a single afternoon broke the right arm of Burgoyne and saved the country. I doubt not the grandfather of Hiram Lynch was a soldier of Stark, for in New Hampshire every man's grandfather fought in that war. I had a friend, now dead, Colonel Montgomery, of Kansas, both of whose grandfathers marched from New Hampshire and fought in the battle of Bunker Hill, his father's father, and his mother's father.

The Athenian orator said, “To famous men the whole earth is a sepulchre.” With literal truth I might say, “To New Hampshire men the whole nation is a sepulchre,” for their blood has watered the soil of every

state but their own, and their dust is mouldering by every great river and in every mountain pass from Maine to Georgia, from the Charles to the Rio Grande and the Red River of the North. They died beside Warren at Bunker Hill, before Washington at Yorktown, under the eye of Jackson at New Orleans. They were thrown in their hammock-shroud from the bloody decks of Paul Jones, and Lawrence, and Decatur, and Farragut. They marched with Sherman, they charged with Sheridan, they conquered with Thomas, they fought it out on his own line with Grant. But no soldier of my native state ever fell in battle on his own soil, or was buried in his dear native earth, unless the restless ocean cast his body on its narrow seacoast, or the loving care of parent, or brother, or child, restored to their sorrow and pride the corpse that had fallen a thousand miles from home. Nor could this always or often be done. Gentlemen, my own near kinsmen, for whom was named that poor boy who died the other day, was slain in defence

of Minnesota against Indian massacre, the only officer killed in the engagement, and he lies in that distant land, one of the ten thousand witnesses to what New Hampshire has done for her sister states,—

“And all for love, and nothing for reward.”

Do you now tell me that Maine will refuse the charity of her hospitals to the descendants of Anthony Brackett, who fell at Falmouth fighting against Indians? or that Minnesota will refuse it to the kinsmen of Leavitt, who died like his ancestor in a similar encounter? or that New York will refuse it to the state that made Saratoga a victory? or New Jersey to the children of Stark and Sullivan? or Virginia to the compatriots of Scammel, who fell in the trenches of Yorktown? Perhaps they may; but of this I am sure, that Massachusetts will never deny to New Hampshire the rights of brotherhood so long as that shaft of Bunker Hill rises towards heaven, or the gifts of Stark hang beside the weapons of Lexington in your hall of debate.

MRS. MARY R. P. HATCH.

BY V. B. TWITCHELL.

Mrs. Mary R. P. Hatch, daughter of Charles G. and Mary (Blake) Platt, was born in Stratford, N. H., and her life as a farmer's daughter and farmer's wife has been spent on intervale farms in the picturesque and fertile valley of the Connecticut river. As a child she was quiet and sensitive, with scholarly

tastes, writing little stories and poems before she was twelve years old. She attended the common district school until about fifteen years of age, and at that time entered into advanced classes in Lancaster academy, where she took high rank in mathematics, French, and rhetoric.

Here it was that her ability as a

writer was first recognized. The weekly compositions, her contributions to the lyceum papers, and an occasional article in the county papers were favorably commented upon, and her pen name of "Mabel Perry" was soon known to the readers of the *Portland Transcript*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Peterson's Magazine*, and other periodicals.

At the close of her school life she married Antipas M. Hatch, and is the mother of two bright little boys.

She has contributed several excellent poems, which have been widely copied, among them an "Ode to J. G. Blaine," which brought her a letter of thanks.

Being a farmer's wife, and living on a large farm, her writings have been her recreation, and she has accustomed herself to write while children were chattering and playing about her during the few waiting moments of domestic life.

If she lays claim to anything, it is to versatility, being able to do something in various departments of literature; for instance, at the same time she was engaged in writing "The Bank Tragedy," a biographical sketch for *The Writer*, and a series of dialect papers.

It is a mystery to her acquaintances how much she accomplishes by her perseverance, contributing stories for the *Transcript*, *Mountaineer*, *Fire-side Companion*, *Chicago Ledger*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, *Springfield Republican*, *GRANITE MONTHLY*, *The Writer*, and several magazines. Among her most noteworthy stories are her "Upland Mystery" and "The Bank Tragedy," both of which appeared in the *Transcript*,

and gained for her many favorable comments from the American press, that of her "Upland Mystery" being afterwards put in book form, and receiving an immense sale.

A portrait and sketch of Mrs. Hatch, with selections from her poems, is to appear in an early number of the new quarterly *Magazine of Poetry* (Buffalo, N. Y.). Poems, with a biographical note, may also be seen in *New Hampshire Poets*, published in 1883.

Though sensational in form, Mrs. Hatch's books claim to have a purpose. "The Upland Mystery" taught that when a person becomes a murderer he arrays the whole world against him. The detective says,—

"I have seen apparent impossibilities group themselves about a crime, and point toward it instead of from it. It is a rendering of the old saying that 'murder will out.' Nature's forces cast out evidence, the movement of a muscle betrays it, a foot is caught tripping that never tripped before, and leaves a proof behind. I tell you, if I had the disposition to commit crime of this nature I should not dare, from what I know of the impossibility of eluding penalty, which is a life for a life."

In "Quicksands" the key-note is ambition and other "sins which do so easily beset." In "The Bank Tragedy" it is inherited sin. Warren, in his confession, is made to say,—

"I am what I am through the force of inherited traits. If I might preach in yonder pulpit I would say, 'See to it that your deeds and thoughts are what they should be, for they will strike root somewhere. If not in yourself, then in the person of your



children or your children's children.' . . . I once heard an idiotic preacher say that the soul of every child was like a fair white sheet of paper, on which you could trace what characters you liked. I wanted to shout out a denial. I wanted to say that the paper was already written over, laced and interlaced, as ladies write their letters, by the thoughts and deeds of a million ancestors. The childhood and training of my brother and I were precisely the same; but Joseph was honest and straight-forward, while I looked at everything from an oblique

standpoint." On the other hand, Jessie says,— "True, he inherited the traits that worked his ruin; but who is perfect? It was his part to root out his besetting sins and fly from temptation instead of playing with them as though they were toys instead of thunderbolts which might at anytime strike him."

We publish the above sketch and portrait from meagre facts gathered from an outside source, but would much rather have had her personal assistance had not her modesty of self-praise forbade it.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

BY MOODY CURRIER.

Thy home is on the mountain's brow,
Where clouds hang thick, and tempests blow.
Unnumbered years, with silent tread,
Have passed above thy rocky head ;
Whilst round these heights the beating storm
Has worn, with rage, thy deathless form :
And yet thou sit'st, unmoved, alone,
Upon this ancient mountain home.
Long as these towering peaks shall stand,
So wondrous great, so nobly grand,
Serene, on high, that face of thine,
Shall mock the wasting hand of time,
Whilst all that live shall pass away,
And all the tribes of earth decay.
Old Man ! thy face of rock sublime
Looks back, through years, to ancient time,
When first the forming hand divine
Reared up this rocky home of thine,
And from the lowest depths of earth
These mountain forms had first their birth ;
When on these shaggy heights imprest,
Thy changeless form was doomed to rest.

Then tell me, man of silent tongue,
How first the heavens and earth begun ;
If all this bright and shining frame,
With all these worlds, from nothing came ;
If all these starry orbs of light,
That glitter on the robes of night,
And fill creation's vast expanse,
Began at once their mystic dance ;
Or, if from mists that dimly shine,
Worlds spring to light by power divine,
Till all the radiant fields afar
Shall beam with light of sun and star.
And tell me where, in depths profound,
The primal germs of earth were found,
Which, rising up from realms of death,
Instinct with life and vital breath,
Have formed this wondrous orb we see
Of hill and plain and waste of sea,
Where busy life, with forming power,
Unfolds itself in plant and flower,
And upward still, with widening plan,
Kindles the pulse of beast and man.
And tell me whence, from earth or heaven,
That living spark to man was given,
Which shines in God's eternal day,
When all things else shall pass away.

ENSIGN NABBY.*An Old-time Story.*

BY MARY R. P. HATCH.

I was born in Pomfret, Connecticut, and lived there until I was fourteen in a little yellow house, lighted by scores of tiny windows. I mind me how they twinkled when the sun shone in. Mother used to fret sometimes because father did not fix up the house, but he would say that "Shoemakers' children went barefooted, and a carpenter's family should not expect to live in a fine house." Yes, father was a house carpenter, but the neighbors were 'most all farmers.

Major Putnam (he was a colonel, but we always called him major) lived next to us on a large farm, and he and father were great cronies. We used often to sit of an evening, both families, and hear the major tell stories of the French and Indian war. He was a good officer, and very brave I've heard say. Once he was taken captive by the Indians, and tortured till he was almost dead, and afterwards would have been killed by a French officer, only the gun missed fire.

Often after I went to bed I would lie awake and think I could hear the yell of the savages coming to tomahawk us, though it was years since they had been troublesome; only you see with hearing so many of the major's stories I got nervous.

He told Hugh and me once how he shot an old wolf in a cave, that had killed a great many sheep and goats—seventy of them, I believe. He said

it was hard telling which was the fiercest, a wolf at bay or an Indian on the war-path.

Major Putnam was a warm-hearted man, but very impulsive, and he often did and said things that shocked our good old Parson Stillwater, and others too. He had a son Schuyler, named after his old friend Peter Schuyler, an officer in the French and Indian war. One Sabbath day we were sitting in the meeting-house, listening to Parson Stillwater. There was a sounding-board up behind him that shook every time he thumped the desk to wake up old Deacon Ridley. I was just wondering whether if it fell down it would hurt the minister much, when, all at once Major Putnam started up as if shot, and he cried,—

"Run, Schuyler, run like the devil, the cows are in the corn."¹

The major had a nice piece of corn right in sight of the meeting-house, and the cows had broken in and were treading and eating it up. I daresay he forgot that he was in meeting.

All the schooling I ever had I got in Pomfret. I learned reading and writing, how to reckon accounts, and how to sew; besides, of course, I learned the church catechism. I never liked books over much, so that what I did not learn never troubled me as much as what I did. But I could hunt and trap and fish and snare partridges as well as Hugh, and it was a deal more to my liking.

¹ A fact

In the year seventeen hundred and seventy-three we moved to Charlestown, and lived in a house near the bridge. Work was scarce in Pomfret and times hard, so mother's relation wrote to father to come to Boston. He found plenty of work, and took a number of apprentices. They were bound till they were twenty-one to learn the trade, and were to have their board and a suit of clothes once a year.

We had rich connections in Boston who took considerable notice of us, so that I got quite set up, and began to look down on father's calling, and I would hardly speak to a 'prentice.

Mother often chid me for my pride, but I liked best what father once said to me, and I minded it: "Nabby, don't make yourself too cheap." I thought myself a deal of consequence in those days.

But among all the apprentices there was not a really clever one, unless it might be Peleg Jones. He was well looking enough, but he never looked one square in the face as an honest man should, and I disliked him while I only looked down upon the others. So, you see, it vexed instead of pleasing me when one day he told me my eyes were bright. "The better to watch you, Peleg Jones," I answered, something as did the wolf to little Red Riding Hood; but he took it as a compliment.

Roger was different. He came to live with us about this time. I mind me how I treated him the first time I saw him. Father was going over to Boston to sign the indentures with old Mr. Hamstead, and mother and I went along to make some calls. I had on a new quilted petticoat with a

tunic over it, a yellow mantle, and a headgear that had on it three ostrich feathers, that nodded gaily every time I stepped in my high-heeled shoes. Father was doing well now as need be, and I had on my best that day, for we were to call on some grand people. I was an only daughter too, and that accounts some for my fine clothes. Ah, I mind me the day, the yellow sunlight so like my mantle, and the breeze that played with my curls and feathers.

It was near sundown when father and Roger joined us, and we all walked home together. I looked sideways at the young man and thought he would be handsome if he were not a 'prentice, and he carried himself like an English soldier.

When we came to the bridge, says father to Roger,—

"Give your arm to Nabby, lad," and he walked on with mother.

How vexed I was to be told to walk with a 'prentice! He stepped forward and politely offered his arm, but I gave him one look as though it was the first time I had seen him.

"Lor', pa," said I, "where did you pick him up?" and took father's other arm and left the young man to follow. I looked over my shoulder to see how he took it, and he was smiling to himself. That vexed me the more.

Coming from the country made me love the town very much, and I loved to ramble about. Often of a Sabbath afternoon, or whenever father had time, he took us to the Common, and we would sit under the shadow of the great elm, and watch the children frolicking on the grass, the sweethearts walking by themselves, seeing

no one, and the older people come from church, some of them with prayer-books and sprigs of fennel still in their hands. I loved to visit the shops and the market-places. One day a curious thing happened. I went into Henry Knox's book store to buy a book of poems, written by a colored girl, Phillis Wheatley. Everyone was reading it.

Henry Knox was a fine, handsome man, and he spoke to me pleasantly. I had seen him at my aunt's. There were some grand looking Frenchmen talking in their language. I listened a moment, for I knew French a little (two of our 'prentices were French), when one of them said to me,—

"Pardonnez moi, mademoiselle, mais parlez vous Française?"

"Oui, monsieur," said I.

They looked frightened at that, and called Mr. Knox to them, and Mr. Knox begged me to say nothing of what I had heard. I promised to be secret, as well I might, for it was little I understood to tell, but I was at that age when I loved power, and it pleased me to have them think I knew their secret. I saw the one that spoke to me afterwards, and he placed his finger on his lips as he bowed, in token of silence. It was just before the revolt of the colonies, and I never saw him again for a year or two, and then he wore the uniform of a Continental officer.

But I saw Mr. Knox quite often. He married about this time Miss Lucy Flucker, the daughter of the Secretary of the Provinces. Her father was set against the match, and did not forgive her for a long time. Henry Knox was afterwards General Knox of the Revolution.

We used to take the *Boston Post*, and I used to go to the Heart and Crown in Cornhill after it every week. The Fleets were nice men, and in time I came to know the family well, and to run in and romp with the children, and hear Mrs. Goose, their grandmother, tell them riddles and songs. They were sweet children, and she was a dear old lady. She would say rhymes for hours:

"Dickery, dickery dock,
The mouse ran up the clock"—

and

"Hey, diddle diddle,
The cat 's in the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon"—

and all such nonsense that children love so well. I said them to my children afterwards, and many a mother has since, for Mr. Thomas Fleet made them into a book, all the rhymes she made up and remembered hearing in England, and printed it. He called it *Mother Goose's Melodies*.

Father was a Whig ever after the landing of the taxed tea in Boston. Before that he was loyal to the king, and spoke well of parliament. I well remember the day father brought home the news. It was early, and supper was not ready.

"There's father coming," says I to mother.

"Make haste, then," says mother, "and lay the table. He will think supper is most ready."

So I did, and she got on the tea to steep just as he came in. He did not seem to see the table, but he looked hard at the urn dancing on the hob.

"Nancy," said he, "how much tea have you got?"

"Only a teaspoonful," said she.

"Tut! in the house, I mean."

"A quarter of a chest," says mother. She looked surprised at father, he seemed so strange.

He brought his fist down on the table so that the spoons rattled in the bowls.

"That quarter of a chest must last till England owns us for countrymen instead of slaves."

"What do you mean?" asked mother. "A quarter of a chest will last but so long, whatever England owns us for."

Mother loved her tea, and father knew it.

"Steep it for yourself and Parson Quitman when he comes, but as for Nabby and me and the lads, we will go without, but I will make it up to the lads in shillings."

And then he told us of the resolutions that had been made not to buy or use any of the taxed tea; and, says father, "I'm with them heart and soul, and so are Armstrong and Stephens and Ridley."

"Ridley!" spoke up mother, "and they have only a bit of tea in the house. I heard Patience say so yesterday, and Patience is nothing without her tea."

"And nothing with it either," spoke up father, "nor any other woman that loves tea better than country."

"It's a pity the tax couldn't 'a been on something else," said mother—"snuff, tobacco, or brandy."

"My dear Nancy," said father, taking mother's hand, "parliament has thought to show its wisdom by levying a tax on an article so dear to women. It thinks women have no

patriotism; that they will have their tea though men refuse to buy it. I hope our countrywomen will show parliament its mistake, and help to make this country of ours honored and respected by refusing to use the accursed stuff; for this is a crisis, Nancy, which we must heed, or forge our chains anew."

I felt proud of father, and nodded to my brother Hugh. He jumped up and went and stood by father.

"I'm with you heart and hand," said he; and Roger shook his hand too as he said, "I want no shillings, Master Dunton, for my tea."

Mother had been looking sober for a long time. At last she broke out—

"Sage and sassafras!"

I looked at father, and he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Yes, yes, Nancy, sage and sassafras do make good tea. I've heard my mother say so."

"I don't think Patience Ridley would use it, but she can have our tea," said mother as she left the room.

"Bless her!" said father, "she is the kind of woman that's to show what the country is made of."

Then we all sat down to supper. Father and mother had rye cakes and dried beef, but we younger ones ate mush and milk. Father had a mug of beer, and mother drank her tea, but in a queer way, trying to make it seem that she did not like it.

Peleg Jones looked as if he thought it a great ado about nothing, but Roger looked almost as stern as father. I thought everything father did was right, and so from that time I liked Roger, and asked little favors of him about my work, and he often

brought me a rose, and sometimes walked with us on the Common. When he told me my eyes were bright, I smiled a little and blushed, and then he told me my face was like a rose. At that I said smartly,—“That will do, Master Roger, for once.”

The evening of the day we heard the news about the tea, father and Hugh and Roger were out till morning a'most. When I swept up the floor where their boots had set, I took up a good half cup of Bohea tea, and put it away and kept it many a long year, for I knew how it got there when the news came out that a shipload of tea was thrown overboard that night in Boston Harbor.

Mother made a tea-party that afternoon, and asked in the women of the neighborhood. They talked over the tea question, and most of them declared they would not taste another cup of tea till the tax was lifted. Relief Wadsworth said if she did she hoped it would choke her. But Patience Ridley spoke up, and says she,—

“I won't give up my tea for no man, and so I told Ebenezer, country nor no country, king nor parliament.”

“So I thought,” said mother, “and we have a quarter of a chest that you may have, Patience. Hugh shall carry it over for you, and then it cannot be said that the wife of Ebenezer Ridley used tea that bore the stamp of slavery.”

Patience looked a little vexed, but she took the tea for all that, and sage and sassafras was drank at our house for many a month, even by Parson Quitman. Good old man! His prayers were just as long and

fervent when he came, and he argued on predestination with father just as earnestly; but he did not come quite so often, while he took tea oftener with Patience Ridley till mother's chest of tea was gone.

Speaking of him reminds me of something that happened to Hugh a year or two before.

Father had sent down to him from Pomfret every year a haunch of venison, and oftentimes a lamb and some poultry,—it was cheaper so,—and when he did he always sent a part of it to Parson Quitman. Hugh always carried it, and sometimes the minister forgot to thank him for fetching it. One day he took to the house a quarter of mutton.

“Father sends his duty to you and this piece of mutton,” said Hugh, without taking off his hat or making a bow.

“My lad,” said the minister, “I will teach you how to make a present. Sit you in my arm chair, and I will come in with the mutton.”

So he takes the mutton and goes out. Presently there is a rap at the door.

“Come in,” says Hugh.

He came in, took off his hat and made a low bow.

“Mr. Quitman,” said he, “my father sends you his respectful duty, and begs you to accept this piece of mutton.”

“Thank you, my lad, for bringing it, and your father for sending it,” said Hugh.

The minister laughed at the jest, and asked Hugh's pardon for his impoliteness, and Hugh was as fond of him after that as need be.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHEPPARD HOMANS.

There is no man for whom the life underwriters of this country have a kindlier feeling, greater respect, or higher regard than for Sheppard Homans, the distinguished mathematician and eminent actuary, who, as president of the Provident Savings Life, has originated, formulated, and popularized the now celebrated renewable term assurance.

As an actuary (and it is as such that we know him best) he has made all life insurance and all policy-holders, past, present, and prospective, his debtors. His labors in this direction have been such as would have overwhelmed one possessed of less energy, skill, and perseverance. As an astronomer and an engineer he is also well known. He was yet a student at Harvard University when he was commissioned by the government to assume charge of an astronomical expedition to England, the object being to accurately determine the longitude of the Cambridge observatory, as reckoned in that country. His thoroughness and efficiency in this important work resulted in his appointment as an officer on the Coast Survey, after which he served as astronomer on several exploring expeditions to the territories.

In 1855, and, while still engaged with the explorers, he was called to the actuaryship of the Mutual Life of New York, the position then made vacant by the death of Professor Gill. Unquestionably the eminence gained and kept by this great company was due in no small measure to the intelligence, farsightedness, and

industry of Mr. Homans. When he assumed charge, American companies were largely governed by the English tables of mortality. He, however, at once entered upon an investigation of the laws of American life, the immediate result being the mortality experience of the Mutual Life, published in 1859. Next came the American Experience Table of Mortality, which met with such general favor as to render its author famous, and after that appeared Homans's Contribution Formula, which became so well known that it needs no endorsement here.

As a representative of the Mutual and of American life insurance at large, he was twice sent to Europe. "The last of these trips," said a contemporary, several years since, "was undertaken in 1869, for the especial purpose of being present at the statistical congress assembled at the Hague. The reception then extended to him, though undemonstrative in its character, gave full assurance of the appreciation in which his labors in the cause of life insurance were held. The interchange of his ideas with those of leading European actuaries was another step towards breaking down that barrier of self-sufficiency which leads every nation to regard its own policy as the best, and was another step, too, in opening up the way for life insurance on either side of the water to measure its defects, and profit by the experience gained on the other."

It was in 1871, we think, that Mr. Homans retired from the active act-



naryship of the Mutual Life, continuing as consulting actuary for that company, and for as many others as desired his services—and they were so many that he was constantly engaged.

In 1875 he organized the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society of New York, became its president, and introduced the renewable term assurance, hereinbefore mentioned. The plan (not the company, or its guiding spirit) was criticised at the outset, but figures are in evidence that it has since become very popular, and is evidently growing in favor every day, the decided progress realized in 1888 having already received attention in these columns. Briefly stated, term assurance, being written for a short time under a renewable policy, “gives the maximum amount

of protection for the premium paid,” thus affording, as the company puts it, “the maximum of security and the minimum of cost.” The Provident Savings has well established agencies throughout the country, the agents being conspicuous for their activity.

Probably no man in the business has a larger or more intimate personal acquaintance among the people. Particularly in the West is he well known, and withal so favorably that many are the receptions, banquets, and private dinners which our hospitable Western folks have, from time to time, given in his honor. Of him personally it has been written,—“He is genial and cultivated in his address, and by the absence of all ostentation exhibits the surest marks of his scholarly attainments.”—*Argus*.

BOAR'S HEAD HOTEL.

In years past we have called the attention of our readers to Boar's Head and to Col. S. H. Dumas' famous hotel, located on that celebrated headland. The coming summer bids fair to be hot and dusty in inland cities, and in looking about for a seaside resort none will be found combining more attractions than Boar's Head hotel. To the many old patrons of the house it is only necessary to state that the hotel continues under Col. Dumas' management. To strangers we would say that the whole

Atlantic coast offers no fairer site for a hotel than this famous promontory. Imagine a grassy plateau, nearly one hundred feet above the ocean, extending out into the sea so far that the breakers are visible from every room. The hotel, with over one hundred rooms, is homelike and attractive. Surf bathing is safe, as there is no undertow. The drives in the town of Hampton are very pleasant.

Write early to secure accommodations. The address is Hampton, N. H. Col. S. H. Dumas, proprietor.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE TRAMP AT HOME, by Lee Meriwether, a 12mo vol. of 296 pages, published by Harper & Brothers, is full of all kinds of information, political essays, curious deductions, and yet is of much interest to the general reader. It is a study from life of the laboring classes of the United States.

OUR ENGLISH, by Adams Sherman Hill, Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University, is a 12mo vol. of 245 pages, published by Harper & Brothers. It contains five papers, which originally appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, *Scribner's*, and in the *Christian Register*. No scholar can read this book without benefit. Its hints would be of service to every writer. Every teacher should be familiar with it.

THE MOUSE-TRAP, AND OTHER

FARCES; The Garroters, Five O'Clock Tea, and A Likely Story; by W. D. Howells, published by Harper & Brothers, New York, is a 12mo volume of 184 pages.

These short sketches by Mr. Howells are charming. Coming from the pen of the leading American novelist, the book will be eagerly welcomed.

FAIRY TALES IN PROSE AND VERSE. Selected from early and recent literature. Edited by William J. Rolfe. Forms one of the series of English classics for school reading published by Harper & Brothers, New York. The volume is a 12mo of 188 pages, and contains selections from the writings of Miss Muloch, Lord Tennyson, T. Hood, Shakespeare, Buchanan, Lover, and several other writers. It is interesting reading for the home as well as for the school-room.

 CONCORD BUSINESS HOUSES.

CRIPPEN, LAWRENCE & CO.

The loaning of Eastern money to develop the resources of the great West has been a leading factor in the growth and prosperity of the agricultural regions in the valley of the Mississippi, and on the rolling prairies which extend towards the Rocky Mountains. One of the first firms in the field was that of Crippen, Lawrence & Co., of which Henry J. Crippen is the active representative in the East. For seventeen years they have been forwarding the accumulations of Eastern capital to build

up Western cities and improve Western farms, sending out over ten millions of dollars; and they have the proud record of never having lost a dollar of their investments. Interest and principal have invariably been paid the day on which due. Such leading and conservative financiers as Hon. John Kimball, Samuel S. Kimball, and William M. Chase are trustees for the bond-holders.

For nine years cashier of the State Capital Bank, Mr. Crippen resigned that position in 1881 to give his whole time to the care of the great

wealth entrusted to him for investment.

Mr. Crippen is thoroughly reliable, safe, and conservative, possessing excellent business qualities, good judgment, and sound common-sense. In business matters he takes broad, comprehensive views, while his practical acquaintance with banking is of the greatest assistance to him.

Their Debenture Bonds are secured by first mortgages on productive real estate, worth at least three times the amount loaned, deposited with trustees, and the mortgages are accepted only after the most careful examination and approval.

OUR DRY GOODS MERCHANTS.

The dry goods merchants of Concord have long had an enviable reputation among the ladies of New Hampshire for the discriminating judgment which they exercise in the selection of their stock. Of no firm in Concord is this more universally true than that of Harry D. Hammond & Co. From long experience they are familiar with the wants, demands, and tastes of the ladies of the state, and scrupulously and judiciously endeavor to satisfy all requirements, both as to quality and price. They have a large and choice selection of all kinds of dry goods, buying for cash from first hands, and the casual customer as well as their regular patrons may depend implicitly upon representations made by the firm. A long and honorable business career recommends them to the confidence of the community. They do not indulge in glaring advertisements offering to give one dollar's worth of goods for fifty cents. They have on their shelves and counters the

latest productions of the most famous manufacturers, expect to make a small and fair profit for handling the goods, and give their patrons the advantage of their judgment and familiarity with the business. One feature of this firm is their large stock of dress goods, which is always complete at all seasons of the year. Also they have manufactured for them, by one of the largest and best New York houses, all the garments which they carry, both spring and fall, and they attribute their large sales to being able to offer goods from this house that has the reputation of manufacturing the best styles and qualities.

We cannot do this firm justice in the short space we have, but we cheerfully say, to any and all who are in want of goods in their line, that no one can treat them better in style, quality, and price. Their gentlemanly treatment to all has placed them foremost in our city.

J. M. STEWART & SONS.

The firm of J. M. Stewart & Sons, dealers in furniture, carpets, curtains, crockery, glass-ware, wall-paper, and house furnishing goods, at 126 North Main street, occupying the basement and three stories of what was formerly three large stores in the block on Main street facing the state-house, besides a large store-house in the rear in the Dow block. The two stores to the south have been converted into one by the removal of the partition, and there are displayed some of the richest and choicest furniture, beautiful curtains, and dainty china. The north store connected is devoted to carpets, a large hall in the rear affording a most convenient

place for their display. An elevator—the only passenger elevator in Concord—will carry the visitor to the two upper stories where are stored a great variety of all kinds of furniture.

The firm consists of Jonathan M. Stewart, and his two sons, Arthur C. and Elmer M. Stewart. The senior is a native of Allenstown, sixty-two years of age. After ten years' experience in Boston he went into business in Andover. He settled in Concord in 1863. The sons were born in Andover, and are young men of good business ability, and to their energy is largely due the growth and development of the business.

The father has been in business on the street since 1880, when the present firm was organized. The members of this firm are conscientious and honorable gentlemen, who by their enterprise, industry, and fair dealing, have from a small beginning built up a very large business. From their large stock they can furnish the humble cottage or the largest mansion, the way-side inn or the monster hotel; and their patrons, one and all, may depend on their representations. Every stranger visiting Concord should surely give their establishment a call before leaving the city. Every one is sure of a cordial and polite welcome, and courteous treatment. They especially desire that their stock of goods may be seen and the prices noticed.

RICHARDSON & ADAMS.

The firm of Richardson & Adams

needs no introduction to the people of Concord and immediate vicinity. The friends of the firm are scattered over New Hampshire. To those who are not acquainted with Messrs. Richardson and Adams we would cordially recommend them as a firm of the highest standing in the business circles of Concord, conspicuous for their fair and honorable dealing, noted for their enterprise, and respected by all.

The senior member of the firm, Mr. Loren S. Richardson, was born in Waitsfield, Vt., August 10, 1843, received a business education, served from 1863 to the close of the war in the Second Regiment United States Sharp Shooters known as Berdan's, was shot through the body at Cold Harbor, settled in Concord soon after the close of the war, and has been conducting a successful business ever since 1867. He is urged by his friends for the office of Pension agent at Concord, and has a host of well-wishers.

The junior member of the firm, Henry O. Adams, is also a native of Vermont, hailing from St. Albans. He was born August 15, 1854. The partnership was formed in 1878.

The firm have one of the largest, most convenient, and most attractive stores to be found outside of the metropolis. They carry a very large and full stock, noted in their advertisement, and their rule is not to make any misrepresentations to their customers. For a dollar expended in their store one is sure to obtain the full value of his money.

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GEN. ALBERT S. TWITCHELL.

The Androscoggin river has its source in the lakes amid the highlands of western Maine. The waters, in their descent to the ocean, cross the state line and enter northern New Hampshire. go coursing and rushing through wild gorges, deep valleys, and ancient forests, through Errol, Dummer, Milan, Berlin, Gorham, and Shelburne, when they again flow into Maine, through Gilead, Bethel, and Oxford county, on their way to join the Kennebec and the sea.

Gorham, a township embracing lofty mountains, precipitous cliffs, dense woods, and the most varied scenery, has its village spread out on the intervalle of the Androscoggin valley, amid a perfect amphitheatre of hills and mountains. The Grand Trunk Railway connects the valley with the rest of the world. The village is the home of the sprightly *Mountaineer*, whose fame has gone beyond the township and county, and even the state.

One of the leading citizens of this beautiful village is Gen. Albert S. Twitchell, son of Joseph A. and Orinda L. Twitchell, who was born in Bethel, Maine, September 16, 1840. He was prepared for college at Gould's academy, Bethel,

before he was 16, under the instruction of that celebrated educator, Dr. N. T. True. He then engaged in teaching, and for four years was an extremely popular and successful instructor. Choosing the law as his business in life, he became a student in the office of S. F. Gibson, at Bethel. In the spring of 1863 he was appointed enrolling officer of those subject to draft in the district containing Bethel; and after concluding the duties of that office, enlisted, in December, 1863, in the 7th Maine Light Battery. When the battery was organized he was made quartermaster-sergeant, and held this position until detailed, in February, 1865, by Gen. Grant, for duty at City Point, Va., where he remained until after the close of the war, rejoining his battery at Augusta, Maine, on the day of its muster out, June 21, 1865.

He returned to Maine and his law studies, was admitted to practice in the court of Maine, in December, 1865, and the next year, in November, was admitted to practice at the New Hampshire bar. He removed to Gorham, opened an office, and has since been actively engaged in practice. He is an energetic, busy, hon-

orable lawyer: his standard of professional morality is high, and he has a large clientage. He has been much in official positions. In 1872, when but 32 years of age, he was elected by the Republicans railroad commissioner of New Hampshire, and held the office three years. In 1875 and 1876 he was colonel on the staff of Gov. P. C. Cheney. In September, 1877, he was appointed post-master of Gorham, and held the office nearly nine years, resigning in July, 1886. He has taken great interest in the G. A. R., has served two years as judge-advocate of the New Hampshire department of this organization, two years upon the council of administration, and was a delegate to the national encampment at Denver, Col., in 1885. He was elected president of the New Hampshire Veterans' Association at their annual reunion in August, 1886, and was unanimously re-elected in August, 1887. In June, 1887, he was elected commissary-general of the state by the New Hampshire legislature, and as such held the rank of general on Gov. Sawyer's staff.

Gen. Twitchell has always taken a high position in favor of everything tending to the elevation and betterment of mankind, and has been a zealous temperance worker. He was a delegate from the New Hampshire Grand Lodge of I. O. G. T. to the R. W. Grand Lodge of the World, which met at Saratoga in May, 1887. He is a member of Gorham Lodge F. A. M., of which he has been Master, and of Glen Lodge I. O. O. F., of which he has been the Noble Grand. He is also a member of Bramhall Lodge K. of P., of Portland, Me. He has enthusiastically

aided in the development of the material interests of Gorham. He erected the fine block that bears his name, and in many ways has labored to build up the financial and moral prosperity of the town, and, perhaps more than any other citizen of the place, is interested in the educational, brotherhood, and literary interests of the community. He is generous to a fault, and responds liberally to all appeals for help.

He married, April 7, 1869, Emma A., daughter of Parker Howland. They had Harold P., who died at the age of 8 years, and Rita May, their only child now living, born May 16, 1889.

A Republican in politics, General Twitchell has always been a zealous worker in the party, never faltering in his duty, and spending freely of his means in the support of its principles. As chairman of the county convention through several campaigns he has done excellent service, always working against great odds in the Democratic section in which he lives, but steadily reducing their majority until the county has become so close as to be debatable ground. He has always run ahead of the party ticket when nominated for any office, and at the last Republican convention secured the support of the delegates from his county as the candidate for governor, a position, however, which he does not seek. As a veteran he is very popular, not only at home but throughout the state, having always been true to them in all their interests, and being one with them in all their associations. He is now receiving their strong support as their candidate for naval officer at the port of Boston, to which he aspires, and which he would ably fill.

PENACOOK IN THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

At a meeting of the Post, in October, 1888, I was requested to write a paper on the men who went from Penacook,—or, as it was known in 1861, Fisherville,—to the War of the Rebellion, and who lost their lives in battle, or from the effects of wounds or disease.

The object of the Post in making this request was two-fold,—(1) to preserve from oblivion the memory of those whose loss brought honor and mourning to our community, and (2) to close the observance of Memorial Day in a manner befitting the sacredness of such an occasion.

This could not help being a sad duty for me, as it recalled to remembrance the features of many with whom I was associated in the school-room, mill, or shop; but it was also a pleasure, in a certain sense, as I was thus enabled to pay this tribute to their patriotism.

When the news of the attack on Sumter, in April, 1861, reached Penacook, quickly followed by the attack in Baltimore of the secession mob on the 6th Massachusetts, the feeling in our village was similar to that in all manufacturing communities. The most intense loyalty to the Union manifested itself, first, in the hanging out of the stars and stripes, and again, when the government called for troops, in being among the first to furnish volunteers.

At that time the Washington House was kept by Major J. S. Durgin. He had two sons at work in Boston. The

youngest, Hiram, was well known to the old residents as a stout, good-natured boy, full of life, and a great lover of the sports common in those days, especially the old-fashioned game of base-ball as it was played then. He enlisted when the first three-months regiment was organized, but with his brother Abner was transferred to the company commanded by Capt. Leonard Drown, in the second three years regiment. In this command he served up to the second Bull Run, fought in July, 1862; and here, not far from where he first met the enemy on the same field but one year before, he met a soldier's death, falling with a sergeant's stripes on his arm, and lies buried in an unknown grave. His company commander, Captain Leonard Drown, was one of the best known men in Penacook for ten years before the war began. He was foreman of the Pioneer Fire Company for some years—a man of striking appearance, and one of the best line officers in a regiment second to none in the service. I saw him last at Bladensburgh, Md., in October, 1861, during a visit made to his quarters by some of the Third New Hampshire, to which I was attached. At the severely contested battle of Williamsburgh, Va., during the forward movement of McClellan's army in March, 1862, he fell at the head of his company, shot through the head. He was the first commissioned officer from New Hampshire killed in that

war. His remains rest in our cemetery, and his grave was decorated today by the loving hands of comrades, many of whom never knew him, but closely connected by ties stronger than blood. He left a widow, one son, and two daughters. The son died; his widow and older daughter reside in Boston; the other daughter is married to Mr. B. F. Drake, of Lake Village.

John Muzzey was an employé at the Axle works—a young man of a quiet, retiring disposition, and a relative, I think a brother, of those of the same name in the village. He was a recruit for the Second regiment, and was killed at the first Bull Run, where his ashes, like those of his comrade Hiram Durgin, repose in an unknown grave.

Stephen Cooney was the youngest son of the widow Cooney, who died about three years ago. When only seventeen years old he enlisted in the first three-months regiment, and on his discharge reënlisted in the third N. H. Volunteers for three years. With that regiment he served up to February, 1864, when he was severely wounded at Drury's Bluff, Va., dying shortly afterwards. He is buried in the National Cemetery at Hampton, Va. He was a brave soldier. He received a painful wound in the first engagement in which his regiment participated, at Secessionville, on James Island, June 16, 1862. He was born in Ireland.

George Damon was a spinner in Harris's Woollen Mill—a bright, genial young man, and a general favorite. He was one of the best looking and neatest dressed men in the village. He enlisted in company B, Second regiment New

Hampshire Volunteers, and met his death at the battle of Fair Oaks, in June, 1862. Like so many others, he lies in an unknown grave. He left no relatives here to my knowledge, being unmarried.

Francis Keenan was a brother of Andrew Keenan, and for some years before the war was in the employ of the Rolfe Brothers. He enlisted in Captain Sturtevant's company of the Fifth N. H., and was severely wounded at the battle of Fair Oaks, dying the same night. Like the others mentioned, his last resting-place is unknown. He was a brave soldier, a good type of his race, witty and energetic. He was a native of Ireland, and came here about five years before the war. He was unmarried.

Lucius Feeny was also an employé of the Rolfe Brothers, and enlisted in the same company as Keenan in the Fifth N. H. He met his death at Gettysburg, where he was killed by a solid shot, in July, 1863. His remains are interred in the New Hampshire lot in the National Cemetery on that renowned battlefield, but marked unknown. The identity of most of the men killed in that engagement was lost, no mark to designate who they were being found,—simply the letters N. H. on their caps, or their position in line where they fell. He left a widow, sister of Mr. Thomas Igo, a former resident of Penacook, and two children. One of the latter, Rev. G. H. Feeny, is a Catholic clergyman in Walpole, N. H.; the other, a daughter, is married and lives in Florida. He was also a native of Ireland.

Curtis Flanders was a brother of Mr. Winthrop Flanders. He was one of the best known men in the village

in his day, of an easy, jovial disposition, with not an enemy in the world. He served in the first three-months regiment, afterwards reenlisted in the Sixth N. H., and was killed by a solid shot at Camden, N. C., the first to meet a violent death in his regiment, in the spring of 1862. He was unmarried, and quite a young man.

Joseph Farrand was a brother of Robert Farrand, our well known blind comrade. He was an operative in the Penacook Mill when the war broke out, and enlisted with his brother Robert in Captain Durgin's company of the Seventh N. H. He was killed at Olustee, Florida, in the spring of 1864, and in the same engagement his brother received the wound that rendered him sightless forever. Edmund, another brother, enlisted in the third N. H., and died from the effect of his service shortly after his discharge. His body rests in Woodlawn. The family came here from England.

Alexander L. Stevens was an employé of the Axle works, I believe, and was orderly-sergeant of Captain Durgin's company of the Seventh N. H. He entered Wagner in that awful charge where his gallant Colonel met his death, and was never seen afterwards. No relatives here.

Sergeant Eben Daggett came here from Attleboro', Mass. He enlisted in Captain Durgin's company, and like sergeant Stevens was killed in the terrible charge on Wagner. He was a brother of the late Mrs. David A. Brown, and a fine type of the New England soldier, God-fearing and brave. I saw him at Hilton Head in July, 1862, and there is no question, if his life had been spared, but what his

abilities would have secured him high rank.

Johnnie Clancy was a little doffer in the Penacook Mill. He was the son of a Mrs. Clancy, well known to some of our oldest residents. He enlisted in Captain Durgin's company of the Seventh, went into that fatal charge on Wagner, and of him the same story can be told. He was never seen again. He was a bright-faced boy, with laughing eyes, and was beloved by all his associates, who grieved over his early death, for he was hardly 17 years old.

Patrick Clancy, John's brother, two years younger, enlisted in the Ninth N. H., but was taken sick, and died in the hospital in New York city. They were their mother's only sons, and a desolate home was the consequence.

Richard Nolan was also an operative in the Penacook Mill, of about the same age as John Clancy, and a half brother to Mrs. James Kelly. He enlisted in Captain Durgin's company in the fall of 1861, and like a hero met his fate at Wagner where his laughing face disappeared forever.

Captain Henry H. Ayer recruited a part of the men in Captain Plympton's company E of the Third N. H. He was appointed First Lieutenant, and promoted to Captain. He had the reputation of being one of the bravest men in that gallant regiment, as he was one of the most daring. He was severely wounded on Morris Island during the siege of Charleston, but recovered, and returning to his command was killed at Drury's Bluff in 1864. His body was brought to Penacook, and his ashes rest in Woodlawn cemetery. A married daughter survives him, in Somerville, Mass.

He was a man quick and energetic, but genial and happy in his disposition. He was well known to many of us who served with him in the Third.

Lient. Charles H. Emery was a brother of Mrs. Timothy C. Rolfe, an employé of the Rolfe Brothers, and well known in Penacook. He enlisted in the Twelfth N. H. in the summer of 1862, and was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, dying of his wounds shortly after. His body lies in our cemetery. He was a man of a gentle, retiring nature, and greatly esteemed by all who knew him. He left a widow who resides in Canterbury.

William Haley, one of the first to enlist in Captain Drown's company of the Second N. H., was in the employ of the Rolfe Brothers when the war broke out. He served with his company and regiment up to March, 1863, when he returned with the regiment on furlough, and, while staying here on a visit with his uncle, died suddenly of heart disease, and was buried in Woodlawn cemetery. He was a native of Ireland, and for some years before coming to this country was a member of the celebrated Dublin police force. No relatives of his reside here now. Mrs. Luke Garvey, a former resident of Penacook, widow of a soldier of the Fifth N. H., who was killed at Mine Run, Va., in 1864, was his sister. She now lives in Lowell, Mass., with her family.

Thomas Haley was a weaver in the Penacook Mill for some years before the war, and a brother of William Haley. He enlisted in Captain Durgin's company of the Seventh N. H., which was mainly made up of Pena-

cook men, or of those recruited in its immediate vicinity. He participated in the battles in which his regiment was engaged during the siege of Charleston, and was one of the few who came out of the charge on Wagner unhurt, only to meet his fate at Olustee, where he was killed beside his former room-mate in the mill, Joseph Farrand. His widow and two daughters resided here until 1879, when they removed to Manchester, where they still live. A little son of his was drowned in the canal back of the store of W. H. Bell, in the summer of 1864. Like so many of his comrades, his last resting-place is unknown. He was born in Ireland. I was lately told by comrade George W. Abbott that just as the recall was sounded and the brigade ordered to fall back, he heard his name called, and looking back towards the direction of the voice, saw poor Haley half lying half sitting at the base of a tree. A piece of shell had struck him in the middle, literally disembowelling him, and presenting a most horrifying spectacle. In piteous tones he begged for a drink of water. Comrade Abbott, with a bullet in his shoulder, and at the risk of capture, as the regiment was rapidly disappearing, stooped and gave him all there was in his canteen. He drank every drop; whereupon Abbott said,—“Tom, I will try and fill my canteen and leave it with you.” “It is no use, George,” said Haley, “you will only be made a prisoner, and it will do me no good, as an hour will finish me. God bless you!”—and so they parted forever.

Hubert McEvilly was an employé of H. H. & J. S. Brown, and a resident of Penacook since 1853. He was

the son of a widow who lived for a good many years in the house now occupied by Cornelius O'Brien, near the Axle works. While visiting friends in the Green Mountain state in the spring of 1862, he enlisted in the Tenth Vermont. He was severely wounded at the battle of the Wilderness, in 1864, being shot through the breast, the ball barely grazing his heart. He was home on furlough the greater part of the fall and winter of 1864, and was offered his discharge but would not accept it. He returned to his regiment, and at the battle of Five Forks, five days after his time was out, he was shot dead while acting as one of the color guard. A more touching tribute was never paid the memory of a brave man than when his Captain wrote to his afflicted mother of the death of her only son. He was buried where he fell. His mother and two sisters live in Illinois. He was a native of Ireland.

Louis B. Elliott was the oldest son of Theodore Elliott, the well known wheelwright at the Borough. He enlisted in Company E, Sixteenth N. H., in the winter of 1862. Although this regiment was not engaged in any battles of note, the loss of life was terrible on account of being located in the swamps and bayous of Louisiana, where malarial fevers and dysentery almost decimated its ranks. He was among the many who lost their lives in this manner. He left a widow, Mrs. Roxanna Elliott, and two daughters, Mrs. Edward Prescott and Mrs. Mary Clark, all of whom reside here still.

Major William I. Brown was the oldest son of Mr. John S. Brown. He had but just graduated from

Brown University, and was on the point of being ordained when the war broke out. He enlisted in the Ninth N. H., in July, 1862, and was commissioned first lieutenant, and appointed adjutant. With the Ninth he participated in many bloody battles, and in the fall of 1864 was promoted to major, and transferred to the Eighteenth N. H., in which regiment he served until March, 1865, when he was killed at Fort Steadman just on the eve of the dissolution of the Southern Confederacy and the close of the war. His remains were buried in our cemetery. He was the last commissioned officer killed in action in that war from our state, as his uncle, Captain Brown of the Second, was the first, and their bodies rest side by side in Woodlawn cemetery. He was small in stature, and, as I remember him, had a kindly eye, a gentle disposition, and a resolute will. Among the many in both regiments who lost their lives for their country, none were lamented by their comrades more than Major Brown, as he was looked upon as one of the most reliable as he was one of the bravest men in the service. When our Grand Army Post was instituted, in the winter of 1874, his name was the one selected, and I am sure my comrades will agree with me when I say that in showing this respect for his memory we honored ourselves and paid a deserved tribute to his worth.

Nathan Hardy was a son of the late Josiah Hardy. He enlisted in the Thirteenth New Hampshire, lived to return, and died soon after. His body lies in the family cemetery, near his late home.

William Maher, well known to the

boys of 1861, is a son of John Maher, of Boscawen. He enlisted in Captain Durgin's company of the Seventh, served his time out, and returned. He is now in Washington, D. C.

John Maher, a brother of William, was a member of the same company and regiment as his brother. He also came out of the struggle safely, and is now a resident of Boston.

James K. Brickett was a well known business man here for some years before the war, being engaged in the manufacture of shoes, in the building formerly occupied as a store by H. H. & J. S. Brown. He enlisted in Captain Durgin's Company of the Seventh, and died of yellow-fever while on the way from Florida to New York. His body found a resting-place in the ocean. He left a widow, who now resides in East Concord, and a son and daughter. The former was an assistant surgeon during the war, in the navy. The daughter was the wife of a well known lawyer here, before the war. Mr. Brickett was advanced in years when he enlisted, and was unable to endure the hardships of the campaign along the malarial coast of the Carolinas and Floridas.

John Savage was an employé of Rolfe Brothers, and when the war broke out went to New York and enlisted in Corcoran's 69th Volunteers. He was killed at the first battle of Bull Run. He left no relatives here, as he came on a visit, in 1857, and, liking the place, remained until 1861, when he went, as stated, to New York to enlist in an Irish regiment, some of the officers of which he knew. He was a native of Ireland.

John K. Flanders was another,

well known in Penacook before the war, as he lived there, boy and man, up to the time he enlisted. His father owned and lived in the house on Canal street, opposite the bulkhead. He was bright and active, and prominent in amateur theatricals and lyceums. He enlisted in the Third N. H., Co. A, with his brother William, and died of yellow-fever, at Hilton Head, S. C., in 1863. He left a widow, who afterwards married Mr. Freeman Tucker of this place. No relatives now live here. His brother, who served through the war, now lives in Illinois, and another is a resident of Franklin Falls.

George W. Gage was the son of Mr. Jacob Gage, whom some of the older people will remember as a clerk for Mr. Luther Gage when in the old store, near the hotel on the Boscawen side. He enlisted in the Ninth New Hampshire, Co. K, and was killed at Bolivar, Kentucky, in 1863. I think no relatives now reside here. Like so many others, his bones lie far from where he was born.

Moses Jones was one of three brothers, who volunteered in response to the president's call for troops in 1861. He enlisted in the Fourteenth Infantry of the regular army, and served faithfully with his regiment up to the time of the terrible campaign of the Wilderness, where he received his death wound, dying shortly afterwards in the hospital in Philadelphia, in which city his body was buried.

Daniel Jones enlisted in Captain Durgin's company of the Seventh regiment in the fall of 1861, and, with the comrades of that noble regiment, took part in the long siege of Charleston. He was spared in the charge at

Wagner, but, like so many of his comrades, fell at Olustee, Florida, his body falling into the possession of the enemy, and receiving burial at their hands. Both were brothers of our present post commander, David E. Jones, and were but boys when they received their death wounds. They were true types of the thousands who went to the front in 1861, with no incentive to enlist but a love of country and a desire to save the Union, for it was before bounties were offered as an inducement to enlist. It is difficult to realize, thinking of these things, that there are those who say that men enlisted for the pittance of \$11 per month, and who grumble at the pension paid the mother, who contributed three sons in the war to save the Union, two of whom she never saw again.

Samuel Wooley was an operative in the Penacook Mill. He enlisted in Capt. Sturtevant's company of the Fifth New Hampshire, in September, 1861, and died of disease. He was unmarried.

Mathew Wooley was a brother of Samuel, and was also an operative in the Penacook mill. He enlisted in Capt. Durgin's company of the Seventh New Hampshire, and died of yellow-fever, at Fort Jefferson, Florida. He left one son, James Wooley, who resides here at the present time. Both were natives of England.

Thomas Ward was in the employ of John A. Coburn when he enlisted, joining the first company of sharpshooters of Berdan's regiment. He was killed at the battle of Fair Oaks, in June, 1862. He left a widow and one daughter. The latter married John Rand, who for some years

worked in the cabinet shop. Both mother and daughter are dead. Mr. Ward was a native of England.

William Simpson was a native of Scotland, and was in the employ of Amsden & Merriam, in the tin business, some years before the war. He went to New York and enlisted in the Seventy-ninth Highlanders, and was killed in one of the many battles in which the regiment took part. While here he was a general favorite, a member of the lyceum, and a fine amateur actor, as some of the older residents of Penacook may recollect.

Reuben Eastman was a son of the widow Judith Eastman, who died last year. He was drafted in 1864, assigned to the Fifth New Hampshire, and killed in the first battle engaged, Cold Harbor, Va. His only relative here at the present time is his brother, William Eastman.

Luke Garvey was an employé of Rolfe Bros., and a resident of Penacook for some eight years before the war. He was drafted at the same time as Eastman, assigned to the same regiment, and killed in the same battle. I believe they were the only drafted men who went to the front from Penacook, substitutes being sent by other parties. He left a widow and quite a family of young children, who now reside in Lowell, Mass. James Garvey is a brother, a veteran of the navy himself.

Cyrus Holmes was an employé of Caldwell, Amsden & Co., and a resident of Penacook for some years before the war. He was one of those genial boys whom all liked, with a pleasant word for every one whom he met. He enlisted in the 1st Mass. Cavalry, and died during the war, of

disease, at Hilton Head. It was my fortune to meet him there in 1862. He was a son of the late True Holmes. Two of his brothers and two sisters now reside here.

Walter Roby was a son of S. C. Roby, well known here. He served in the Third N. H., Co. E, and died at Hilton Head during the war.

Roland Taylor, a mule-spinner, was an employé of H. H. & J. S. Brown. He enlisted in the Fifth New Hampshire, Co. A, was severely wounded during the seven days' fighting before Richmond in 1862, and died June 4 of that year. He left no relatives here. He was a native of England.

Lorenzo F. Connor was a tinsmith, who lived here as boy and man, working for some time in the store of Amsden & Merriam, now occupied by J. F. Hastings. He enlisted in the Seventh New Hampshire, Durgin's company, and was killed in the charge on Wagner, July 18, 1863. He left a sister, wife of Henry Abbott, now a resident of Concord.

James C. Elliott was a brother of George B. Elliott, a member of our Post. He enlisted in the Sixteenth New Hampshire, Co. E, and died at Port Hudson, La., July 27, 1863. His brother served in the same regiment.

Loveland C. French enlisted as a drummer in the Third New Hampshire, and died of disease. His father resides here still.

Daniel Abbott was a brother of Dea. Frank A. Abbott. He enlisted in Capt. Durgin's company, of the Seventh, and participated in the long siege of Wagner, where his life was spared only to meet his destiny at Olustee, Florida. Here he was captured, and died in Andersonville

prison, which so many entered never again to leave alive.

Freeman Ferrin was the father of Lyman Ferrin. He enlisted in the Seventh, in Durgin's company of that regiment, and was killed in the charge on Wagner. He was of the West Concord family of that name.

James Martin, Jr., was the son of James Martin, and served in the same company and regiment with his father and brother, Michael C., Eighth New Hampshire. He was killed at Port Hudson on the same day Lieutenant-Colonel Lull lost his life. The family lived here before the war, the two boys working in the mill and the father on the railroad. They did not return here at the close of the war.

Captain Nathaniel French was a son of the late Richard J. French, and a brother of Thomas C. French. He was appointed assistant-surgeon of the Thirtieth Massachusetts, and died at Port Hudson. His brother resides here still on Canal street.

John Price was born in England. He was an employé of H. H. & J. S. Brown. He enlisted in Capt. Durgin's company, of the Seventh, and died in the service, of disease.

L. S. Raymond was of the Boscawen family of that name. He worked in the Penacook Mill as a boy. He enlisted in Durgin's company, and fell at Wagner.

Joseph Morrill was the son of Eben Morrill, of the Borough. He enlisted in the Seventh, and was killed at Wagner.

Selwin Reed was son of Deacon Reed, for many years the well known miller. He died at Beaufort, S. C., in 1863, while serving in Capt. Durgin's company of the Seventh.

Jefferson Searle was a resident of Penacook, towards the Mast Yard. He enlisted in the fall of 1861 in Capt. Durgin's company, of the Seventh, and was killed at Olustee, a battle in which so many of the Seventh met their death. His widow married Joseph Thurber, and resides at Mast Yard.

Samuel P. Reed was son of Deacon Reed, and a brother of Selwyn. He enlisted in Captain Durgin's company of the Seventh, and was killed in action at Laurel Hill, Va., in 1864.

James M. Dwinells was a recruit for Capt. Durgin's company, Seventh, and was killed at Olustee, in 1864.

Alfred A. Clough was well known among the Fisherville boys before the war, his father living in the house on Summer street long occupied by the late C. C. Topliff, M. D. He enlisted in the Tenth N. H., Co. A, was captured at Five Oaks in 1864, exchanged, and died shortly after from the hard usage in prison.

Horace Clough was a brother of Alfred, and when he enlisted was at work in the cabinet-shop. He was a bright, happy boy, and a general favorite. He served in Co. E, First Heavy Artillery, and died on his return. Both brothers were buried in Woodlawn cemetery.

George M. Whidden was the son of a Mr. Whidden who owned the house on Summer street now occupied by John A. Coburn. He enlisted in Capt. Durgin's company of the Seventh, and died of wounds on June 25, 1864.

In thus presenting a list of the men who went to the war from Penacook, and who lost their lives during the struggle, while a momentary

thought of regret may pass through our minds, how little do we think of the terrible agony endured by many of them, as, torn by shot or shell, they lay on the battlefield, praying for death to end their sufferings: of many more dying a lingering death amid the malarial swamps of Louisiana, some of them but mere boys, far from a mother's loving care; and of the thousands literally starved to death in the prison pens of the South, where, tortured by hunger, swarming with vermin, and covered with sores, they died rather than accept freedom on condition of enlistment in the rebel army. Native and foreign alike—Americans, Englishmen, Irishmen, and Canadians—they volunteered, before bounty or inducement was offered, in response to the call of Abraham Lincoln to save the Union of the states; and whether in camp, on the march, in the trench, on the battlefield, or in the hospital, they freely divided their last crust, or shared alike in the contents of their canteens to the last drop, thus laying the foundation among those who survived for a fraternity so broad and deep that neither the fierce partisanship of a political contest, nor the hateful quarrels of religious sects, can shatter it.

Pessimists may deplore the tendency of the times from their standpoint, and look back with longing eyes to an imaginary period when there was more purity and integrity among our public men, and more of the love of country among our citizens; but there never was a time in the history of this nation when better, purer, or abler men managed its affairs than during that eventful

epoch in our existence, between 1861 and 1865, when Abraham Lincoln, Edwin M. Stanton, Salmon P. Chase, William H. Seward, and their associates ruled the destinies of the republic, or more patriotism and true love of country manifested than by the men who were taught the science of war under McClellan, and conquered the Confederacy under Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan.

The best illustration of the effects of Christian civilization on this continent, after nearly a century of separation from the corrupt, demoralizing, aristocratic governments of Europe, was the character of that war;—for, if there is one fact more than another made clear by history, it is that describing the atrocious outrages committed on the old and the young, the weak and the helpless, and especially on the women and children, by the victorious soldiers of former wars. The War of the Revolution was not exempt from this stain; and the burning of Washington in the War of 1812—brutal and needless—proved that that phase of barbarism still existed among the armies of a nation claiming to be in the fore front of civilization. Beauty and booty were the words in the mouths of Pakenham's soldiers at New Orleans, and this fact nerved the troops of Jackson, and enabled them to achieve a glorious victory, and conquer a peace that has existed up to the present time.

But it remained for the soldiers of the civil war, South as well as North, to set an example such as the world had heretofore not seen in its great conflicts,—for from the beginning to the end of that struggle wil-

ful destruction of property was the exception, not the rule, and acts of violence towards women were looked upon with so much horror that offences of that nature, when occurring, which was very rare, were sure to meet with a just and speedy punishment. The character of the great body of volunteers in the Union Army was similar to that of the men and boys who left our village. They were, in the greater part, the sons of God-fearing parents, and it was not surprising that the lessons taught them at their mothers' knees bore such fruit, for never in the history of any nation were there found better husbands, more faithful sons, or braver soldiers than in that army towards which Penacook furnished her full proportion; and when an occasion like the observance of to-day recalls to mind the forms of those who never came back, one is tempted to say of them what Pericles said of his comrades who fell in the Samian War more than two thousand years ago,—“They are become immortal like the gods, for the gods themselves are not visible to us, but, from the honors they receive and the happiness they enjoy, we conclude they are immortal; and such should these brave men be who die for their country.”

Of that fierce struggle, which lasted four years, it has been truly said,—“It was the greatest war of the century. On the Union side alone, 110,070 men were killed in battle; while 249,458 more died from disease, by accidents, in military prisons, or from other causes. Including both sides, over half a million lives were lost.” It is hard to realize the meaning of the figures “110,070 men killed,” and

that on one side only. But on this occasion I will dwell only on our own state and village. New Hampshire sent to the civil war one regiment of cavalry, one of heavy artillery, one light battery, one battalion of sharpshooters, one three-months infantry regiment, two-nine months, thirteen three-years, and one,—organized in September, 1864, the Eighteenth,—served to the close of the war, about ten months.

The total number of men who went from New Hampshire was a trifle above 35,000. Of that number 2,004 were killed or died of wounds, and 2,928 died of disease in prison, by accident, or otherwise. Adding the loss in killed, and who died of wounds and disease, of the battalion of sharpshooters, which is not included in the above figures, and New Hampshire's loss foots up in round numbers to 5,000 men; or, in other words, one man in seven who went to the front from this state, between April, 1861, and April, 1865, never returned, being killed in battle, or dying of disease or wounds. An estimate can be formed from these figures of the number of desolate homes, and the thousands of widows, orphans, and mourning relatives, found in our state, when the surrender of Lee's army ended the war.

Small as our village was at that time, it furnished volunteers for the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, and 18th Infantry Regiments; 1st Cavalry, Light Battery; 1st Heavy Artillery; 1st New England Cavalry; Regular Army; Navy and Marine Corps; 69th, 79th, and Fire Zouaves of New York, and the 10th

Vermont. The following is a roll of the men who left Penacook, and who survived to the end of the war. It is made up from memory, largely, and must be imperfect. The names enrolled are of men who lived in the village, or in its immediate vicinity, for it must be remembered that in the report of the Adjutant General, the majority are credited to Concord, Boscawen, and Canterbury, the village being located on the borders of those three towns, having no identity of its own as a town, Penacook being merely a post-office address.

SECOND REGIMENT.

Lieut. Isaac N. Vesper, now of Blackstone, Mass., resident of Penacook many years before the war.

Lieut. Abner F. Durgin, quartermaster of the regiment; one of a family of four, who served through the war, all dead but him, and his intellect is gone.

Lieut. Joseph H. Wilkinson, a native of England, present residence unknown.

Corporal Joseph C. Sweatt, son of the late Ira Sweatt, died since the war, and is buried in Woodlawn cemetery.

James Thompson, unknown.

Daniel Desmond, a native of Ireland, well known before the war, died at Togus, Me., in the Soldiers' Home, about five years ago.

Nicholas Duffy, well known before the war, resides in Penacook now. He is a native of Ireland.

Philip C. Eastman, an old resident, well known, lives in Concord.

Hiram S. Goodwin, an old resident, now resides in Denver, Colorado.

THIRD REGIMENT.

Adna S. Currier was a son of Barney Currier, nephew of Dr. Steve Currier; died some years since the war.

James M. Chase was an employé of Caldwell & Amsden when he enlisted; now lives in Manchester.

Joel A. Cushion was in his day one of the best known men in Penacook, keen and witty. He now lives in Webster.

Joseph H. Currier was a brother of Dr. Steve Currier, and died some two years ago in Concord.

Fred H. Favor was one of those well known, and as well liked, before the war; present residence unknown.

Edwin Farrand was a brother of Robert. He died shortly after the war, and is buried in Woodlawn cemetery.

Hiram Gage was a brother of the late Calvin Gage, and now resides in Kansas.

William W. H. Gage is a son of Hiram, and also resides in Kansas.

Thomas Minnehan was a son of Jerry Minnehan, a native of Ireland. They could neither kill nor drown him during the war, as some of the Third boys will remember.

Martin Spellman is a native of Ireland, and employed on the railroad; residence unknown.

Jeremiah Sheehan is a native of Ireland; resides in Manchester. He also served in the Tenth.

D. Arthur Brown was the son of the late Deacon Henry H. Brown, and is at present manager of the Concord Axle Works.

Henry F. Brown is a brother of D. Arthur Brown, and at the present time treasurer of the Contoocook Manufacturing Co.

Samuel F. Brown is a brother of John S. Brown, for many years superintendent of the weaving department in the cotton mills, and resides here at the present time.

Geo. E. Flanders was, before and since the war, overseer of the carding department in the Harris Woollen Mill, and later in the Contoocook Cotton Mill. He still lives in Penacook.

Carl Krebs was a native of Germany, and a noted clarinet player. On his return from the war he settled in Boston until his health broke down, when he went to the celebrated water cure at Danville, New York, where he died about five years ago.

John C. Linehan was born in Ireland. Came to Penacook in 1852, and still resides here.

William W. Flanders was a brother of John K. Flanders, and served in Company A. He returned here at the close of the war, but went to the state of Illinois, where he now resides.

Jason R. C. Hoyt was born in the Borough, and now resides in Webster.

Loveland W. French was quite a small boy when he enlisted as a drummer, and died in camp in Concord. His father still resides here.

John C. Mitchell was a son of Philip Mitchell, and was well known. He died shortly after the close of the war. No relatives of his now reside here.

John Curran was in the employ of C. W. Webster, but made his home in Penacook. He is a native of Ireland. He enlisted in Co. C, Capt. Donahoe. He now resides in Boston.

FOURTH REGIMENT.

Sergeant Samuel H. Runnells was one of the color sergeants of his regiment. He was known to all of his comrades as "Lady Washington," and as such was known all over the state, and those who once heard his voice when cheering will never forget it. He was accidentally killed in Manchester a few years ago.

Michael Cuddy is a native of Ireland, and was well known here before the war. When last heard from he was in Manchester.

William Brannan was an employé in the Axle works before the war, living in the Halloran house in "California." He enlisted in the Fourth, served out his time, then reënlisted, returned here, and with his family removed to Nashua, where he died some ten years ago. He was born in Ireland.

FIFTH REGIMENT.

Sergeant Daniel Gibson was well known here before the war; now resides in Nashua.

Corporal Walter W. Eastman was an overseer in the Penacook Mill when he enlisted. He still resides here.

Orris T. Blinn was well known to the older residents. He died some eight years ago.

Patrick Brannan is a native of Ireland, and now resides in Charlestown, Mass.

Calvin P. Couch, unknown to me.

Nathan C. Danforth was one of our oldest residents. He died last year. He had two sons in the service also.

Luther C. Copp now lives in Lowell.

Sylvanus Danforth was a son of

Nathan C. Danforth. He now lives in West Concord.

Edwin C. Gilmore was a nephew of John A. Coburn. He died just after the war, and is buried in Woodlawn cemetery.

Thomas Gahagan was a son of John Gahagan, who was the first Irishman to locate in Penacook. He is at the soldiers' home in Togus, Maine. He was half brother to Richard Nolan, who was killed at Wagner.

Anthony Gahagan was in his day one of the best known men in the village. He was a native of Ireland, and accidentally killed in California since the war.

Albert Hunt was an uncle of Newell C. Hunt. He died shortly after the war.

Benjamin F. Morse, the well known barber, has been one of our best known citizens for the past thirty-six years. He is known to smile occasionally when he hears a good thing. He left one of his legs at Antietam, but works as hard as a man with two. As he is very comfortably located in this world, he is in no hurry to start for the other, and while we remain here we want him to stay with us.

Sergeant Charles Riley was a long-time resident of Penacook. He was a native of Ireland. He died about five years ago, and is buried in Woodlawn cemetery. He was a member of Wm. I. Brown Post 31, G. A. R.

Bernard Thornton was one of the old residents. He was born in Ireland. He belonged to W. I. Brown Post G. A. R. He died about three years ago, and is buried in Woodlawn cemetery.

SIXTH REGIMENT.

Andrew J. Simonds, one of our old residents, died about two years ago, and is buried in Woodlawn cemetery.

SEVENTH REGIMENT.

Major J. S. Durgin was for many years the landlord of the Washington House, and the father of Abner, Hiram, and Scot Durgin, who were all in the war. He represented Penacook in the board of aldermen, Concord; was also in the legislature. He died shortly after the war, and is buried in Woodlawn cemetery. He raised a company here for the Seventh regiment.

Rev. J. C. Emerson was chaplain. He located in Florida after the war, and was drowned there while sailing on the St. John's river. He was pastor of the Methodist church here for a time.

Lieut. Robert Burt worked for John A. Coburn when he enlisted. He now resides in San Jose, California, where I had the pleasure of meeting him two years ago.

Lieut. Charles B. Wallace was well known here before the war. He left here on his return, and his present residence is unknown.

Sergeant Charles D. Rowell was overseer of the spinning room in Penacook Mill, for many years before the war. On his return, he went to Shirley, Mass., I think, where he still resides. He was a noted rifle shot.

Corporal Jonas Foster is a native of England. He still resides here, and is well known.

George A. Hoyt lives at Horse Hill.

Joseph S. Hoyt, brother of George, returned, but died shortly after.

Robert O. Farrand had both eyes shot out at the battle of Olustee. He

still lives here, and, like Comrade Morse, is one of the most industrious men in the village. He was born in England.

Geo. W. Abbott is one of our well known citizens and business men. He also proposes to stay in Penacook.

Oliver B. Abbott was one of the old-time boys. He returned from the war, but died a few years after, and is buried in Woodlawn cemetery.

Fisher Ames is one of our oldest residents, and still resides here.

James Chadwick was born in England. He still resides in Penacook, and is in the employ of the Contoocook Manufacturing Company.

Samuel Chandler is a veteran of the Mexican as well as of the civil war. He is still in Penacook.

Lyman Cheney was one of our best known citizens. He died about ten years ago.

Wm. Duckworth was born in England. He still resides here.

Edson A. Eastman belonged at Horse Hill. He died some years after his return.

Lucian O. Holmes belonged at Horse Hill. His present residence is unknown.

David E. Jones is the present Commander of Wm. I. Brown Post 31, G. A. R., and the sole survivor of three brothers who went to the war.

Daniel W. Martin was a son of Deacon J. C. Martin. He now resides at Leominster Mass.

Thomas Sawyer enlisted in Capt. Durgin's company. He married a sister of W. W. Whittier. He returned here after the war, but removed elsewhere shortly after. He lost a leg at Wagner.

George W. Gilman was a son of Lieut. John Gilman. He enlisted in the company of Capt. J. S. Durgin. He returned here at the close of the war, but left a few years later.

James Hatton was a native of England, an operative in the Penacook Mill, and a brother-in-law of James Weir. He returned here at the close of the war, but moved away shortly afterwards.

Samuel W. Holt was well known here before the war. He returned here, making it his home until his death some years ago. He is buried in Woodlawn.

Peter Howarth was born in England, and was an operative in the Penacook Mill. He enlisted in Capt. Durgin's company. He returned at the close of the war, but moved to New Bedford, where he died some years ago. His daughter is the wife of John McNiel.

William S. Roach was a well known man before the war, in the merchant tailor business. He enlisted in Capt. Durgin's company, returning at the close of the war. He now resides in Newmarket.

Samuel McElroy, a native of Scotland, was an operative in the Penacook Mill before the war. He enlisted in Capt. Durgin's company, served out his time, and returned safely. He is now a resident of Manchester.

Samuel Cheney was a veteran of the Mexican War. He enlisted in Co. E. His present whereabouts are unknown.

William S. Hutchinson enlisted in Co. E, and returned here, where he still resides.

William R. Wadleigh was a son of the well known George W. Wadleigh,

now of Concord. He enlisted in Capt. Durgin's Co., returned here, and died about twelve years ago. His body is in Woodlawn.

EIGHTH REGIMENT.

Michael Griffin was born in Ireland. He has made his home here since his return.

James Martin was born in Ireland. He did not return here when the war closed.

Michael Martin was also born in Ireland, and has not been here since the war. He was the son of James Martin.

NINTH REGIMENT.

John H. Brown was a son of John F. Brown. He died shortly after his return.

Patrick McQuade returned, reënlistered in the regular service, and was killed in one of the battles with the Indians on the plains. He was born in Ireland.

William Kidder, unknown to the writer. He served in Co. E.

TWELFTH REGIMENT.

Edward C. Jameson was a son of the late Josiah Jameson. He enlisted as a drummer, and died shortly after his return from the war.

Charlie K. Manning was a son of Elisha R. Manning, a bright-faced, handsome boy. He returned here at the close of the war, but his present residence is unknown.

Ross C. Goodwin was a grandson of the late Reuben Goodwin. He died some years after the war, and his body lies in the West Concord cemetery.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT.

William H. Moody is one of our well known residents, having lived here since the close of the war.

FIFTEENTH REGIMENT.

Moody J. Boyce was the son of Milton Boyce, who resides on the Canterbury side of the Merrimack river. He was an employé of Rolfe Brothers, and enlisted in Co. G. He now lives in the northern part of the state.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT.

Lt. Albert H. Drown, quartermaster, was a brother of Capt. Leonard Drown of the Second. He was prominent in village affairs for years before the war, but since his return has made his home in Massachusetts.

Sergt. David D. Smith was commissary sergeant of the Sixteenth. His present residence is in Philadelphia, where he is a professor in the dental college.

Samuel N. Brown was a son of John S. Brown, and a brother of Major W. I. Brown of the Eighteenth regiment. He has made his home here since the close of the war, and is at the present time superintendent of the Contoocook Mfg. Co. He also served in the Eighteenth as quartermaster-sergeant.

George H. Cushion was a son of Joel A. Cushion. He returned here after the war, but went away shortly after.

Hall F. Elliott returned with the regiment, but died shortly afterward. He was of the Borough family of that name, and was the father of Alonzo Elliott, the carriage manufacturer.

John H. Elliott was the son of Hall Elliott. He returned with and died about the same time as his father. Both were buried in Woodlawn cemetery.

Alfred Elliott has lived here since

the war, and at present is in the employ of the Contoocook Co.

Hanson D. Emerson returned here after the war, but later on removed to Hopkinton where he now lives.

Asa Emery was a son of William Emery. He also served some years in the navy. He has made his home here since the war, but is out of the state at present.

Geo. B. Elliott, brother of James, who died at Port Hudson, lives in Penacook.

Isaac C. Evans lived here for a time after his return, but for a number of years resided in Boston, where he died about two years ago.

Peter O. Shepard returned at the close of the war, but died a few years later. The two latter are buried in Woodlawn.

John Heath now lives in West Parish.

EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT.

Corp. J. Scott Durgin was the youngest son of Major J. S. Durgin. He died a few years after his return. He was buried in Woodlawn.

William E. Jameson was for years a resident of Penacook before the war. Since his return he has lived in Haverhill, Mass.

James M. Shepard, since his return, lived here until about three years ago, when he moved to Haverhill, N. H., where he now resides.

George H. Gleason enlisted in Co. A. He returned here, and for some years resided on the Boscawen side, near the place of David E. Jones.

Frank Stevens was an employé of Caldwell & Amsden. He came here from Salisbury, and returned there after the war.

William Barnett was a son of Geo. Barnett. He left here some years after his return. He is now in New Bedford, Mass.

Nathaniel E. Baker was unknown to the writer.

Frank S. Hunt was a son of Albert Hunt, of the Fifth. He died shortly after his return.

Nathaniel O. Kimball and William F. Wallace were unknown to the writer.

FIRST NEW HAMPSHIRE CAVALRY.

Henry Pearson was a native of England. He returned here at the close of the war, but shortly after moved away.

Henry A. Flint—unknown.

FIRST NEW ENGLAND CAVALRY.

William H. Caldwell was a son of the late B. F. Caldwell. He was in Andersonville. He is now in California.

Horace H. Danforth was a son of Nathan C. Danforth, who served in the Fifth. He returned here at the close of the war, and died about fifteen years ago.

FIRST REGIMENT U. S. SHARPSHOOTERS.

Lieut. Isaac Davis served in Company E of this regiment.

Lieut. John H. Gilman enlisted in the Sharpshooters. He returned here at the close of the war, and was accidentally killed by the premature explosion of a charge of powder while at work in a quarry.

Elisha R. Manning returned here after the war, and built the house now occupied by W. W. Eastman. He moved away shortly after.

Benjamin Morrison is a brother of John C. Morrison. He now resides in Lowell, Mass.

Joseph H. Rolfe is a son of Captain Nathaniel Rolfe. He has lived in Minneapolis since the war.

Joseph E. Sanders returned here, and made Penacook his home up to the time of his death about three years ago.

Charles P. Shepard returned here after the war, and for some years was a caterer in Manchester and Concord. He lives on his farm at present.

James F. Tyler was in the employ of J. A. Coburn. He came back here after the war, but did not remain.

FIRST HEAVY ARTILLERY.

Henry J. Brackett worked in the cabinet shop when he enlisted, and after his return, but for some years has lived in Webster.

Mark Chase also worked before and after his enlistment in the cabinet shop, but left shortly after his return.

Fred W. Durgin was unknown to the writer. He served in Co. E.

William H. French was a son of O. N. French, one of our well known citizens. He made his home in Penacook until his death, about ten years ago. He is buried in Woodlawn.

Oscar F. French was a brother of William. He served in the Seventh. On his return he kept a barber-shop here for some years. He died about ten years ago, in Littleton, N. H., and is buried in Woodlawn.

Warren D. Morrill lived in the family of Eben Morrill at the Borough. He returned here at the close of the war, and now lives in Concord.

Lawrence Jemery was a nephew of Francis Jemery, a cooper. Residence unknown.

Joseph Jemery was a brother of

Lawrence. They left here on their return.

George Marsh is the son of David Marsh. He now resides here.

Leroy Sweatt was a nephew of Cady Sweatt, and on his return went to California.

Hiram J. Morrill is a past-commander of W. I. Brown Post 31, and still resides here.

Moses E. Haynes lived on the Canterbury side of the Merrimack. He enlisted in Co. E.

Charles P. Haynes, his brother, served in the same company and regiment. Both reside in Penacook.

Robert Lloyd served in Co. K.

FIRST LIGHT BATTERY.

Robert Crowther was overseer in the mule-spinning department of the Penacook Mill. He enlisted in July, 1861, served out his full time, and fills the same position in the Penacook Mill at the present time. He is a native of England, and has made his home in Penacook since 1852.

VARIOUS ORGANIZATIONS.

George Scales served in Co. G, Second Regt. U. S. S. S. He lived here for some years after the war, but went to Colorado some six years ago.

Francis Spearman enlisted in the Third U. S. Artillery. He was a brother of Andrew Spearman, and was accidentally killed in California some ten years ago.

Patrick Gahagan, was a brother of Anthony Gahagan. He returned here, but shortly after went to California, and was never heard from.

John Meaghla served in the Seventh R. I. He died at the close of the

war, and is buried at Woodlawn. He was born in Ireland.

James C. Bowen, one of our well known citizens, served in the Marine Corps. He resides here still.

James Gahagan also served in the Marine Corps. He was a brother of the late Vincent Gahagan, and for many years a section hand in the Penacook Mill. He died shortly after his return, and is buried in Woodlawn. He was a native of Ireland.

Thomas Brannan served in the Marine Corps. He returned here at the close of the war, and now resides at Newmarket. He was born in Ireland.

Philip Hacket was a native of Ireland, and an employé of E. S. Harris & Co. He returned here at the close of the war, but left shortly after. He served in the navy.

Charles Moulton was also an employé of Harris & Co., and has not lived here since the war. He served in the navy.

James Garvey was a brother of Luke Garvey, who was killed at Mine Run. He served in the navy, and has made his home here since his return. He was born in Ireland.

Alfred Preston was a native of England. He came here a few years before the war, and married a sister of the late John Thornton. He went to New York when the war broke out, and enlisted in the Fire Zouaves. What became of him is not known, as he did not return here.

George Brown lived at the Borough, in a log house, beyond Amos Elliott's house. He returned here, and died some years ago.

Wesley Eastman was a brother of

W. W. Eastman, who served in the Fifth. He was a section hand in the weaving department of the Penacook Mill for some years. He enlisted in the Marine Corps, serving with Bowen and Gahagan. He now resides in Manchester.

Loren F. Currier was a member of the brigade band stationed at Port Royal during the war. He still resides here.

David A. Brown was a member of the Port Royal brigade band, and is one of Penacook's oldest musicians, as he is one of its most respected citizens. He is still among us.

James McGuire was a brother of Mrs. Peter McArdle, and was well known here before the war. He went to New York, and enlisted in a regiment from that state.

Owen McGuire was a brother of James, and enlisted in the same regiment. Both lived through the war, and now reside in New York.

In the brief sketches of these men, but little can be said of their character. In responding to their country's call they proved their loyalty and patriotism. Many of them have died since their return, many more have found homes in other communities, but the quality of those who remain with us can be seen by the following figures, taken from the assessor's book of Ward 1, Concord, for April, 1889. Forty-seven citizens of Penacook—Ward 1, Concord—who are honorably discharged soldiers, all but one of whom were privates or non-commissioned officers, are taxed for real or personal property, mainly the former, to the assessed value of \$99,104. To show how

equitably this is distributed, a tabulated statement is given.

| | | |
|-------|-----------------|----------|
| No. 1 | is assessed for | \$11,328 |
| " 2 | " | 7,500 |
| " 3 | " | 7,400 |
| " 4 | " | 6,125 |
| " 5 | " | 6,100 |
| " 6 | " | 4,856 |
| " 7 | " | 4,375 |
| " 8 | " | 3,525 |
| " 9 | " | 3,350 |
| " 10 | " | 3,175 |
| " 11 | " | 2,600 |
| " 12 | " | 2,400 |
| " 13 | " | 2,000 |
| " 14 | " | 1,825 |
| " 15 | " | 1,800 |
| " 16 | " | 1,750 |
| " 17 | " | 1,600 |
| " 18 | " | 1,600 |
| " 19 | " | 1,600 |
| " 20 | " | 1,500 |
| " 21 | " | 1,450 |
| " 22 | " | 1,220 |
| " 23 | " | 1,200 |
| " 24 | " | 1,200 |
| " 25 | " | 1,150 |
| " 26 | " | 1,050 |
| " 27 | " | 1,000 |
| " 28 | " | 1,000 |
| " 29 | " | 1,000 |
| " 30 | " | 1,000 |
| " 31 | " | 1,000 |
| " 32 | " | 900 |
| " 33 | " | 900 |
| " 34 | " | 900 |
| " 35 | " | 800 |
| " 36 | " | 800 |
| " 37 | " | 800 |
| " 38 | " | 800 |
| " 39 | " | 750 |
| " 40 | " | 650 |
| " 41 | " | 600 |
| " 42 | " | 570 |

| | |
|------------------------|----------|
| No. 43 is assessed for | \$550 |
| “ 44 “ | 455 |
| “ 45 “ | 400 |
| “ 46 “ | 375 |
| “ 47 “ | 175 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$99,104 |

On the Boscawen side of Penacook, nine veterans are assessed. Estimated value \$9,600, distributed as follows :

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------|
| No. 1 is assessed—estimate, | \$2,000 |
| “ 2 “ “ | 1,200 |
| “ 3 “ “ | 1,200 |
| “ 4 “ “ | 1,000 |
| “ 5 “ “ | 1,000 |
| “ 6 “ “ | 800 |
| “ 7 “ “ | 800 |
| “ 8 “ “ | 800 |
| “ 9 “ “ | 800 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$108,704 |

The valuation of the school-district in which nearly all of the foregoing reside, is, in round numbers, about \$600,000, so that the veterans pay nearly one sixth of the taxes in the district. The bulk of the balance is paid by the manufacturers and merchants.

The membership of W. I. Brown Post 31, G. A. R., of Penacook, is sixty-five, and nearly every veteran in the village belongs to it. It will be seen from the above, that fifty-seven of the number pay more than a poll tax. When so much is said about pensions, the fact should be borne in mind, that, judging from the character of the Penacook veterans, no class of men have done more, by honest labor, to accumulate the much talked of surplus than the veterans themselves. If any one doubts this, let

him take notice for the next three months, and, if he is a man whose business takes him about the country, he will find that there is not an occupation or profession in the United States in which will not be found men who are wearing the modest little bronze button of the Grand Army of the Republic. They will be found on the railroads as section-men, brakemen, baggage-masters, conductors, firemen, engineers, superintendents, managers, and presidents; at the bar among the most eminent lawyers, on the bench, in both houses of congress, officers of the highest rank in the army and navy, manufacturers and business men, presidents of the United States, and governors of commonwealths, ministers in evangelical churches, and priests in Catholic cathedrals. Many of those who never rose above the rank of non-commissioned officers are socially the equals of many more who wore three stars on their shoulders, and in civil life are as loyal to the constitution and laws of the country as they were true to them during the war. The great debt, run up between 1861 and 1865, they have done as much by their labor to reduce as any other class, and their proportion of the taxes levied for the payment of pensions to their wounded or enfeebled comrades is fully as large as that of any other. Citizens who are fond of grumbling about the amount paid to the crippled and unfortunate ought to consider this,—that every honest, industrious veteran (and that means all, with very few exceptions) whom God has blessed with good health has paid a double duty to his country,—first, by risking his life to save it from

disruption, and again, by his honest labor, paying his taxes, increasing the revenue, and paying the war debt. Lecky, in his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," has paid them a tribute for their unselfish patriotism which future American historians will be proud to quote.

This is the record of the citizens of Penacook during the war for the preservation of the Federal Union. Between 1861 and 1865 two hundred and twelve men left our peaceful community, serving in almost every organization that left the state, in the regular army, navy, and marine corps, and in several other state organizations. Of that number, fifty-four never came back, being killed in action, or dying of wounds or disease. The average loss from the state during the war was a fraction less than one in seven; from Penacook a fraction over one in four, or nearly double that of the loss from the state. The blood of Penacook men has moistened the ground on the great

battlefields of the war in which the Army of the Potomac participated, as well as at Wagner, Olustee, Port Hudson, and Vicksburg. No charge of desertion, or of the commission of an unmanly act, is on record against one of the number. Every one either died the death of a soldier, or received an honorable discharge. We have especial reason, then, to-day, to be thankful to God that in the hour of its trial our beloved country found in Penacook men some of its truest, bravest defenders—men whose death proved their manliness, and whose daily lives while in the service their honor. With such a record as this, we ought to bear in grateful remembrance the memories of those who lost their lives during the struggle, and never forget the debt due the volunteers of the civil war for giving us a free, united government, under which it is possible for all to acquire an honorable livelihood, protected by the flag their bravery saved from dishonor.

JOHN C. LINEHAN.

A PICTURE.

Two blue-veined eyelids folded down
Over two eyes of softest brown,
A tangled mass of golden curls,
Two parted lips, disclosing pearls,
One dimpled arm with careless grace
Thrown o'er her head, while o'er her face
A flitting smile did play.

A quiet spot where naught was heard
Save the sweet carol of a bird,—
Except the drowsy hum of bees.
The air was soft; the gentle breeze
Hardly the tall pink clover bent;
And in the air there was a scent
Of new-mown meadow hay.

HELEN MAR BEAN.

REV. ISRAEL EVANS.

BRIDGEPORT, Connecticut, January 22, 1884.

HON. S. W. HALE,
Governor of New Hampshire,
 Keene, New Hampshire.

SIR: My father, Mr. George Porter, of Pittsburgh, Penn., a short time before his death, arranged to have painted, by Mr. Tenney, of Concord, N. H., a portrait of the Reverend Israel Evans, a Revolutionary worthy, an early minister of Concord, a prominent citizen of New Hampshire, and by marriage a family connection of Mr. Porter.

The portrait is now finished, and in the name of my father I hereby desire to present to the state of New Hampshire, through you, its governor, the picture, to take its appropriate place in the gallery of the capitol.

I also mail herewith a brief memoir of Mr. Evans.

I have the honor to remain, very respectfully,

Your obed't serv't,

GEO. L. PORTER.

MEMOIR

OF THE

REVEREND ISRAEL EVANS,

OF CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE, TO ACCOMPANY HIS PORTRAIT,

which is presented to the STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, in compliance with the last wishes of the late GEORGE PORTER, Esq., of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania,

with the request that this "semblance of the man" may be placed among the portraits of that "Goodly Company of Patriot Heroes"

which adorn the capitol of the state.

With these worthies Mr. Evans shared the privations, the fatigues, the defeats, and the triumphs of the Continental Army during the

WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.

Bridgeport, Conn., 1883.

DR. GEO. L. PORTER.

From Bouton's History of Concord, N. H., from other historical writings of local and general interest, and from family letters and private papers, this personal record is collected.

Rev. Israel Evans was a native of Pennsylvania, according to some authorities, but asserted by others to have been born in New Jersey.

He was graduated, October, 1772, at Princeton college, "Collegii Neo-Cæsariensis," as the diploma has it written, . . . "Candidatum primum

in Artibus Gradum," during the presidency of the respected Jonathan Witherspoon.

His immediate ancestry were educated men; his father and grandfather were settled ministers in this country, his great-grandfather was a minister in Wales. Influenced by their example and by the traditions of the family, he determined to enter the ministry. From Princeton he went to Philadelphia, and upon the completion of his theological studies was ordained a clergyman in 1776.

Immediately appointed a chaplain, he was assigned to General Poor's brigade of New Hampshire troops. With this command he remained until the 17th of July, 1781, when Col. Alexander Scammel organized "a fine corps of light infantry, selected from the several New England regiments," intended to march in advance of the main army, constantly prepared for active and hazardous service." With this corps he remained until the close of the Revolution.

Upon December 18, 1777, the day appointed by the Continental Congress for "solemn Thanksgiving and Praise,"—rather scantily celebrated in the huts at Valley Forge,—Mr. Evans preached the Thanksgiving sermon, and improved the occasion to express his personal admiration, and the veneration and love entertained by the New Hampshire troops, for their General-in-Chief. A copy was sent (mailed) to General Washington, February 17, 1778, but was not received at head-quarters until March 12, 1778. As an evidence of Gen. Washington's devout trust in the God of battles, and of his appreciation of Mr. Evans's abilities, the following letter is of interest.

The letter has never been published, and is now in the possession of Mrs. Abby R. Kent, widow of Hon. Edward Kent, formerly of Bangor, Me.

The Rev^d

ISRAEL EVANS

Chaplain to Gen. Poor's
Brigade.

Head Q^{rs}., Valley-forge March 13,
1778.

Rev^d Sir.

Your favor of the 17th ult. inclosing the discourse, which you delivered on the

18th of December (the day set apart for a general thanksgiving) to Gen^l Poor's Brigade, never came to my hands till yesterday.

I have read this performance with equal attention & pleasure, and at the same time that I admire and feel the force of the reasoning which you have displayed through the whole, it is more especially incumbent upon me to thank you for the honorable but partial mention you have made of my character, and to assure you that it will ever be the first wish of my heart to aid your pious endeavors to inculcate a due sense of the dependence, we ought to place in that All-wise & powerful Being on whom alone our success depends— and to assure you moreover that with respect & regard, I am

Rev.^d Sir

Y^r most Obed^t Serv^t

G^o WASHINGTON.

This whole letter is in the handwriting of Gen. Washington.

Upon the 17th of October, 1779, at Easton, Penn., Mr. Evans delivered an address to the officers and soldiers of the Western army, after their return from a successful expedition against the "Five Nations;" the address was so enthusiastically received, that, by the request and at the expense of the general and field officers, it was published for free distribution among the command.

General Poor died near Hackensack, N. J., Sept. 9, 1780, and in the grave-yard of that town his body was interred Sept. 10.¹ The funeral escort was composed of a regiment of light infantry, Lee's regiment of light horse, four field-pieces, Gen. Hand and his brigade. The corpse was borne by four sergeants, the pall supported by six general officers. The remains were followed by the officers of the

¹ Thacher's Military Journal.

New Hampshire brigade, and of the brigade of light infantry which he had lately commanded. Other officers fell in promiscuously, and were followed by Gen. Washington, Gen. Lafayette, and other general officers. In the presence of this imposing and honorable company, an appropriate eulogy was pronounced by Mr. Evans, but so near was a strong force of the enemy at the time of the services that the customary salute was not fired over the grave.

October 4, 1781, "while the Rev^d Mr. Evans, our chaplain, was standing near the Commander-in-Chief," during the siege of Yorktown, "a shot struck the ground so near as to cover his hat with sand. He took it off, and said,—‘See here, General.’ ‘Mr. Evans,’ replied His Excellency, with his usual composure. ‘you had better carry that home, and show it to your wife and children.’”¹

Upon the 22d, after the capitulation of Lord Cornwallis, in the presence of Generals Lincoln and Clinton and a large number of the victorious troops, "after offering to the Lord of Hosts, the God of battles, our grateful homage for the preservation of our lives through the dangers of the siege, and for the important event with which Divine Providence has seen fit to crown our efforts, Mr. Evans preached an excellent and appropriate sermon."¹ This sermon was dedicated to Lafayette.

Upon December 11, 1783, at the close of the war, he preached in New York city the Thanksgiving sermon for the blessings of independence and peace—probably his last public service as chaplain of the army.

Thacher's Military Journal.

Mr. Bouton writes,—“Several sermons which he preached and published while in the army were distinguished for their patriotic spirit, and acquired for him an honorable reputation through the country.”

Later: “Tradition affirms that his preaching was sometimes attended with violent action, so as to make the dust fly from the old pulpit cushion.”²

“It is related of Mr. Evans, that on one occasion, just before the army was going into battle, he prayed,—‘O Lord of Hosts, lead forth thy servants of the American army to battle, and give them victory!—or, if this be not according to thy sovereign will, then, we pray Thee, *Stand neutral, and let flesh and blood decide the issue.*’”

After the close of the war, Mr. Evans for some time preached in Charlestown, Mass. Here he met and married Miss Hulda Kent, sister of Col. Wm. A. Kent. To them no children were born, but they adopted and reared as their own child a niece, Mary Kent, who became the third wife of Isaac Adams Porter.

Mrs. Evans, who survived her husband by nearly forty years, continued her residence after his death in Concord, N. H., until her own death in 1847.

Influenced, no doubt, by the friendships and acquaintances of his army life, in 1789 he was settled as minister to the First Congregational society in Concord, N. H., with a stipulated salary for the first year of £105 with the use of the parsonage, and £200 (in materials) for building a house.

² Bouton's History of Concord, N. H.

Rev. Joseph Eckley, of Boston, Mass., a classmate, preached the installation sermon. He congratulated the society upon their good fortune in securing so able and desirable a minister.

In 1791, before the authorities of the state of New Hampshire, Mr. Evans preached the "Election Sermon," which was printed and widely circulated; copies are now accessible in several historical libraries. In this sermon, which is of a noble and liberal nature, he placed the utmost stress upon the importance of the education of the whole people, holding the trained intelligence of the rising generation to be the surest safeguard of the liberties of the commonwealth.

In this year he was appointed chaplain of the state convention, convened to revise the laws.

In 1794 there was some difficulty regarding his ministerial salary,—the money not always coming promptly nor directly. The matter was settled in a town-meeting by the adoption of certain propositions, drawn up by Mr. Evans, specifying the amount of salary, and the time, place, and manner of payment.

During his ministry some instruments of music were introduced into the service. Some persons left the "meeting-house" rather than hear "the profane sounds of the fiddle and flute."

About eight years after his installation he announced his intention of resigning to the town their pulpit upon July 1, 1797, and after some delay his resignation was accepted.

In 1793 he was elected a trustee

of Dartmouth college, and remained in this office until his death. His official relation and personal correspondence with John Wheelock, the second president of the college, were most cordial. In the troubles of the college, about 1806, President Wheelock wrote,—“We begin to please ourselves that you will be able to favor us with your agreeable company and to be present at the meeting of the board on the approaching Commencement. . . . There will be some very weighty matters to be considered by the board, and we shall greatly need your wisdom.”

During his trusteeship Mr. Evans was deeply interested in the prosperity of the college, and “in his will, after making suitable provision for his widow, and various legacies, he gave property to the amount of seven thousand dollars or upwards, in reversion, to the trustees of Dartmouth college, after the death of his wife, as a permanent fund for a professorship in the college,” to be known as “The Evans Professorship.” “Although the income is inadequate to the support of a professor (being now about four hundred dollars a year), the title is still retained.—‘Evans Professor of Oratory and Belles-Lettres.’”¹

Mr. Evans died in Concord, N. H., March 9, 1807.

In personal appearance Mr. Evans is described as of fine presence and of courtly bearing; noble and handsome of face, mindful of the dignity of his calling, and, with a becoming pride in his experiences during the war for Independence, wearing upon all public occasions “his tri-cornered

¹ President Bartlett.

hat." He treated his parishioners and associates at all times with politeness and kindness, but ever challenged, by his aristocratic lineaments and military carriage, more than the usual share of deference then paid to "the Minister of the Town."

At a time when college training was limited to a few favored scholars, he carefully perfected his education in classical and theological studies. The years of his early manhood he spent in the intimate society and companionship of the founders of American institutions. During the campaigns and encampments of the War of the Revolution he was the personal friend of Washington, Lafayette, Poor, Lee, Scammel, and many other leaders, enjoying constant opportunities for social intercourse and common experiences; and in after life, by personal and written interchange of courtesies, he strengthened those friendships which were cemented by patriotism, self-denial, and lofty purpose, and which he was so well fitted to appreciate.

Tradition reports that in the pulpit and upon the platform he was a magnetic orator, possessing rare power over the feelings of his audience. Blessed with attractive personal accomplishments and with mental abilities transmitted from educated gentlemen, who had been in their generation the intellectual leaders of their vicinage, he not only ministered to the intellect of his hearers, but, with a life experience of men and scenes and events in which they equally shared, he appealed to their imagination, their love of country, their struggles for freedom, and their common remembrances, and inspired

them with a masterful sympathy. Strong testimony to his oratorical abilities was the willingness of the officers of the Western army of 1779 to contribute their hard earned and scantily paid Continental currency for the gratuitous distribution of his sermon at Easton: and, stranger yet, his selection as the preacher who should inspire the hearts of the soldiery at Valley Forge with "Thanksgiving and praise" in that dolorous winter of 1777, when a foreign officer, walking with Washington through the camp, "despaired of American Independence," because he heard from many voices, echoing through the open crevices between the logs, these words: "No pay, no clothes, no provisions, no rum."

Dr. Thacher writes,—“Under these unexampled sufferings the army was not without consolation, for his excellency the commander in chief, whom every soldier venerates and loves, manifested a fatherly concern and fellow-feeling in their sufferings.”

This veneration and personal love for Washington, which sustained the soldiery during the privations of the Revolution, became in after years with many veterans a characteristic. Especially was this true of Mr. Evans, who made it a marked feature in his conversation, his writings, and his orations. No supporter of royalty could have been more loyal to kingly leader than was he to the fame and honor of his chieftain. As illustrating this trait in his character may be quoted from Mrs. Kirkland's *Life of Washington* the following incident, furnished by George Kent, Esq., of Washington, D. C.:

“The Reverend Israel Evans (an

uncle of mine by marriage with my father's sister) was a chaplain in the army through nearly the entire Revolutionary War. He was a native of New Jersey, a man of education, and capable of appreciating such a character as that of Washington. The opportunities he enjoyed for social intercourse with him, as well as with the patriots of the Revolution, were very frequent and favorable, and his reverence for Washington was very great. It is related of Mr. Evans, that during his last sickness, thirty years or more after the Revolution, his successor in the ministry, in the New England village (Concord, N. H.) where he had been settled, was called in by the family to pray with him in the evident near approach of the dying hour. Mr. Evans had lain some considerable time in a stupor, apparently unconscious of anything around him, and his brother clergyman was proceeding in a fervent prayer to God 'that as His servant was evidently about departing this mortal life, his spirit might be conveyed by angels to Abraham's bosom.' Just at this point the dying man for the first time and for the moment revived so far as to utter, in the interval of his delirium, 'and Washington's too,' and then sank

again into apparent unconsciousness—as if it were not enough to 'have Abraham for his father,' and on whose bosom to lean;—a signal manifestation of 'the ruling passion strong in death,' and of the lasting hold which that great man had on the mind and heart of one of his early and devoted friends."

"My king
King everywhere!—and so the dead have kings!
There also will I worship thee as king!"

A copy of the will made by Mr. Evans is preserved in the archives of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

In 1826, while Gen. Lafayette was in Concord, he made his home with Col. Kent, and with the kindliness of manner and speech which endeared him to all, he paid the most considerate attention to the venerable widow of his former companion-in-arms. When a miniature of Mr. Evans was shown to him, he exclaimed, his voice trembling with emotion, "It is our worthy chaplain!"

The testimony of Lafayette vouches for the resemblance to the man himself of the first painting: good judges testify that the original painting is faithfully reproduced in the second, which is herewith presented to the

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The portrait of Rev. Israel Evans was accepted by the Governor and Council, and ordered to be hung in the Hall of Representatives, where it may now be seen.

A. B. THOMPSON,

Secretary of State.

THE BAILEY FAMILY.¹

1. JOHN BAILEY, the emigrant ancestor of the New England branch of the family, came from Chippenham, Wiltshire, England. He sailed from Bristol in April, 1635, in the ship "Angel Gabriel," and was cast away at Pemaquid, Maine, in the great storm of August 15, 1635. He was a weaver, and settled in Salisbury, Mass. He removed to Newbury in 1650. His wife's name was Eleanor, perhaps of Newbury.

2. JAMES BAILEY, son of John and Eleanor (Emery) Bailey, was born at Newbury, Mass., Sept. 12, 1650; graduated at Harvard college in 1669; settled in Salem, Mass., in 1671; remained there until 1679; married, Sept. 17, 1672, Mary, daughter of George and Elizabeth Carr, of Salisbury (born Feb. 29, 1652; died Oct. 28, 1688, at Killingworth, Conn.). Mr. Bailey went to Killingworth, Conn., in 1682 or 1683. He probably left that town before 1691. In October, 1697, he was dismissed from the church in Salem, and recommended to the church in Roxbury. He was a physician in Roxbury, and died in that town, Jan. 18, 1706-'7.

3. Rev. JAS. BAILEY, of Weymouth, Mass., said to have been the son of James Bailey, of Roxbury (*vide* N. E. Hist. and Gen. Register), was born in 1691; graduated from Harvard college in 1719; died Aug. 12 (22), 1766. Wife, Sarah.

Children born in Weymouth:

1. James, born 1722.
2. Mary, }
3. Elizabeth, } 1725.

4. Joshua, 1726.

5. Thomas, 1728 (a son came to Woolwich, Me.)

6. Samuel, 1730.

7. Nathaniel, 1731.

8. JOHN, 1733.

9. Daniel, 1734.

10. Sarah, 1735.

4. JOHN⁴ BAILEY, Jas.,³ born in 1733, settled in Woolwich, Maine. He married Elizabeth Anne Memoir (Momoï), the daughter of a French officer (weaver). John Bailey was a captain in the Revolutionary army. He died July 29, 1813, aged 80 years. His widow died Jan. 17, 1828.

Children of John and Elizabeth Anne (Memoir) Bailey, born in Woolwich, Maine:

1. Benjamin, b. Nov. 10, 1761; d. in 1858.

2. JOHN MAXIMILLIAN, b. August 8, 1764; d. Oct. 5, 1857.

3. Elizabeth Limer, b. March 22, 1767; married, July 14, 1787, Josiah Brookins, Jr.; d. March 5, 1792.

4. George, b. Sept. 7, 1769; d. 1858.

5. David, b. in May, 1772; m., Nov. 8, 1796, Prudence Hodgdon; d. Dec. 11, 1802.

6. Jesse, b. Sept. 25, 1776; m., May 28, 1791, Eunice Gould, who d. Dec. 30, 1867, aged nearly 94 years.

5. JOHN⁵ MAXIMILLIAN BAILEY, John,⁴ Jas.,³ born Aug. 8, 1764; settled in Woolwich, Maine; married (1) Nov. 13, 1787, Susanna Hodgdon, of Edgecomb, who died April 30, 1791, aged 28 years. He married (2), in January, 1792, Susanna, daughter of Josiah Brookins, who died May 21, 1861, aged 92 years. He died October 5, 1857.

¹ By Rev. H. O. Thayer.

Children of John M. and Susanna (Hodgdon) Bailey :

1. Rebecca, b. Nov. 13, 1788 ; m. Wm. Fullerton ; d. Feb. 19, 1887. Their son, Otis Fullerton, m. Sarah Ellsworth, of Bath, whose son, Rev. J. E. Fullerton (Bowdoin college, 1865), formerly of Laconia, now resides in Brighton, Mass.

2. Susanna Hodgdon, b. April 23, 1791 ; m., Dec. 25, 1811, Abner Brookins.

3. Anna M., b. April 23, 1791.

Children of John M. and Susanna (Brookins) Bailey :

4. Polly, b. July 9, 1792 ; m. Dec. 14, 1809, John Williams.

5. MARTHA (Pattee), b. Oct. 22, 1794 ; m., Aug. 12, 1812, Wm. Stacey Shaw.

6. Abner, b. May 14, 1796 ; lived in Illinois ; m. twice ; large family.

7. John M., b. July 18, 1806 ; m. (1) — Williams ; m. (2) Harriet Reed ; d. in Woolwich, Nov. 10, 1886.

THE SHAW FAMILY.¹

JOHN SHAW, a farmer of Woolwich, Maine, born about 1760, married Margaret Lancaster (born in 1756, died Feb. 18, 1839), and died June 2, 1843, aged 83.

Children of John and Margaret (Lancaster) Shaw :

1. Damaras, b. Oct. 15, 1783 ; m., Dec. 22, 1799, Wm. Dickinson.

2. Sarah, b. March 12, 1785 ; m., Dec. 22, 1803, Solomon Seavey.

3. Hannah, b. Feb. 2, 1787 ; d. Nov. 17, 1787.

4. WILLIAM STACEY, b. Oct. 2, 1789 ; m., Aug. 12, 1812, MARTHA BAILEY.

5. Lydia, b. Dec. 19, 1790 ; m. May 4, 1809, Joshua Delano.

6. John, b. July 17, 1793, m., May 6, 1813, Hannah Wright ; d. June 24, 1877.

7. Hannah, b. July 12, 1798 ; m., April 16, 1819, Reuben Wright ; d. Nov. 4, 1883.

8. Susanna, b. Feb. 22, 1800 ; m., Rev. — Files ; d. Dec. 19, 1887.

WILLIAM STACEY SHAW, born Oct. 2, 1789 ; married, Aug. 12, 1812, MARTHA BAILEY⁶ (born Oct. 22, 1794, died Dec. 23, 1873) ; was a ship-master, ship-builder in Wiscasset,

contractor in Boston, inn-keeper, and during the latter part of his life a farmer in Winthrop, Me. He died April 5, 1851.

Children of Capt. Wm. S. and Martha (Bailey) Shaw :²

1. Susan B., b. June 1, 1813 ; m., Dec. 31, 1831, Edmund Wells Bliss ; d. July 9, 1850.

2. William S., Jr., b. July 25, 1815 ; m., Dec. 11, 1842, Jane — ; d. Aug. 19, 1857.

3. Hannah, b. Aug. 21, 1817 ; m., June 10, 1839, Josiah N. Fogg.

4. Abigail Hodgdon, b. Sept. 1, 1819 ; m., May 26, 1841, Rufus A. Brainard ; d. Feb. 26, 1845.

5. MARY BAILEY, b. May 15, 1821 ; m., Sept. 26, 1841, JOHN MCCLINTOCK ; d. Oct. 25, 1866.

6. Martha, b. Jan. 13, 1824 ; m., (1) Nov. 25, 1851, Alexander Gray ; m. (2), —.

7. Charles Mumford, b. Jan. 13, 1824 ; d. unm., Oct. 21, 1847.

8. Infant, b. and d. Jan. 7, 1826.

9. Elizabeth Ann, b. Sept. 13, 1827 ; m., Oct. 3, 1848, Perkins Russell ; d. March 10, 1852.

¹ By Rev. H. O. Thayer.

² Family Bible, J. N. McC.

BLISS.

Children of Edmund Wells and Susan B. (Shaw) Bliss :

Charles E., b. Nov. 1, 1834; d. Jan. 8, 1855; drowned at sea.

Susan E., b. March 10, 1838; m. Rev. — Merry; d. Sept. 18, 1865.

Obed W., b. March 8, 1840; d. Aug. 16 1852.

George F., b. April 26, 1843; d. July 6, 1864, in U. S. A.

John Mc., b. Sept. 18, 1845; d. April 25, 1853.

SHAW.

Children of William S., Jr., and Jane Shaw, of Baltimore :

Eliza E., b. Dec. 29, 1843; m. — Boteler; res. Baltimore.

Martha J., b. June 13, 1846; d. Nov. 22, 1848.

Charles, b. Nov. 6, 1847.

FOGG.

Children of Josiah N. and Hannah (Shaw) Fogg :

Dudley S., b. April 10, 1841; m. Eva Dearborn, Dec. 25, 1867; d. April 7, 1876.

Augustine N., b. Jan. 6, 1843.

Charles H., b. April 18, 1848; m. Ada —; res. Readfield, Me.

Anna Laurie, b. April 14, 1859; d. Feb. 11, 1865.

BRAINERD.

Children of Rufus A. and Abigail H. (Shaw) Brainerd :

Arixene A., b. Nov. 26, 1842; m. Nathaniel Wing; res. Long Island.

Elbridge J., b. Feb. 18, 1845; d. June 24, 1864 (in U. S. A.).

MCCLINTOCK.

Children of Capt. John and Mary Bailey (Shaw) McClintock.

Georgianna, b. in 1842, in Winthrop, Me.; d. 1844.

JOHN NORRIS, b. May 12, 1846, in Winthrop, Me.; m. JOSEPHINE TILTON, Oct. 3, 1871; 3 children.

William Edward, b. July 29, 1848, in Hallowell; m. Mary Estella Currier, June 17, 1873; 5 children.

James Young, b. 1851; d. April, 1853.

J. T., b. April 21, 1853; m. Mary J. Robinson; 2 children.

Mary Elizabeth, b. April 13, 1859.

GRAY.

Children of Alexander and Martha (Shaw) Gray :

Leonora Jane, b. Nov. 18, 1848; m. Dr. — McDavid; res. Augusta, Me.

Bertha O., b. April 29, 1852; m. Fred Reynolds; res. Lawrence, Mass.

Mary A., b. Jan. 25, 1856; d. June 10, 1872.

RUSSELL.

Children of Perkins and Elizabeth Ann (Shaw) Russell :

Martha Etta, b. Sept. 20, 1849; m.

Wallace, b. Oct. 12, 1850; d. Jan. 2, 1852.

IN THE NIGHT.

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

Are there faint footsteps outside in the night?
Is there low sobbing at window and door?
Lost and forsaken ones seeking the light,
Sighing in loneliness for what is no more?
No! 't is the rain, with a strange, ghostly fall;
Night winds, that moan like a lost spirit's call.

Is that a drum with a dull, muffled beat,
Like a heart throbbing in terror or dread?
Are there forms moving with slow, timing feet,
Dancing a death dance by yonder low bed?
No! 't is the clock, marking time as it crawls;
Wind-shaken shadows on dim-lighted walls.

Friend that I love — oh so still and so white!
What! from the lips not a flutter of breath?
Oh! has she gone in the dark, dreary night?
Am I alone in this chamber with death?
No! faintest thrills through the veined eyelids creep;
'Tis but the lull of an opiate sleep.

Under the curtains I peer through the dark;
Only the room's gloomy double I see,
With its one sleeper, so silent and stark,
And my own face staring blankly at me.
Blackest of darkness is spread over all,
Wrapping the land in funereal pall.

Moans, moans the night wind, and sobs, sobs the rain.
Will the long night with its burdens go past?
Will my heart dance in its lightness again,
And the world waken to motion at last?
O for a sound in the wide, dismal house,
Though but the squeak of a scared wainscot mouse.

Death here beside me is watching to-night,
Watching and waiting to swell his vast train;
Formless and voiceless, but dreadful in might,
Holding my heart with a cold, noisome chain.
Helpless and hopeless I watch in the gloom,
Waiting the slow-coming, sure-coming doom.

ENSIGN NABBY.*An Old-time Story.—(Concluded.)*

BY MARY R. P. HATCH.

Great excitement continued in the colonies over their treatment by the mother country. Every one took sides, either for or against parliament, and this wrought changes in many a friend and sweetheart. Lucy Flint lost hers, for he went for the colonies and she for the king, and they wrangled so when they met that they came to dislike each other in time.

The very air we breathed did not seem the same, and the wind blew to every quarter messages of strife. The massacre of 1770 had not been forgotten, and now seemed fresh in every mind. When the 5th of March came around, even the threats of the English soldiers could not prevent the address of Warren in memory of the event.

I mind me well the day;—it was fine and clear, and we went early to the South church to hear it. The English soldiers crowded the doorway, so Warren got in at the window over the pulpit. Such a speech! It thrills my old heart now. To my mind he seemed grander than Alexander the Great.

About this time father came near getting into trouble from overmuch speaking. It was but a little while after the battle of Lexington. Our old friend Major Putnam had heard of it while ploughing in the field. He unyoked his team and left the plough in the furrow, sent Schuyler to the house for his gun, and came galloping down to Boston. His road

lay by where father was at work, framing a house. He pulled up to ask,—

“What are you doing, Danton?”

“Building a gallows to hang the tories on,” said father. “Where are you going?”¹

“To get them ready,” shouted the major, clattering down the road. It was a tory neighborhood, and father was warned to leave. He left to join Putnam’s regiment.

Roger and Hugh became soldiers, but they were stationed near home, so we could see them sometimes. Mother and I were left alone, for all the apprentices had gone away one time and another. Peleg Jones joined the British army.

Oh but it was a sad, anxious time to have three we loved so well go away, perhaps to die; but we were proud, too.

Three, I say, for Roger and I had plighted troth together, and were to wed if he was spared.

“Nabby, dear,” said Roger, “perhaps you will be a widow before you are a wife.”

“How can that be, Roger dear?” and I laughed as I always did when I felt like crying; it kept back the tears, you see. “But if it be so, it is better to be the widow of a soldier than the wife of any other man.”

Then Roger kissed me and said I had a soldier’s heart, and I said it was little either of us knew about soldiering yet.

¹ True.

The town was full of British soldiers, and often they rode by, three or four abreast, all in scarlet and gold, shining in the sun, till I came to hate them, and the sun, almost, for making them glitter so when our dear ones wore homespun.

About this time there was a story rife in the neighborhood about two of his majesty's officers, that was told for the truth, though it might not have been true. There was a large frog-pond just outside the town, and Colonel Dyer and Elderkin had to pass it one night. 'T was still and clear, and the frogs piped shrill and loud. Among them was one old settler that was said to be very old indeed, and had a voice that could be heard a long distance. If you ever noticed it, their croaking, like the ticking of a clock, takes on a variety of sounds. That night the officers plainly heard their own names called, thus: Colonel Dyer, Colonel Dyer! Elderkin, too, Elderkin, too! The first in a dreadful monotone, the last in a shrill chorus. Not doubting that it was their own names they heard called in such fearful tones, they took to their heels as though a legion of demons were after them.¹

I remember the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17th, as no other event of the war, for my dear brother Hugh fell that day. We heard the sounds of musketry and cannon, and once I went on the housetop to see the battle. Oh! the roar, the smoke, the charging, the struggling of the red and the blue! Then Hugh was brought in. He was but seventeen, a year older than I, and I loved him better than my parents, almost. His

brown hair curled over his forehead as he sometimes brushed it in sport, and his lips seemed to smile. But for the wound in his side he would seem to have been asleep. His poor, dear hand clung tight to his heart, where he threw it when he was struck.

I never shed a tear, but a stern, solemn feeling came over me. He was good, and he had died nobly for his country. I would take his place, I said to myself, for I had the soul of a patriot, though in the body of a woman. They drew off his clothes, and robed him for the burial, and Friend Martha Remick came in to sit with mother. It was yet early in the fight. The terrible death musketry could still be heard. I took Hugh's clothes, and said to Friend Martha,—

"I am going to my room. Will you stay with mother to-day?"

"Yea, Abigail," said she, "I will so do, and verily my soul rejoiceth that the spirit moveth thee to spend the day in prayer. Pray that this wicked strife may cease."

I put on my brother's clothes—he was scarce larger than I, for I was a tall girl now—and I knotted up my hair under the three-cornered hat. Then I locked my door and slipped into the street.

I knew Hugh's company and found it, and I took my place by Roger's side where my brother fell; but he scarce noticed me, so busy was he with the work of death. The bullets flew like hail, but Roger never flinched, and I felt proud of him. I loaded and fired as I used to in Pomfret when I went hunting with Hugh. When I was thirsty I drank from

¹ True.

Roger's canteen, and I loaned him cartridges from my pouch.

Then came shooting up from Charlestown flames of fire, but they did not come from the direction of home, where mother sat watching by her dead boy, so I saw it not again, nor the people thronging the house-tops. I felt no fear, and had I known I should never leave the battlefield alive, I am sure my hand would not have flinched. So felt the men around me. Look where I might, I saw calm, set faces under the grime of battle, but never a tremor nor gesture of cowardice. When our people turned to retreat, I felt as if we must not go, as if Hugh's spirit was crying out that it was given in vain.

"Let us die here rather than flee," I cried; but when Warren fell I followed Roger from the field, and, as soon as I could, slipped away home.

Mother and Friend Martha still watched by the side of Hugh, and had not missed me.

Roger came, and I cried for the first time as we looked at our dead brother; for they were brothers in heart and cause, and were to have been so in name. Roger wept, and his tears fell fast, for brave men are always the tenderest. Afterward he spoke of the fight.

"Nabby, dear," said he, "there was a brave lad that took Hugh's place, and fought by my side. I would be glad to know his name. I gave him my canteen and he did not hand it back, but that is not the reason I would know him."

"What is the reason, Roger?" I said.

"Because, Nabby, he looked and spoke so like Hugh, it would seem to

be him, only I knew it was not, and Colonel Prescott noticed him and asked me about him. He would like to make him an ensign."

My heart beat fast at that, but a woman has no right to such thoughts. I said to Roger,—"But you fought bravely, too. Will they not reward you?"

"Ah, Nabby, how do you know I did,—because I am your own Roger?" Yes, I am to have a lieutenant's commission, and be transferred to Putnam's division at Long Island; so I shall be near your father. Nabby, your words strengthened my heart and arm. 'Tis better to be the widow of a soldier than the wife of any other man."

How brave and tender he looked as he took my hand and kissed it. Could it tell him that I fought yesterday, I, a woman, instead of watching by my dead brother, would he not think ill of me?

But I did not keep my thoughts from the right way long. I said, "I will not keep it secret from Roger," so I fetched the canteen.

"Here, Roger, dear, is your canteen. I forgot to give it back," said I.

He looked surprised.

"Did the lad come in here?"

"No, I am the lad, Roger, dear."

"You, Nabby?"

I did not look up, and soon he came to my side.

"I'm proud of your courage, Nabby, dear, but I would rather it had not been. It is a man's place to fight for the hearth, and a woman's to keep it warm."

"I know it, but you are not angry, Roger?"

"No, I scarcely know how I feel,

but I am sure I am not angry, my brave Nabby."

Soon he went to Long Island, and mother and I were alone with our grief and our care. We scarce ever went out—we had not the heart. Morning and night came with scarce a change, and our thoughts rose and set with the dear hearts away.

One day in walked Peleg Jones, dressed in English uniform, as gay as a peacock and as vain. He was sergeant or something, and as bold as need be.

"A fine day to you, Nabby," said he.

"The day is well enough without your praise, but I'm Nabby only to your betters," said I, as I set him a chair and curtsied.

"O ho! so you are as proud as ever! Well, I like it, it becomes you."

"Your likes are nought to me," I said.

"How know you that—I've come a wooing," he said, and he tried to kiss me.

I gave him a box on the ear that made my hand smart.

"Take your wooing and your presence elsewhere," I said, and walked out of the room.

After that we asked Friend Martha and her folk to share our house.

Peleg Jones came two or three times, but I would never see him, and I suppose he got discouraged with trying.

It was a long, weary time ere peace was declared, and we often felt heart-sick with waiting. Weeks would pass without a word from father or Roger, and we not knowing about the battles, or whether they were alive or dead.

But at last they came home without a wound, and what was better, without a stain of dishonor. Mother said their clothes were bullet proof, for, after Hugh's death, she had stitched a prayer into every seam.

Roger told father of my fighting at Bunker Hill, and for many a day he called me Ensign Nabby.

We were married, Roger and I, and we all moved back to Pomfret, but did not stay there long. Government granted us some land, and we came here to live. It was lonesome at first, to sit in our log house and hear the wolves howl about the door, but my love for Roger and the children was strong enough to make me willing to endure even greater hardships than I did. In time the settlement grew; old friends joined us from Connecticut, and the wilderness blossomed into a sweet home.

THE GIRL SOLDIERS.

It was during the War of 1812. That war, you will learn in your history, broke out because American citizens were seized by British sea-captains and made to serve as seamen on their ships.

One afternoon in August, 1812, two little sisters, Abigail and Rebecca Bates, sat knitting. They were about ten and twelve years old, the daughters of the lighthouse keeper at Situate Beach, Mass., and they sat in the porch of the lighthouse. Above them in the tower was their father, cleaning and trimming his lamps.

The little girls had so many rounds to knit on the woollen stockings before they quit. They were talking of the war. Indeed, there was so much excitement then that the very dogs almost barked about it. British ships' boats put in anywhere, and took men out of their gardens and fishing vessels, tied them and rowed off with them, and they and their neighbors could not help it. Along the coast men were stationed to look out for the British ships and give the alarm to the villagers.

Situate had a coast-guard, but he was away that afternoon, had gone inland to see his mother, who was very ill. He had left his fife and drum in the lighthouse. It was with these he was to give the alarm to the neighborhood in case a British ship should appear in the harbor. Hearing these the men thereabouts would seize their guns, pistols, knives, and clubs, and rush to the rescue if an attempt was made to carry off one of their comrades.

"I wish the coast-guard had not

gone away," said Abby. "I am afraid."

"I am not," said Rebecca.

At that moment their father called them: "Abigail! Rebecca! Come up here quick!"

They ran like wind up to the tower. "Look! look! girls! Is n't that a British frigate out in the offing? See the flag flying from her mast-head! My hand trembles so I cannot hold the glass."

In a moment Rebecca seized the glass and swept the quiet harbor and the open ocean.

"Yes! yes! I see it. It is, father; and see! they are putting a small boat off to shore. It is loaded with men, and I see the muskets glitter and shine."

"Oh!" groaned the keeper, "what shall we do, and the coast-guard gone!"

"Father," broke in little Abigail, all her fear gone,—“Father, Becky and I will take the drum and fife and get behind that point of rocks and play. May be they will think we have some troops here——”

"But, child, how can you get down there without their seeing the drum? They have a glass, too."

"I know," broke in Becky. "We'll take the table-cloth and tie it up in that, and they will think it's nothing but a bundle." They won't mind two such little girls as we are."

"God bless you, children; it's a faint hope, but the only one, and you may try it. Do n't begin to play till I hang out this white cloth from the window, then you will know they are near the shore."

Away they ran, the brave girls, their hearts beating like the drum itself in their excitement. Their father's heart thumped just the same, for he did not know what might happen to his darlings if the angry British soldiers caught them. But it was the last desperate resort, and they must try it.

The drum is untied, the fife is raised to Abby's lips, and soon the girls hear the rattle of the oars over the quiet water. Then from the tower flutters the white signal, and on the still air rings the sharp rat-a-tat-tat of the drum, and the shrill notes of the fife. They wake the echoes among the rocks, and startle the fishermen from their work on the mackerel fleet, while from the dwellings of the town, in eager alarm, the men in shirt-sleeves and with muskets in their hands come running down to the shore. And still the martial music rings out clear and shrill, with not a quiver nor a pause; and the boat's crew hear it, too. Their oars are suspended in the air, a look of rage passes over the faces

of the seamen as they see the rallying on the shore, and, with muttered curses against the Yankee troops for balking them in their purpose, they turn and row swiftly back to the frigate.

The men from the village have reached the shore, and, looking eagerly around for the coast-guard, are amazed to see, in place of the familiar figure, the two daughters of Jared Bates, with white faces but determined air, still playing the drum-sticks and blowing the fife.

"Why, girls, it is n't you that saved us to-night from grief and perhaps death?" broke out Capt. Folger, the leader of the company. "God be thanked for your bravery and forethought."

All the rest of their lives, till they grew to be old women, the sisters were honored for what they did that day. The story will be told as long as the United States is a republic. When Abby died, in March last, veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic carried her to her grave wearing their uniforms.¹

¹The foregoing is from my scrap-book. The original, I think, was taken from the *Boston Herald* about three years ago.—JAMES PRIEST.

LONELINESS.

[From the German of Herman Allmers.]

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

I lie at length deep in the tall, green grass;
From all around the trills of crickets blend;
Straight up from earth my quiet glances pass
Where heaven's blue mysteries above me bend.

White, fleecy clouds lie tranquilly o'erhead,
Like dreams or fancies all too vague to trace.
It is to me as if I'd long been dead,
And dwelt in bliss in realms of trackless space.

MY LORD BANGS.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WIDOW WYSE."

CHAPTER I.

THE LITTLE FIREBRAND.

There had been signs ominous of a gathering storm in the direction of the piazza for the last half hour, and Edith Josselyn had started up more than once with the laudable intention of pouring oil upon the trouble waters.

"It is strange they cannot get along without quarrelling," she said to herself. "Margery is a 'little fire-brand,' as Charlie says, but he need n't tease the poor child so. What an unfortunate temper she has!"—and she sighed deeply.

But Edith often had occasion to sigh over her young sister. Poor little Margery! motherless since her fifth year. Edith was only five years older, but there was such a difference between them!—one calm, self-reliant, and always to be depended upon; the other petulant, self-willed, and uncertain.

"I am sure I have tried to do my duty by her," she went on, laying aside the book she had vainly tried to read; but, instead of improving, she seems actually to be growing worse. She is quite fourteen. Certainly old enough to control herself. There must be something wrong in my management. Papa is right, perhaps. She ought to be sent to school—poor little girl; she won't like it."

"Now that is n't fair!" came from the piazza, in a petulant tone of voice. "You poked the die over with your finger. I saw you!"

"Oh no, child!" answered her companion, in his soft, smooth tones,

which were so very irritating to her. You must be mistaken; I can't fancy myself cheating. You must n't forget that you are subject to optical illusions."

"It is *you* who are subject to—to *juggling*," she burst forth angrily. "I won't play with you any longer. You ought to be ashamed."

"Oh come, now, little fire-brand, go out into the garden and cool off," he answered, laughing lightly; "only do n't poke your head among the branches—everything is so dry now, you know." Then a little louder—"I say, Edith——"

He said no more. This allusion to her red hair was too much for the "little firebrand." She rose in her wrath, and, before he had time to defend himself, drew back her sturdy little arm and gave him a stinging blow on either cheek; then rushed by her sister like a whirlwind, and reached her room, more angry than she had ever been before in all her life.

Edith had witnessed the whole scene from the doorway where she stood, a picture of amazement and consternation. She could see plainly the marks of her sister's hand upon Charlie Bangs's handsome face, as he turned his angry blue eyes upon her, and neither spoke for a moment. Finally he said in a low voice, which trembled a little from anger,—

"I think, Edith, you will acknowledge that this is going too far, even for Margery. You must see how foolishly you have managed the child. You can't expect me to take such an

affront as this very patiently. If you had sent her to school last year, as your father proposed, it would have been far better for you both."

"But she was so young," answered Edith, apologetically, "and she begged so hard to stay with me."

"Oh, of course!" he replied sarcastically, "and she will beg just as hard now. Is she to be pitied and petted forever? Miss Margery knows perfectly well how to get her own way. But, really, I did n't think you would justify this outbreak."

"Oh Charlie, you know I do not!" interrupted poor Edith, with a suspicion of tears in her voice. "I am very sorry; and Margery is very, very wrong. I suppose I have not been strict enough; but, indeed, I have tried——"

"Of course you have tried," answered Charlie, softening instantly. "Don't mind what I said. The little imp made me savage. You know I did n't mean it; you have done as well as anybody could do, under the circumstances. The trouble is, Margery takes advantage of your weakness—a perfectly natural weakness," he explained condescendingly—"and is fast being spoiled. She needs a stronger hand than yours. She has got quite beyond your control."

"Yes," replied Edith sadly, "what you say is quite true. I have felt it for some time, but did n't like to acknowledge it; she must be sent away to school. Oh, if mamma had only lived!"—and she sighed again.

"If your mother had lived she would have been sent away before this," said her companion, with easy assurance (taking up his hat).—"Will you ride this morning?"

"Pray excuse me," answered Edith, flushing a little, "I must talk with Margery. This is too grave a matter to pass over lightly. She is too old for such childish exhibitions of temper."

"All right," said Charlie, who had entirely recovered his good-nature, "we will go this evening if you like it better; but," turning back as he was passing through the door, "do n't give up the school arrangement."

"She will go to school," said Edith, decidedly, and she went to seek her sister.

If she had expected to find her in a penitent mood she was convinced to the contrary on opening the young lady's door. Margery was moving about like a raging young panther, ready to spring upon anybody who came in her way. Edith had made up her mind to be very calm, and at the same time to let her sister know that she was very much displeased with her. But when she saw the hopeless state of the irate young lady, she felt that any attempt at reasoning with her would be worse than useless.

"Oh Margery, how could you do so!" she began sadly.

"You need n't preach to me, Edith," answered Margery, walking excitedly up and down, "for it won't do the least bit of good. I am glad I did it. I gave him one blow for my red hair, and one for my freckles, and if I could only give him one for my nose I should be quite satisfied. Let him cheat and call names again, if he dares. *Prince* Charlie, indeed!" with withering scorn. "He's no more like a prince than—than——He is n't even a gentleman—he's a *cad*."

"Margery, stop!" commanded Edith, indignantly.

"I won't stop," said Margery furiously. "Nobody can make me, and—and I'll never live with you if you marry him—never! *never!* NEVER!" and she burst into a passion of tears.

The force of Margery's anger being spent, she threw herself upon her little white bed and sobbed as though heart-broken. But she had said words that her sister could not easily forgive. Edith did not stay to soothe the wayward child, as was her custom, but left the room immediately, saying, as she did so, "You have both shocked and grieved me, Margery, and when you are quite yourself again you may come to me, and we will talk the matter over, and decide what is to be done."

Margery rose as the door closed, saying wrathfully, with her little fists clenched, "You can decide 'what is to be done' if you choose, but it is quite another thing to make me do it. I *won't* beg his pardon, so there! I'll never do it. They can shut me up and feed me on bread and water—they can even whip me," here she laughed scornfully, "and I won't do it. He shall beg *my* pardon. It was his fault entirely. It is *always* his fault, only Edith can't see it. I suppose it is because she's in love with him. I'd be ashamed to be in love with such a hateful creature as that. Edith never treated me like this before," sobbing again, "and I hate him! *hate him!* HATE HIM!"

Below Edith was giving an account of the unpleasant affair to her father. With many apologies and self-accusations she told him that she had

come to the conclusion that Margery must be sent to school.

"Poor little girl," said Mr. Josselyn—"yes, it is the only way. But don't blame yourself, dear. I am sure you have done what you could. If any one is to blame it is I. She needs discipline. Perhaps it would have been better if I—"

"Oh! papa," exclaimed Edith in a frightened tone (her father was not old, and a step-mother was her *bête noir*), "you have been everything that is thoughtful and kind. Nothing can change poor Margery's unfortunate temper but strict discipline, constantly exercised, and that would be impossible at home in any case."

After a good deal of discussion the matter was finally settled. Margery was to be sent to Madame Chaudet's, then known to be the strictest institution of the kind in the country, for three years. She did not beg Charlie Bangs's pardon;—on the contrary, she lashed him with her spiteful little tongue whenever she found the least opportunity, and he grew at last to hate the very sight of her, and avoided her as much as possible.

CHAPTER II.

THE JOSSELYNS AND THE BANGSES.

The Josselyns and the Bangses had always been intimate. They were the two considerable families of the town, and were looked up to accordingly. "The biggest toads in our puddle," Joe Whittlesey used to say to all new comers. Joe was a character in the town. Everybody quoted Joe Whittlesey. He was allowed to say and do pretty much as he pleased. He was by no means a

fool, but he was "a queer fish," and sometimes said startling things.

The two houses, which were rambling, old-fashioned structures, were exactly alike without and within, save that a wide piazza had been added to three sides of the Josselyn mansion, where both families congregated in summer, and from which surpassingly lovely views were obtained. They were directly opposite each other, at the extreme end of the small though somewhat pretentious town in which they lived, on a slight elevation of land, at the junction of two long, wide streets, which were shaded their entire length by tall, straight maples and beautiful elms. Indeed, these trees constituted the chief beauty of the town from April to November. In the latter part of May and in early June, the green time of the year, it resembled a dense forest, with occasional glimpses of tall chimneys and slender, gleaming spires. At the back were low, rolling wooded hills; and on the east lay the river, with its many dangerous eddies and swift currents—a huge, fascinating serpent, whose terrible jaws had swallowed many an innocent victim.

There was a sleepy atmosphere about this circumscribed town, even in its most hilarious season, that would have struck one used to city sights and sounds; but it had its charms for all that. Indeed, it was delightful at certain seasons:—not in winter when huge mountainous drifts of snow were seen upon all sides, when windows were half covered and fences were nowhere to be seen, when the north wind sought to penetrate not only one's clothing, but one's very

marrow, nor yet in mid-summer, when one had literally to gasp for breath while turning longing eyes in the direction of the blue sea. At such times the Josselyns and the Bangses were not in town. Indeed, no one was in town who could by any means get away. It was the proper thing to do, and the inhabitants of this small place were as great sticklers for propriety as those of the great metropolis. When the Josselyns and the Bangses adopted a fashion, the towns people fell in with it as a matter of course.

But go, if you will, in that perfect time when the graceful, girlish elms are putting forth their leaves, when the apple-trees are loaded with pink and white blossoms, and the tender blades of fresh grass are shooting upward towards the soft blue sky; when the intervale lands grow gloriously green in the sunlight, when the willows by the river flash silvery white at every sweep of the soft south wind, and the river gleams and sparkles, murmuring as softly and joyously as though dreadful secrets were not hidden beneath its fair surface; or, later, when Dame Nature holds high carnival—that brief, glorious season, when she dons her gayest robes, and flirts recklessly with every passing breeze, and you cannot fail to be enchanted.

The Josselyn family consisted of four persons,—the father, who was president of the National Bank and a large property-owner, and the two daughters, Edith and Margery, of whom we have spoken, and their aunt Sarah. There had been a son, a bright, beautiful boy, the pride and delight of his parents — their first

born. To Margery's childish eyes he was big brother Ned, although her recollection of him was very vague; but Edith will never forget that bright June morning when this same brother Ned, two years older than herself, went out with a careless, merry whistle to meet his companion.

"Don't go near the river!" his mother called out; but he was already out of hearing, and an hour later his clothes were found carefully folded upon the river's bank. The next day his body, bruised and battered, was discovered below the Falls, miles away. The mother could not survive the shock. She died a few months later, and the little girls were left to the care of the bereaved husband and his maiden sister, who, having no other ties, immediately took up her abode with them.

Of the Bangses, there were three. Old Bangs had accumulated a fortune and died. He was always called "Old Bangs." I cannot tell why, for he was not so very old—scarcely fifty—but the title seemed to fit him. His wife was a gentle woman: no one could doubt that. Why she married Old Bangs every one wondered. They were totally unlike. Have you never seen an unbeautiful, old, gnarled tree, full of knots and twists, and disagreeable protuberances, and all about it a wonderfully delicate and graceful clinging vine, putting forth its green leaves and fine tendrils, as though seeking to hide whatever was rough and jagged and unsightly? Old Bangs and his wife resembled such a tree. But Mrs. Bangs had one un-failing delight—a lovely cherub, with laughing blue eyes and sunny rings of hair. Surely no prince ever born

had a more lovely face or a more perfect form. He was "Cherub" and "Angel" in his babyhood, and "Prince Charlie" as he grew older; and not only his own family, but, indeed, all with whom he came in contact, acknowledged his sway. Hearts are easily won by mere physical beauty, and Prince Charlie possessed this to an extraordinary degree.

The other member of the Bangs family, and not the least important, was Geoffrey Thorpe, the only child of Mrs. Bangs's favorite brother, who had "gone down with all on board," as he, with his wife and a party of friends, was returning from a foreign tour. Geoffrey had been left in his aunt's care, and still continued to live with her. Indeed, she looked upon him as a son. He was ten years older than Prince Charlie, and was cast in an entirely different mould. Not that he was ugly—far from it; but they were totally unlike from every point of view.

Geoffrey was tall, erect, and vigorous, dark-haired, with singularly clear eyes of darkest blue, and where Prince Charlie was weak he was strong. There was a look of firmness about the latter's mouth which spoke of a will as unyielding as iron, although there was an especial charm in his smile, which was as rare as it was sweet, and which lighted up his somewhat stern features. There were lines about the face which indicated hard study and deep thought. He was his adopted mother's counsellor and guide, and his strong character was a prop upon which the volatile Charlie unconsciously leaned. He answered good-humoredly to the sobriquets of "Judge" and "Old

Geoff.," but no one else took the smallest liberty with him. His practical good sense, and, above all, his unselfish devotion to the interest of both of his relatives, made him invaluable to them.

Charlie was now twenty-two. He had been through college, and had begun the study of law, as Geoffrey had done before him. He was considered brilliant rather than thorough in his studies, but he was thoroughly accomplished in the gracious art of putting people at ease; charming in conversation and intellect, but weak of will and quite wanting in energy. He entertained an absurd idea of his own importance, and showed a hopeless indifference to the value of money, which fact made him very popular with his fellow-students, for he scattered this commodity freely. But, although his allowance was ample, his demands upon his mother's purse were frequent, and more than once "Old Geoff" had been appealed to in an extremity, for, although the latter was not rich, he had an assured competency. But Prince Charlie was merry and careless. He laughed down all scoldings, and was the pet of the whole feminine portion of the town. His handsome, smiling face, soft, lazy voice, and irresistible manners made him welcome everywhere. But the girls knew better than to spread their nets for him. They all knew that he had been looked upon as Edith Josselyn's future husband from the time he donned knickerbockers.

There was a flavor of idleness about this young man's every movement, a picturesqueness in his attitudes, which were fascinating. He

found the world a very pleasant place to live in in all respects, and he aimed to get as much pleasure out of life and with as little effort as was possible. Geoffrey might plod—it was his nature—but he was of a different mould altogether. He would exert himself to be agreeable, but if there were any sacrifices to be made, why he was perfectly willing that others should make them—that was all. He had hosts of friends, this charming young man, for he would not take the trouble to be disagreeable—except to Margery. There was an unaccountable antipathy between them. In fact, they were always quarrelling; but on the whole he was such a pleasant, easy-tempered fellow, that no one could get angry with him, albeit he did give one the impression that he considered that the world was made especially for him.

He did not trouble himself about the future. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" was his motto. So he lived from day to day, with no set purpose in life. What was the use? There was no hurry. He intended to go abroad in the spring. It was quite the proper thing to do. Geoffrey had spent two years in travelling; but he did not intend to follow his cousin's course, by any means. Geoff. was too fond of delving to suit his ease-loving nature. He would spend some time in England, the home of his ancestors. He was fond of talking about his ancestors, and he would revel in the delights of Paris. He would have no trouble about the language. He had been studying with Monsieur Delorme for months, and had really a very good accent, and when he returned he

should probably think about settling down, with Edith, of course, and live a life of comparative ease. He would have something to do to look after his property, and—well, his ideas were very vague at present. He might go in for distinction in politics: he was a ready speaker, that is to say, an adept in brilliant nothings, and won applause whenever he condescended to address a multitude on the exciting questions of the day.

He was not an ardent lover, not as much so as the more quiet Geoffrey would have been. He took things of that nature in a matter-of-course sort of way which was very exasperating to his cousin, who worshipped the stately Edith from afar, and made no sign. In fact, Prince Charlie never talked of love at all, but he consulted Edith upon all matters, great and small, and leaned upon her as he did upon all his friends; and it would have been strange, indeed, if, with all his props, he was unable to stand erect and make a creditable appearance before the world.

Edith Josselyn was tall and slender, with large, dark eyes, refined and delicate features, and clear, pale complexion. Her head was set upon exquisitely shaped shoulders, and she had the manner and bearing of one born to command. There was a grace and dignity in her movements which were restful to look upon. Her calm, proud eyes seldom flashed with anger, and she was quite above petty jealousies.

Margery had been a pretty child, but she was now at that very ugly and awkward age when one wonders

whether she will turn out passably good-looking or decidedly plain.

She was a great care to her sister, and kept her in a constant state of perplexity. At times it seemed as though she tried to be unreasonable and absurd, having an air of obstinate enjoyment in forbidden things; but she had quaint little charms of manner quite impossible to resist, and it was hard for Edith to refuse her anything. Indeed, Edith yielded to her young sister quite as much as was good for her, treating her always with forbearing tenderness. And Margery, who was as tricky a sprite as a veritable Undine, was, indeed, at times very lovable. But she wanted sunshine all the time,—storms never. Caresses were absolutely essential to her happiness; discipline, she would none of it. She had a way of putting off all disagreeable things until to-morrow. She was quite willing to sew a seam, or to be lectured to-morrow. Everything in the way of fun she hailed with the wildest enthusiasm. She had such a capacity for enjoyment, that, after the first indignant outburst was over, she forgot even her worst grievance in some new venture. It was thus about going to school. After rushing about the house like a small cyclone, and vowing over and over again that she would not go, then shutting herself up without food for a whole day, she suddenly appeared in the midst of her sorrowing family, and informed them, with a great assumption of dignity, that she had been thinking the matter over, and had made up her mind to go away to school, but she wanted everybody to understand that she went from

choice; that it was *the least of two evils*. She *could* bear to go away, but she could *not* bear to meet *that odious creature* three hundred and sixty-five times a year.

CHAPTER III.

A GOOD RIDDANCE.

There was an oppressive stillness about the house after Margery's departure which weighed upon Edith's spirits and made her unlike herself. Aunt Sarah, who was a fussy little woman, made matters worse by constantly referring to "that poor child," wondering if she was very homesick, and hoping that she would be careful and not get ill, and so on. But Prince Charlie's openly expressed feelings of relief and satisfaction were quite as hard to bear. Indeed, Edith felt almost like quarrelling with him, and it was a great relief to her when Geoffrey Thorpe came in, as he often did, and turned the conversation into a different channel. He had studied Edith, and he knew how keenly she was feeling her sister's absence. He was fond of Margery, and he knew just how to bring out her good qualities. Indeed, Margary was always at her best with Geoffrey, whom she adored; and she was often heard to say that he was worth a million of Charlie Bangs, and that she would marry him when she was old enough. There was a delicacy and refinement in his nature seldom found in the sterner sex, and Edith often wished that Charlie possessed a little more of his cousin's unselfish spirit. Margery's first letter to Edith was perfectly characteristic of her. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR EDITH:

"Everything is just as *horrid* as it can be. The teachers are *cross*, the beds *hard*, and the food—'*plain*.' I should think it *was plain with a vengeance*. Perhaps you will pity me a little when I tell you that I went to bed hungry last night, yes, *actually hungry*. But I suppose you will say that I *deserve* to be punished. I only hope that you will be honest enough to tell people *why*. It is because Charlie Bangs chooses to be *disagreeable*; because he cannot find anybody to *quarrel with* but poor little *me*. Of course he's *got* to quarrel with *somebody*. I *do* hope, Edith, if you *care at all* for me, that you will keep *poor, dear little Fluff* out of the creature's way. It would be just like him to be cruel to my poor dog just to *spite me*. I have to study *very hard*. Old Grim. (short for grimalkin) is *very severe* (nobody thinks of calling her Madame Chaudet, except to her face), but we manage to outwit her sometimes. I should *die* if it was n't for my roommate. She is *perfectly lovely*, but, poor dear, she's got a *stepmother*; and the way that poor girl *suffers* when she is at home is *perfectly appalling*. Edith, you *must not* let any woman inveigle papa into marrying again. You must *see to it*, or he'll be doing it some day when you don't expect it, and then it *can't be helped*. Maude Eaton could tell you of *perfectly harrowing* scenes that she has been through with that woman. It is *perfectly evident* that she *hates* Maude, or she would n't make her leave her *dear home* and be shut up in this *dreadful place*. Madame Chaudet says that she cannot allow me to write to *dear old Geoffrey*. She reads all my let-

ters, but she won't read this. Perhaps she does n't know that Maudie has a cousin who is married and lives near here, and is *perfectly devoted* to her, and that Bridget Callahan, the chambermaid, loves money. Trust Maude for finding ways and means.

"But you need n't think I am unhappy—at least not *very*. I shall *bear everything*, and do the best I can. I wrote what Madame called '*a very good letter*' to papa yesterday. N. B. When you get '*very good letters*' you may know that Bridget Callahan has n't been *bribed*. Old Grim. thinks my allowance *ample*, and perhaps it would be if I could spend it as I please. But fancy her insisting upon knowing where *every penny* goes! We have to keep accounts. She is willing that we shall have a *very few* caramels, but not many, as they are bad for the teeth. What business is it of hers, I should like to know! My teeth are my own. Besides, I have to buy something to *eat*, or I should *starve*. So please, Edith, send me a little money now and then, in care of *Mrs. Ernest Dalrymple*, 18 Thornton street, and Maude will manage to get it for me. I just *love Maude*. She's the *dearest girl*. She has told me *all about herself*, in confidence, of course, and I *pity her*. I want to ask her to visit me next summer. Can I? I told her that I had got just the *dearest, sweetest, loveliest* sister in the world, and you should have heard her *sigh*. It was *very touching*. She has a half sister, five years old, *that woman's child*. She says she almost *hates her*, and I am sure I do n't wonder. I told her about my home, but I did n't tell her why I was sent away. I only hinted that I had *seen trouble*. She

said she thought that I was unkind to *keep anything back* when she had opened her heart to me, but that she trusted me, and that she just knew that, whatever it was, I was not the *least bit* to blame.

"I had an *awful scare* just now. Mademoiselle Louise has just been in. The little cat never makes the least noise. She just *creeps*, and she came very near catching me. But I saw her shadow, and tucked this sheet under my pillow just in season to escape detection. She is very suspicious, and she seems to *enjoy* finding out things about the girls.

"'*Mees Zhosseleen*,' she said, 'I ope you ave not been up to meeschief; you look deescomposed.' 'How can I help it, Mademoiselle,' I said desperately, 'when you glide in like a *ghost*; I am afraid of ghosts.' I wanted to say *creep in like a cat*, but I did n't dare to. She did n't answer, but asked for Mees Aton, as she calls her. Now, what did she come in for? Simply to see what I was doing! She knew perfectly well where Maude was. But I must close, for she may be suspicious enough to come back. Tell Geoffrey that I shall write him the *very first opportunity*. Give my love to him, and to papa, and hug Fluff for me, and *don't* let him be tormented by *anybody*.

"Your affectionate sister,

MARGERY.

"P. S. You are the dearest sister in the world, and I love you, even if you were cruel enough to send me away.
M."

"So that sweet child Margery has condescended to write," said Prince Charlie, as he sauntered leisurely in,

just as Edith had finished reading her sister's letter. "What does she say? Of course she sends her love to me? Shall I read the precious epistle?"

"You had much better not," answered Edith, smiling, "for truth compels me to say that she is not over complimentary to you. In fact, she calls you 'that creature,' and seems to think that you are responsible for all her misfortunes."

Prince Charlie winced. He did not like to be scorned, even by Margery, but he answered lightly,—

"I can return compliment for compliment: you may tell her that I said

'a good riddance' as her carriage rolled away, and to think of me as being in paradise while she is enduring a season of purgatory."

But it was Edith's nature to sooth rather than to irritate, and no unpleasant remarks were ever repeated to Margery. She was careful not to make too frequent use of Prince Charlie's name in her letters, but spoke of him naturally, as though no unpleasant feelings were entertained by either of them, hoping for and expecting an agreeable change in her sister when they should meet again.

[To be continued.]

JOHN PARK'S RIDE.

BY C. JENNIE SWAIN.

Through the mountain passes, damp and dark,
Shot the goaded steed of "Paul Revere" Park;
While the silhouette of the rider's form,
With its wild background of night and storm,
Seemed like a phantom with mailed shroud,
Holding at bay the wraith of the cloud.

Close behind him, with bated breath,
Stole the pale horse and his rider, Death;
Can he outride him? Shrill and high
Rang his alarm like a petrel's cry:
"Haste: for the valley is doomed to-day;
Like a bird to the mountains flee away!"

The fiends of the flood-gates, with foaming ire,
Wait a mightier carnage than sword or fire;
Still the faithful steed, with his rider brave,
Swept on like an arrow, to warn and save;
While like bird of prey, upon fleetest wing,
With unsheathed sword, rode Death, the king.

Above him the strength of the green hills lay;
With each hoof-beat their refuge is farther away;
Yet he falters not, though with every breath,
Comes deadly peril or certain death;—
For what does one life in the balance weigh,
When thousands hung by a thread that day!

With the warm blood leaping from heart to brain,
He counts not life or its gifts as vain;
But the hopes of his manhood melt and fade
In the gloom presaged in the forest glade,
And the dream of love, and the promise of fame,
In eternity's light are an empty name.

"In yonder valley," the hero sighed,
"Life glides on in a peaceful tide;
Childhood gathers and heaps the flowers;
Love counts as jewels the summer hours;
And the blessing of heaven each day is sent
On busy life, and its sweet content.

"Marshalled by glory, or lured by love,
By the genii of roses, or angels above,
Led to build of gold on a templed height,
Or to weave a tent roof from love's soft light,
Life's cup is full to its brim, with bliss;
Too well, O my heart, thou knowest this.

"Haste thee, my charger, nor pause to rest:
By the sword-thrust rankling within my breast
Threatening to rend love's ties in twain,
Haste, for I faint not with fear or pain,
While thousands and thousands may rescued be
Whose lives are as dear as mine to me."

He drove the spurs in his foaming steed,
And tore down the valley with lightning speed,—
Still shouting again his warning cry,
With the pale horse Death and his rider nigh,
As down from the mountains the wild floods came,
Scourging the valleys like quenchless flame.

A brave knight-errant was Paul Revere:
But tell the story, that all may hear,
Of the Paul Revere of storm and flood,
Who face to face like a hero stood
To a greater danger,—and write his name
In golden lines on the scroll of fame.

THE HISTORY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.*
STORY OF A GREAT COMMONWEALTH TOLD IN
ONE VOLUME.

What the Newspaper Critics say of it.

Mr. John N. McClintock, the compiler and author of "The History of New Hampshire," endeavors to condense into one volume the history of a great commonwealth, from the first beginnings at Little Harbor in 1623 to the year 1888—a period of 265 years. In no other state of the Union, perhaps, is there a deeper interest in the doings of its pioneers. Contemporaneous with the settlement of Boston and of Plymouth, the attempt was made to settle on the Piscataqua and explore the northern wilderness, and the adventures connected with these various settlements are quite as unique as those of the pioneers who entered Boston harbor in the year 1630. The need of a central locality, which was one of the chief recommendations of Boston as a great settlement, led to the development of the Puritan quality in a more concentrated form than was possible at the Piscataqua. The Puritans were chiefly of one mind, and compelled all who did not think with them to depart out of their coasts. The settlers in New Hampshire included both the churchman and the Puritan, and the one person whom they could not tolerate was the Quaker. The witches were traced in New Hampshire as in Massachusetts, but they did not flourish in the more northern climate. It is reported that the White Mountains were visited as early as 1632, and one of the astonishing facts connected with this early provincial history is the rapidity with which the small towns of New Hampshire were settled by the early colonists. Though Portsmouth was, at an early date, an important location, as even

its present antiquities eloquently testify, it never had the prestige of Boston.

At an early date the claims of the Massachusetts colony overawed the settlers in New Hampshire, and the necessity of making a common defence against the Indians practically brought New Hampshire within the direction and control of the Massachusetts province, so that, while there is a great interest in the fortunes of New Hampshire during the period that it was a colonial province, and down to the Revolution, its history never has the same importance which is attached to the story of the civilization of the Puritans on the shores of Massachusetts bay. At the same time, fully one third of this history is the deeply interesting account of the way in which New Hampshire was settled, the different encounters with the red men, and the steady advance of the English settlers in the rescue of the land from the wilderness, and in its efficient cultivation. Mr. McClintock makes no claims to be an accomplished historian. He uses the writings of others whenever it is practicable, and the graces of literary expression are not found in his narrative; but his book, while only claiming to be a compilation, which he has put into a continuous story, is a more complete account of the earlier history of New Hampshire, and its rapid development during the present century, than has before appeared. It is natural that the larger part of the work should be devoted to the 17th and 18th centuries. It is for this earlier period that the materials of history are now collected and can be reduced to good form, and Mr.

* By John N. McClintock, Concord, N. H. Boston, 1889. 8vo. 764 pp. \$3.5

McClintock has spent a large portion of his strength upon this portion of the work. The perils of the pioneers, the discussions about the land grants, the establishment of the Indian school which grew into Dartmouth college, the intense warfare with the Indians, the struggle of the people to gain a scanty subsistence from the soil, the character of the religious life of the country, are here portrayed with truth if not with all the fulness that could be desired, and the sons of New Hampshire will be proud of a work which, if it is not all that could be asked for, is more than they have ever yet had in their possession.

The part which New Hampshire played in the Revolution was not unimportant; only less so was its response to organization as a state under the first constitution. It has practically stood second to Massachusetts in the federal government, and whatever phase of life and thought passed over the one was reflected in the other. The struggle for toleration, which shook New England from centre to circumference in 1815, was carried on in fear and trembling in New Hampshire. All this earlier history of the state, which brings us down to the beginning of the 19th century, is strictly local in its character, and displays the hardy character of the people, and the necessity for the late development of their energies. It is practically only within the present century, and especially within the last sixty years, that New Hampshire has entered upon a development of its internal resources which has introduced its citizens to prosperity. To-day New Hampshire is the most widely known commonwealth in the whole American federation, while its streams for developing manufacturing industries to a high degree, its wonderful mountain scenery, the finest this side of the Rockies, has brought into its northern section pilgrims from all parts of the country and from almost every section of the globe. The interest in travel and the development of manufactures have

built up the prosperity of the Granite State to a remarkable degree. The march of this later development is recorded in this history.

Rightly Mr. McClintock has given chief attention to that portion which, if not rescued from uncertain memories now, will soon be lost forever. It is to be regretted that he has not been able to present this combination in better literary form. He has not failed to make an interesting book, but his colors are the natural colors of fact, and not the method in which the colors are employed with artistic skill. The excellence of the work is, that the writer has confined himself mainly to matters of fact. There is no speculation, no political science, no discussion of society or religion, in these pages. It is purely a matter of fact from beginning to end, and the excellence of the work is, that these facts are so briefly and fairly stated as to give satisfaction to the reader. There is evidence of impartiality in the writing. For almost the first time in a New England history of the early period the Indians have their side of the early wars of extermination fairly presented. There is no evidence that the author had any whim to gratify in the preparation of the book. In the later section the portraits of a large number of New Hampshire's illustrious sons are given, and are a welcome addition to the work. Whatever was really characteristic of New England life finds its way into this ample volume.

In looking through the pages, especially the latter part of the volume, one notes omissions, which are probably due to the contracted space to which the narrative must conform. No more interesting chapter in the volume can be named than that which is devoted to turnpikes, canals, and railroads. Doubly interesting, too, is the sketch of the struggle for toleration which went on in New Hampshire at the same time that it was being fought out in Connecticut. There is no false note in this book. It is simply what

it claims to be, an unvarnished, unpretentious narrative of the facts that are preserved in regard to the earlier history of the state, such a condensed view of New Hampshire, especially since the Revolution, as enables one to follow its development with intelligent interest. The volume will be widely sought for by all those who have ever lived in New Hampshire or regard it as their fatherland. There is enough in the history of this commonwealth to justify its condensation into one of the Commonwealth series. Mr. McClintock gives the facts, and leaves out the philosophy and the religion. A truer record would be a study of the political, religious, and social development of the state, where all these forces were in operation—*Boston Herald, February 25, 1889.*

Few of the thirteen original states of the American Union furnish to the student of American political institutions a more fruitful field of study than does New Hampshire, and it has long been a matter of regret that the facts connected with its early history especially,—its unique provincial government, the controversy with New York and Vermont over the so called New Hampshire grants, the attempt made by the people of the towns on both sides of the Connecticut river to form an independent commonwealth, the attitude of the people towards the federal constitution when the Articles of Confederation had been proved inadequate to maintain a more than nominal Union,—have not been easily accessible, and that these have not been clearly presented in connection with the later growth and development of the state, and their influence upon modern New Hampshire institutions and character traced.

Belknap's three volumes are of course invaluable, but they have become inaccessible to the general reader, and have come to be catalogued with scarce Americana. Barstow's, Whiton's, and Sanborn's histories have each merits peculiar to

themselves, but they have each been long recognized as inadequately telling the story of the state. Historical material exists in abundance in the Provincial and State Papers, in the five volumes of the adjutant-general's reports, which give a better military history of the state than has as yet been published concerning any other American commonwealth, in the Farmer and Moore publications, in the publications of the State Historical Society, in the various town histories, and in the miscellaneous historical and biographical papers which have been published in the eleven invaluable volumes of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*; but this material has also been inaccessible to the general public, and there has long been a desire that this mass of historical wealth should be so utilized as to give to the smaller New Hampshire at home, and to the much larger New Hampshire abroad, a readable and adequate history of this splendid little commonwealth.

Mr. John N. McClintock's just published history will therefore be eagerly welcomed, and will be found the most complete and adequate history of the state which has yet been given to the public. An enthusiastic antiquarian, a devoted collector of all literary material bearing upon the history of the state, the editor of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* almost from its establishment, the author has enjoyed exceptional opportunities and advantages for the preparation of his work, and has made free and at the same time judicious use of the best productions of others. If there be ground for criticism, it is more in the arrangement than in accuracy of statement or authenticity of facts. The result is a work, which, if not a model history of a grandly historic commonwealth, is certainly an invaluable thesaurus of historical fact, which will repay the careful study of those interested in the genesis, growth, and development of American institutions, and which will also be intensely interesting to the general reader.

The story Mr. McClintock tells in his more than seven hundred pages is that of the first settlements at the mouth of the Piscataqua, their growth into towns, and their union under the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts Colony; the formation of the Royal Province of New Hampshire; the bloody conflicts with the Indians and with the French; the inroad into the province of the Scotch-Irish, and the spread of the Massachusetts and Connecticut settlers up the valleys of the Merrimack and Connecticut rivers; the contest between these and the Masonian proprietors; the part taken by the people of the province in achieving national independence; the formation of an independent state government; the compact settlement of the state and the growth of its varied industries; the part borne by its people in the war for the Union; the changes which have taken place in laws, habits, and customs; together with an account of the men who in the different generations have stood forth as leaders, giving to the state its honored and enviable place in American history.—*Boston Evening Traveller*, December 27, 1888.

There are several good histories of New Hampshire, but that of John N. McClintock, editor and publisher of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, incorporates the best features of each, adds considerable new matter, brings down the record to a later date, and adopts a popular style. It is peculiarly valuable in its treatment of the periods of the colony and the province, by its presentation of the latest facts on the discovery and first settlements, its introduction of an original sketch on the union with Massachusetts, and generally by its fulness and completeness. The period of the formation of the state, and its development to the Civil War, in turn, receives close description, and the story of New Hampshire's part in the Civil War is well told. The subsequent period, to 1888, is sketched hurriedly, but its leading characteristics are presented.

Chapters on special subjects unnamed already, treat of the Revolution, the War of 1812, the struggle for toleration, turn-pikes, canals, and railroads, anti-slavery agitation, and the Irish in New Hampshire. The author, while seeking historical value to the student as well as to the general reader, has aimed at popular interest, and so well that no history of the state has so many claims upon it. This is secured throughout the text by making the work, so far as possible within its plan, a history of the people, with biographies of its representatives, but particularly by views of important scenes and objects, portraits of distinguished citizens of the past and the present, maps, plans, etc. There are many and excellent portraits of the leading men of the day. It makes a large volume of 744 pages, exclusive of a full index, is printed on heavy paper from large type, and is handsomely and durably bound.—*The Boston Globe*.

People of the Granite State, as well as her sons and daughters who have emigrated to all parts of the country, and their progeny, owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. McClintock for the faithfulness, the patient study and care, with which he has performed his task. From the immense mass of materials extant he has succeeded in making a concise, readable, authentic history, covering all the important facts from the earliest colonial times. The history of New Hampshire is so intimately associated with that of Massachusetts, that the first half of the book, so far as it relates to the incidents of colonial life, the joys, deprivations, and dangers, the battles with Indians, and controversies with the mother country, is of general interest. The history of the boundary controversy between the two states from its beginning is told.

George Mitchell made oath in 1741 that his survey of the river Merrimack, from its mouth to Pawtucket falls, is true and exact to the best of his skill and

knowledge, and that the line as described in the plan is as conformable to his majesty's determination in council as was in his power to draw, "but finding it impracticable to stick to the letter of said determination, has in some places taken from one province and made ample allowance for the same in the next reach of the river." The part taken by New Hampshire in the Revolution, the difficulties encountered in establishing the state government, the division of towns, and other incidents of that formative period, are treated with conciseness and vigor. The history of the old Middlesex canal, which at one time promised to have great influence on the commercial and social condition of the state, is interestingly told. The author says,—

The curious traveller may still trace with little difficulty the line of the old Middlesex canal, with here and there a break, from the basin at Charlestown to its junction with the Merrimack at Middlesex village. Like an accusing ghost, it never strays far from the Boston & Lowell Railroad, to which it owes its untimely end. Judging the canal by the pecuniary recompense it brought its projectors, it must be admitted a dismal failure: yet its inception was none the less a comprehensive, far-reaching scheme, which seemed to assure a future of ample profits and great public usefulness. . . . It was the first step toward the solution of the problem of cheap transportation.

What great results might have been derived from the enterprise and its proposed extension to the Connecticut river, and possibly to the St. Lawrence, but for the invention of steam transportation overland, are pictured vividly. Brief accounts are given of all men who have been most prominent in the state's history in a political, military, or professional capacity. There are 39 steel portraits, and a very large number of wood engravings. The book has 764 pages, and will have great permanent value.—*The Morning Times* (Lowell).

Typographically the publisher has produced a handsome volume. In the treatment of the subject the author has taken

a new departure, confining himself chiefly to the narration of facts, not only in regard to events, but to the individuals who have been prominently identified with those events. In the first twelve chapters of the work, which cover the period treated by Belknap, the author follows that historian in the main, and differs from him only when supported by the highest modern authorities. In the chapters on the Union with Massachusetts, and King Philip's War, he has relied chiefly upon the records preserved in the New Hampshire Provincial and State Papers. He has drawn liberally from the biographies of Gov. William Plumer and Jeremiah Mason for the narrative of the early years of the present century. The volume contains a brief account of the early settlement of the chief towns of the state, a short biography of every Provincial and state governor and many other notables; a sketch of the growth of the various religious sects; the origin of turnpikes, canals, and railroads; an account of slavery, colonial laws, education, church music, anti-slavery agitation; Puritan, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Catholic migration into the state; Scotch-Irish and Irish; and the War of the Rebellion. The author has apparently made an effort to include within the volume extracts from the writings of those who have contributed to the volumes of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*. As was expected, the work is strong in biographical matters. While the work may not be an ideal or complete history of New Hampshire, while it contains some things which might as well have been omitted, and lacks some which should have been embodied, it embraces a large amount of valuable information pertaining to New Hampshire history and biography, bringing together in the compass of a single volume, and placing in ready access for the student or writer dealing with New Hampshire affairs, matter heretofore requiring extensive search to secure.—*People and Patriot* (Concord).

The work is so arranged and indexed as to be invaluable to students and those who would have a handy book of reference.—*Nashua Telegraph*.

The sons and daughters of New Hampshire . . . will welcome this concise, bright, and sparkling history. It ought to be in every home.—*Gorham Mountaineer*.

The book has been generally well received by the press and the people of New Hampshire. Within a few months

after it was issued from the press over sixteen hundred copies were sold, three hundred of which were taken by the citizens of Concord. The addition of the appendix of forty-four pages, containing the official succession of state officers, makes the book more valuable as a book of reference. The author has on hand a few volumes of the first edition, which he will sell for \$3.50 each, or will exchange for local town histories. He would be pleased to receive an order for the work from every reader of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

HISTORY AND GENEALOGY OF THE CUTTS FAMILY.

Since the commencement of work upon this important family record, two years have elapsed. Unusual encouragements have been experienced, and the work will probably be a great success. It will be limited, however, and those who desire to obtain copies at \$5 a volume should subscribe at once. When the volume comes out the price will be advanced. A few of the names of the families connected with the Cutts family are here given, to show the scope of the work. Appleton, Bartlett, Borland, Bowen, Brown, Briar, Clark, Church, Coues, Crosby, Drown,

Cox, Dummer, Elliott, Erving, Elwyn, Fairfield, Frierson, Gerrish, Greeley, Hart, Hatch, Hayes, Howard, King, Knight, Ladd, Mitchell, Murray, McCaa, Moore, Jarvis, Lowell, Paine, Prescott, Pickering, Parker, Porter, Rice, Rust, Sawyer, Shillaber, Screven, Smith, Shannon, Sparhawk, Thornton, Vaughan, Waldron, Webster, Wheeler, Wise.

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HON. DAVID A. TAGGART.

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HON. DAVID A. TAGGART.

There has been no session of our legislature when the presiding officers of the two branches have discharged their arduous duties to the greater satisfaction of members than during the session just closed. President Taggart of the senate is the youngest presiding officer that body ever had, yet he has never been excelled in that position. Courteous and impartial, he has won the regard of every senator. There has seldom been a session when the rules of that body have been so correctly interpreted by the chair, and when the senate has been held so strictly to parliamentary procedure. He lays down the gavel with the satisfaction of knowing that his work has been appreciated by the senate and the public.

The above comment was made by the editor of the *Concord Evening Monitor*.

David Arthur Taggart, son of the late David Morrill Taggart, of Goffstown, grandson of Hugh J. Taggart, of Hooksett, a descendant of the early Scotch-Irish settlers of the old town

of Londonderry, was born in Goffstown, January 30, 1858. He was educated at the high school in Manchester and at Harvard college, graduating from the latter institution with high honors in the class of 1878. He studied law, in due time was admitted to the bar, and at once formed a partnership with Hon. David Cross, of Manchester. The partnership continued until the spring of 1885, when Mr. Taggart commenced to practise law by himself. As a lawyer he has already won an enviable rank. He is a careful and diligent student, industrious, energetic, and ambitious. While modest, he is self-reliant.

Although Mr. Taggart's father was one of the most pronounced Democrats of the old school, his son embraced Republican doctrines. He began making campaign speeches when he was twenty-one years of age, which were highly spoken of for eloquence and good points. In every campaign since then he has made numerous telling speeches.

Practising law in Manchester, Mr. Taggart makes his home in Goffstown. He represented the town in

the house of representatives in 1883, serving as chairman of the Committee on Elections and as a member of the Committee on Revision of Laws. He took an active part in debates, and was recognized as an able and eloquent speaker and a good debater.

He attended the last Republican national convention as an alternate. He has been a member of the State Central Committee several years, and was an efficient member of the Executive Committee in 1884.

In the fall of 1888 he was nominated by the Republicans of the Amherst senatorial district as their candidate for senator, and was handsomely elected in November,—the youngest member of that honorable body. His youth, however, did not prevent his aspiring to the presidency, and, active and enthusiastic friends lending their support, he was elected. It is needless to say that he was qualified for the high office. His sterling integrity, polished and affable manners, dignity, and fairness won for him a host of friends. He presided over the senate with honor and ease.

Among his predecessors in the office of president of the senate were Frank D. Currier, Chester Pike, Charles H. Bartlett, Jacob H. Gallingier, John Kimball, Natt Head, Charles Holman, John W. Sanborn, John Y. Mugridge, Daniel Barnard, Ezekiel A. Straw, Charles H. Bell, Onslow Stearns, Austin F. Pike, Moody Currier, William Haile, Jona-

than E. Sargent, Jared W. Williams, Benning M. Bean, Joseph M. Harper, Matthew Harvey, Josiah Bartlett, David L. Morrill, William Badger, William Plumer, Samuel Bell, Woodbury Langdon, and others, who have honored and have been honored by New Hampshire. In point of years Senator Taggart is one of the youngest men ever elected to the senate, and the youngest ever chosen to preside over that body. It is the hope of his friends that he will, in honor and usefulness, rival during the coming years the many distinguished men who have preceded him in office.

The New Hampshire senate of 1889 was an able body of men. It included William H. Mitchell of Littleton, Thomas P. Cheney of Ashland, Henry B. Quinby of Lake Village, George L. Balcom of Claremont, John C. Pearson of Penacook, Ezra S. Stearns of Rindge, Frank G. Clarke of Peterborough, Edwin G. Eastman of Exeter, and other well known and popular men.

Senator Taggart married, November 11, 1884, Mary Elbra, daughter of Dr. A. B. Story, of Manchester, and has one daughter, Mary Esther, born March 31, 1886. He attends the Congregational church, and is a member of Bible lodge, A. F. A. Masons of Goffstown.

For the facts in the foregoing and following sketch the writer is chiefly indebted to the Manchester *Weekly Budget*.



HON. HIRAM D. UPTON.

HON. HIRAM D. UPTON.

It is remarkable how many of the most prominent and successful business men of Manchester are young men, many of them having scarcely reached the age of thirty. Among these can be mentioned Hon. Hiram D. Upton, the well known and popular treasurer of the New Hampshire Trust Company, which began business in that city December 1, 1885. He is the son of Hon. Peter Upton, of Jaffrey, a member of Governor Moody Currier's Council, and was born in East Jaffrey, May 5, 1859. He was educated at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, and graduated at Dartmouth college in the class of '79. He taught a high school in Marlow in 1877. While in college he was manager of the Dartmouth, and his efforts put that journal on a paying basis for the first time. While in Jaffrey he was chairman of the trustees of the Conant high school, and also superintendent of schools. From January 1, 1881, to January 1, 1886, he was cashier of the Monadnock National Bank, of East Jaffrey. When the New Hampshire Trust Company was organized Mr. Upton was picked out as a live and energetic young man to act as treasurer. The large business of this company, which is officered by such solid men as Hon. James A. Weston president, and the directors including Hon. James F. Briggs, Hon. Charles H. Bartlett, vice-president, John C. French, Alonzo Elliott, Col. Hiram A. Tuttle of Pittsfield, Ex-Governor Charles H. Sawyer and others, is successfully managed by Treasurer Upton. The com-

pany has a cash capital of \$300,000, and its total assets are now nearly \$3,000,000. The steadily increasing demand for its securities attests the fact that it possesses the confidence of the public.

Since July 16, 1883, Mr. Upton has been president of the Northwestern Trust Company, of Fargo, Dakota. He is also treasurer of the Amoskeag Fire Insurance Company of Manchester. Mr. Upton and F. R. Clement of Minneapolis own an extensive stock farm in South Dakota, which has the finest blooded stock of any in that region. They also own the gas-works in St. Cloud, a thriving Minnesota town.

Politically Hiram D. Upton is a Republican. He was elected a representative to the legislature from Ward 4, Manchester, in November, 1888, and was one of the two most prominent candidates for the position of speaker of the house, his rival for the honor being Herman W. Greene, of Hopkinton. After an exciting contest in the Republican caucus Mr. Upton received the nomination of his party, and was duly elected.

Concerning Mr. Upton's ability, a Concord correspondent wrote just before the caucus: "He possesses to an uncommon extent the special elements that should be contained in a successful and acceptable speaker,—sincerity, keen insight, and quick executive discernment, coolness, and no corporate or official prejudice. He would maintain a high even tension, and conduct the public business with a uniform force and impartiality wor-

thy of emulation. Both Upton and Greene are prepossessing, keen, intellectual men. Both would make a splendid showing on the floor of the house, and either would grace the speaker's chair with becoming dignity. Upton has the advantage in some respects, as well as Greene. He has followed a vocation that has allowed him to stand wholly aloof from the prejudices of railway and other corporate entanglements. He is also wholly unbiased on the question of the United States senatorship. Just now he is for himself and has no *protégé*, no railway baggage, no luggage of any kind, but stands up free, unembarrassed, untrammelled, to act for himself and for those whose support he asks, up to the highest dictates of unswerving honor."

The *Manchester Mirror* had this to say of him immediately following his election:

"He is one of the youngest men that ever occupied the speaker's chair, and we believe one of the brightest. He has grit, grace, and gumption. He is clear-headed, courageous, and an untiring worker. No man ever needs to ask him twice for his opinions, or question whether he keeps a promise once given. He is honest above suspicion: loyal, true, and strong. We like to see such a man win, and especially such a young man, and we give him our hearty congratulations. His fight for the speakership has been carried under circumstances that make his success a remarkably brilliant one. He was without legislative experience of any kind. He is not a lawyer, and he was opposed by one of the strongest and most active combinations that ever sought to control

an organization, because of his outspoken and well known opinions upon subjects in which that combination was interested; but wherever he was known—and for a young man he had a wide acquaintance—he had zealous friends who delighted to support him, and he won in a manner honorable to himself and to all who helped him."

His course as speaker is thus criticised by the *Concord Daily Monitor*:

"Speaker Upton has been a success, and when this is said of the presiding officer of one of the largest legislative bodies in the world, it is the highest compliment that can be paid to a parliamentarian. Without legislative experience he took the chair, and from that moment until the hour of final adjournment he has held the respect and confidence of the house. With perfect command of himself he has never been disturbed by parliamentary complications, and his rulings have been accepted without appeal. He has surpassed the expectations of his friends, and he closes his labors with increased personal popularity. He has wielded a strong influence on legislation, and on several occasions, when he has taken the floor, he has shown large capacity for leadership. Men of his clear judgment are of great service to the state in public life."

Mr. Upton is a Unitarian, belongs to Charity Lodge A. F. A. M., of East Jaffrey, Peterborough Royal Arch Chapter of Peterborough, Trinity Commandery K. T., the Amoskeag Veterans, and the Calumet and Derryfield clubs of Manchester. He was also one of the workers in the Tippecanoe campaign club.



Granville P. Coon

GRANVILLE P. CONN, A. M., M. D.

For more than a hundred years New Hampshire has been honored by men of the medical profession, and has honored them with the highest offices within the gift of the people. To the chief-magistracy the state has called Josiah Bartlett, David L. Morrill, and Noah Martin; and to congress it has sent Samuel Tenney, Josiah Bartlett, Thomas Whipple, Jr., Joseph Hammons, Robert Burns, James Farrington, George W. Kittredge, and Jacob H. Gallinger. At the present time the medical profession includes men of the highest character, ability, and worth, who, while alleviating the ills of humanity, have at heart the best interests of every community, and are in the van in leading the people to a higher plane of culture, physical and moral development, and all that tends to the most advanced civilization. A community must be poor indeed which has not its respected, trusted, and beloved physician.

The following sketch of Dr. Conn was written by Dr. George H. Larabee, of Suncook:

Dr. Granville P. Conn, of Concord, was born in Hillsborough, January 25, 1832, and was the youngest of eight children of William and Sarah (Priest) Conn. The paternal ancestry was of Scotch-Irish origin, while on the maternal side it was of English descent. His father being a farmer, he resided at home until sixteen, attending the common schools and doing farm-work. After this a few months at

Francestown and Pembroke academies was followed with two years at Capt. Alden Partridge's military institution at Norwich, Vt., with an occasional term of teaching common and select schools in New Hampshire and Vermont. At this time, and until 1852, he devoted his attention principally to fitting for the profession of civil engineering, which myopia and general ill-health compelled him to relinquish.

From this time until 1856 he read medicine in the office of Dr. H. B. Brown, of Hartford, Vermont, teaching mathematics several months during this period at the academy in that village. After attending two courses of medical lectures at Woodstock, Vt., and a third course at Dartmouth Medical College, he received the degree of M. D. from the latter institution, in the class of 1856, with the late Prof. A. B. Crosby, of Hanover. In 1880 Norwich University conferred the honorary degree of A. M.

In 1856 he located at East Randolph, Vt., and remained there till 1861, when he sold out and removed to Richmond, Chittenden county, Vt.

He was commissioned assistant-surgeon of the Twelfth Regiment Vermont Volunteers Aug. 19, 1862, and was ordered to rendezvous at Brattleborough at once, and in connection with the late Surgeon Phelps, of Windsor, Vt., instituted a United States hospital of one thousand beds. A month later his regiment went into the field, and with it he served in Virginia during his nine months' ser-

vice, first in the Twenty-Second Army Corps, and afterwards with the Second Vermont Brigade; was transferred to the First Army Corps, and was mustered out of the service with the regiment at Brattleborough, Vt., July 14, 1863.

In the fall of 1863 he came to Concord, and located in Ward 4, on North Main street, where he has remained ever since. For several years he was a partner of Dr. Charles P. Gage, of Concord, and a member of the local board of health. Afterwards, for five years he was city physician. Very soon after commencing the practice of medicine he became firmly convinced that a great many deaths occurred from preventable causes, due in many instances to ignorance of the laws of health, and that physicians were often disappointed in obtaining satisfactory results by means of inefficient nursing and lack of attention to the hygiene of the sick-room. Believing that the state owed to the people the care of their health as well as of their morals, he commenced in 1866 to agitate the question of cleaning up the city; and there being an epidemic of cholera in Europe at the time, he brought the matter to the attention of the city officials, who passed an ordinance, drafted by him, that secured a house-to-house inspection—the first in the state. This was made under his direction, and a full record of the sanitary condition of every building in the compact part of each ward in the city was made early in the season, which resulted in a general cleaning of courts, alleys, streets, and yards. The city at once took an advanced position in sanitation, which it has

always maintained, for with the introduction of a water-supply in 1873 came the necessity of a system of sewers, that was promptly met by the city's borrowing a large amount of money practically to complete the system in 1876.

While city physician, circumstances occurred to show that more care should be exercised in the burial of the dead, and, in company with the city solicitor, he advocated that a burial permit be required from the city registrar before a body could be lawfully interred. The city council passed an ordinance to that effect. Since then substantially the same ordinance has become the law of the state, and New Hampshire undoubtedly secures quite as accurate registration of deaths as any state in the Union.

His intimate connection with the hygiene of the city of Concord rendered him more and more convinced that the state should have and maintain an effective supervision over the lives and the health of its citizens, and that a state board of health was fully as necessary an adjunct of the executive department of New Hampshire as a bank, railroad, insurance, or fish commission,—for, while it is acknowledged by all that the material interests of the state should be fostered and pushed forward to compete with the industries of other municipalities, yet, unless the causes of sickness were reduced to the minimum, but little progress could be made; therefore the watchful care of a health department becomes a necessity in order to render good health possible to the greatest number, whose energy, vitality, and working

capacity become the capital stock of the state, whose par value and dividends can only be obtained by having a sound mind in a vigorous and sound body. For many years he labored, with others, to secure for the people of New Hampshire a board of health. To this end he read papers on sanitation before the medical profession, as well as contributed articles to the newspapers on the necessity of hygienic reform; for it was evident to his mind that the state must be progressive in matters pertaining to the health of her citizens, else it would be impossible to retain her prestige among other commonwealths. In 1881 he had the great pleasure of having the legislature pass an act giving to his native state a board of health.

The bill establishing the board was drafted by him, and is in many respects a model for any state of the population and diversified interests that characterize New Hampshire, while the few years the board has been in existence proves that the whole subject was thoroughly and carefully considered before being presented to the legislature; for, while there is but the slightest appearance of arbitrary power, which is so distasteful to a free and enlightened people, yet with the statute law then existing in the state, and the enactment of the bill establishing a board of health, it is doubtful if there is another state in the Union whose health department creates less friction in its practical work than it does in New Hampshire. This is largely accomplished by taking it entirely out of the domain of politics, and in making the secretary a per-

manent officer so long as his efficiency continues. Dr. Conn was at once appointed a member of the board for four years, and upon its organization was elected its president, which office he now holds.

Although in the active practice of his profession, he has, by his industrious and systematic habits, done considerable work for the board, contributing articles upon ventilation and other subjects intimately connected with hygiene, and he has represented the board several times in conferences with sanitary authorities and in public health meetings.

At this time it may be considered an indorsement of his work on the board that he has received a re-appointment for four years.

While a resident of Vermont he became an active member of its State Medical Society, and a few years since he was elected an honorary member of the same association. He became a member of the New Hampshire Medical Society in 1864, and in 1869 was elected its secretary, which office he has, by a unanimous vote of the association, held ever since, except in the years 1880 and 1881, when he was vice-president and president of this venerable society, which was organized in 1791.

It is well known that in voluntary associations of this kind very much of their prosperity and efficiency depends upon the executive ability and energy of its secretary: and it is a matter of satisfaction to all who know him, that since he became its secretary the New Hampshire Medical Society has increased in the number of its active members from sixty to over two hundred and twenty-five, with an

average annual attendance of one hundred and twenty-five in place of less than fifty in 1865.

He is a member of the Centre District and an honorary member of the Strafford District Medical Societies, as well as a member of the American Public Health and the American Medical Associations. He is also a member of the various Masonic associations in Concord, and of E. E. Sturtevant Post, G. A. R., of Concord.

In 1877, and again in 1879, he was elected by the people on the board of railroad commissioners for New Hampshire, this being the only time he has taken any active part in politics.

While railroad commissioner he made two reports to the legislature, in which he strongly advocated reforms in the commission and in the manner of the roads making returns, that have since been adopted. His early education as a civil engineer has always made the construction and management of railways a matter of interest to him, and he always believed that the progressive spirit of our country will yet advance Ameri-

can railways until they become an example to the world of business prosperity. In this connection it may be mentioned, that, believing that the prosperity of the state and its railroads depends very much upon its being a summer resort for the people of the whole country, who come here for the purpose of health and recreation, he has instituted a system of railway sanitation inspections that the managements of the roads nobly second, which, by the watchful care of the state board of health over the railway stations, cars, and hotels, will increase the assurance of the travelling public that it is the desire of the people of New Hampshire to keep the hills and valleys of the Granite State free from the contaminating influences of waste and effete matter, in order that the summer visitor may return to his home with firm health and renewed vitality in return for the pecuniary consideration of a few days or weeks in the state.

In 1858, while a resident of Vermont, he married Miss Helen M. Sprague, of East Randolph, in that state, and has two children.

WHERE ?

[From the German of Heinrich Heine.]

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

Where will this worn wanderer's
 Last resting-place be?
 'Neath the palms of the South?
 Where the lindens spread free?
 Will it be in the desert,
 Entombed by strange hands,
 Or on the sea's coast,
 In the moist, yielding sands?
 No matter. God's heaven
 Above me will spread;
 His stars, as death's tapers,
 Will light my low bed.



DAVID MORRILL.

In the early history of Canterbury, few names are more conspicuous than that of Ezekiel Morrill, who came from South Hampton to Canterbury about the year 1750. He was a deacon of the Congregational church. His name appears many times on the old record-books as town-clerk, and he often served on committees.

To this Ezekiel Morrill, David Morrill traces his ancestry in direct line. (2) David Morrill, second of fifteen children of Ezekiel Morrill, was the father of (3) Reuben Morrill, who married Miriam Smith. (4) David Morrill, son of Reuben and Miriam (Smith) Morrill, was born in Canterbury, August 12, 1798, on the place where he now lives.

In his youth, before settling down to the life of a farmer, he taught

school several winters in his native and adjoining towns. He was selectman several years. In 1859 he was a member of the house of representatives; in 1860 and 1861 he was a member of the senate. He is a Republican in politics.

In 1825 Mr. Morrill married Comfort, daughter of Marston Morrill, and in 1843, Mrs. Sally S. Kimball. By his first marriage he had six sons and one daughter; by his second, two sons. Three of his sons were in the civil war.

He is a man of integrity, of sound judgment, of great firmness, and of practical common-sense. He has always taken an active interest in educational affairs.

He has a large farm and a fine set of buildings.

WILTON—PAST AND PRESENT.

The Celebration of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of its Settlement on
Thursday, September 12, 1889.

REPORTED BY WILLIAM O. CLOUGH.

It may be said, without doing injustice to the many towns in the state of New Hampshire that have a noble and patriotic record in their sons and daughters, in both peace and war, that Wilton, which celebrated her 150th anniversary on Thursday, September 12, 1889, is second to no place in the state in the matter of an interesting history, in which all her people may take pride, and find new incentives for enterprise, industry, and good living. Those of her children who have remained on their native heath have done yeoman service in making improvements and keeping abreast of the times in agricultural and other pursuits; and many of those who have settled in other places have made the most of their opportunities and reflected honor upon the old town. The people of Wilton, and the descendants of those who have made homes for themselves in other places, may well pause in their avocations, and, honoring themselves and their worthy ancestors alike, assemble upon her hillsides and in her valleys, and celebrate in song and story, in historical reminiscence and other exercises, events around which cluster memories dear to the heart.

THE SETTLEMENT.

The town of Wilton is situated in the south-west part of Hillsborough county, eighteen miles from the city of Nashua, on the Wilton Railroad, the direct line from Boston to Keene,

and has the Souhegan river for water-power. It is bounded by Lyndeborough on the north, Lyndeborough and Milford on the east, Mason and Greenville on the south, and Temple on the west. The first movement towards its settlement was made in 1735. Samuel King and others, "in consideration of their sufferings in the expedition to Canada in 1690," petitioned the General Court of Massachusetts, on the 19th of June, for relief. They were entitled to consideration because of their military service; and accordingly a committee was chosen to lay out a township containing six miles square, west of the Narragansett town called No. 3, and make return to the court within twelve months for confirmation. This tract included what is now Lyndeborough and the north part of Wilton. It received the name of Salem-Canada, Salem being in honor of a town, now a city, in Massachusetts, and Canada being added in remembrance of the expedition.

THE PIONEERS.

In 1739 Jacob and Ephraim Putnam, John Dale, and John Badger commenced a settlement in the southerly part of the town. Ephraim Putnam located near what is now the intersection of the north cemetery, and a daughter of his was the first child born in the place. Jacob Putnam located in the south-east part of the town, and built a house two story

front and one story back that survived the storms of a century, and is remembered by many of the residents of to-day. It was remodelled by Mr. Joseph Wilson, who removed to western New York a few years ago. John Dale built a camp, then a house, near the house now owned by S. H. Dunbar. It is said to have been the first two-story frame house built in the place. It was lined between the inside and outside finish for protection against the Indians. The farm and house descended from father to son till 1843, when it was sold to Abel Fish. John Badger located about one third of a mile east of Dale. When winter came on, all but Badger and his family went to a block-house situated on a hill northeasterly from the glass-works in Lyndeborough. He was taken sick and died in 1740, the first death in the town. A historian says,—“A tree was hollowed out for a coffin, and so, in the solitude, was he committed to the earth.” The first settlers were from Danvers, Mass.

THE INDIANS.

The Indians who roamed this territory in pursuit of game were principally of the Pawtucket tribe. The camp was on the bank of the Merrimack river near Lowell. So far as is known, no person belonging in the town was carried into captivity or killed by the Indians except Henry Parker, Jr., in the French and Indian War, in 1757, in the massacre of Fort William Henry on Lake George. The settlers, however, lived in constant fear of attack, and often fled to their garrisons. It is also a matter of record that in 1744 they became

so alarmed that they petitioned Benning Wentworth, governor of New Hampshire, for soldiers to defend them. They represented that they were few in numbers, exposed, and without means with which to defend themselves and their crops. History does not record that their petition was granted, and it does not appear that their fears were well founded.

WILTON.

The name of Salem-Canada continued thirteen years, when the territory was divided, portions being set off to Mason, to Lyndeborough, and to Charlestown, and so remained until 1761, when the inhabitants of the section, to the number of twenty-three males, petitioned the governor, Benning Wentworth, to be incorporated as a township. The petition was granted, and June 25, 1762, it was incorporated under the name of Wilton. The name was derived from an ancient town in Wiltshire, England. The act went into force January 1, 1765. In 1768 a tract one mile wide, on the west of the town, was set off to Peterborough, and a tract of one mile was added on the east. The tract set off is now a part of Temple. Thus, after these changes, Wilton became located as it remains to-day, four and a half miles wide by five miles long.

PATRIOTISM.

In all these years of town life the people of Wilton have borne a conspicuous part in whatever has been for the public weal, the support of government, and the liberty of their country. The records of 1774, and the subsequent acts of the town in

providing soldiers and doing its part in the war with Great Britain, show that it was no place for Tories. Its inhabitants entered into a solemn covenant of non-importation and non-consumption of the products of the old country, and their sons were conspicuous for valor at Bunker Hill and on many other fields in the war that followed. So, too, in the war of the Rebellion the fires of patriotism burned brightly upon her altars, and eighty-seven of her sons followed the flag, many of them giving their lives to their country.

CHURCHES.

The first church was erected in 1752. It was built of logs, not far from the spot on the common where the Unitarian church now stands. It was used about twenty-one years, and was then taken down. The first minister was Rev. Jonathan Livermore, who resigned in 1777 and died in 1809. The second meeting-house was a large two-story building, situated a little to the north of the old one. It had all the old-fashioned fixtures with which many of our readers are familiar. It was raised in 1773, and a terrible accident occurred. When the frame was nearly up a central beam broke, and three men fell thirty feet and were killed, two died shortly after, and others were crippled for life. Of the fifty-three that fell, not one escaped without broken bones. The church was completed in 1775, and Rev. Jonathan Livermore preached the first sermon in it. The edifice was struck by lightning in 1804, and considerably damaged. It has had a large number of ministers since Mr. Liver-

more's day, and is now in use for public worship.

A Universalist society was formed in 1813, and a Baptist society in 1817. Rev. George Evans was the first minister. The church has had sixteen or more pastors, and is in a flourishing condition at the present time. The second Congregational church was formed in 1823. Its first meeting-house was built in 1829. Rev. Wm. Richardson was its pastor till 1840, and since then it has had many other pastors. A liberal Christian church was formed in 1869, two miles from the centre, and an edifice was erected the same year. It has had five or six pastors. The Catholic church was founded by Rev. John O'Donnell, of Nashua, in 1867. Rev. P. Houlahan was the priest in charge from 1879 to 1881, when Rev. E. E. Buckle took charge and built an edifice. Father Buckle is the pastor at this time.

SCHOOLS.

The schools of Wilton are among the best and most progressive in their management in the state. They were founded, according to the best record that can be obtained, in 1767, and have been steadily maintained and improved. No greater evidence of the liberality of the people of the place in this particular is needed than the fact that her sons and daughters have held and are still holding some of the most important places of honor and trust in the country. Besides the schools, Wilton has a literary society that debates questions of current importance, a public library founded in 1874 through the efforts of Rev. A. M. Pendleton, and many

other societies, public and secret, that minister to the intellectual and moral well-being of the community. More than fifty of her sons have been graduated from colleges, and many of them have won national reputation in the sacred desk and at the bar.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The pursuits of the people are largely agricultural, and, although the topography is somewhat hilly and uneven, the soil is fruitful and the farmer prosperous. No greater evidence of this is needed than the fact that there is hardly a town in the state that can boast of a better average of attractive farm buildings, all of which evidence thrift and prosperity.

INDUSTRIES.

The important industries of the town are the Wilton Manufacturing Company, Whiting & Sons' saw-mill, Cragin's knife, tray, and dry measure manufactory, Putnam's saw- and planing-mill, Barker's grist-mill, Hopkins's clapboard- and shingle-mill, Livermore's saw-mill, shingle, and turning-lathe establishment, Sargent's saw-mill, Holt & Son's knob and milk-can stoppers and cider-mill, Smith's knob manufactory, Flint & Gray's wheelwright- and carriage-shop, and many smaller industries in the same line.

DISASTERS.

Wilton has suffered more from fire and flood than any other town in the state. Her citizens, however, have been equal to every emergency, and by their energy and enterprise have rebuilt better than the original. Prior to 1872 it suffered from these

causes to about the same extent that other places have suffered. In the year mentioned the Wilton Mills were burned, together with Putnam's storehouse, Duncklee's shop, and other property. In 1874 a disastrous conflagration raged on Main street, at the East Village, destroying a hotel, Masonic hall, stores, houses, and other buildings. In 1881 the Masonic hall, bank, library, and houses were burned, causing a loss of \$50,000; and in 1883 the Whiting House, one of the finest hotels in southern New Hampshire, was burned. In 1869 a great flood swept away bridges, and entailed a loss upon the town of \$60,000; besides this, the Milford bank robbery cost the people of the town \$10,000.

LEADING CITIZENS.

Concerning the many noted men of the town who have lived and died within its borders, or who have won fame and fortune in other places, we can say but little in an article of this length. Perhaps the best known of all to the student of history is Col. Miller, who led a regiment at Lundy's Lane. His reply to Gen. Brown, when asked if he could storm the enemy's position, "I'll try, sir," is as familiar to the students of to-day as "Don't give up the ship," or "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." Perhaps the best known man of the town to-day, a man whose energy and enterprise have been felt in every department of industry, and who, by building up a Boston milk route, has naturally benefited not only the farmers of his own town, but those of all the surrounding towns, is Mr. David Whiting. He richly

merits the praise his townsmen bestow upon him.

AS A SUMMER RESORT.

"Of late years," says a recent writer, "a marked social change has come to the place, and many people from the cities and seaboard annually resort to the hills and mountains, for health and invigoration, in the summer months. From one to two hundred boarders find accommodations during the warm season, and enjoy the healthful air, its charming drives and walks, and its beautiful scenery,

while not a few build here tasteful country cottages for their homes nearly half the year."

What the future of Wilton is to be cannot be foretold. Enough to know that if the sons continue—and they will—faithful to the memory of their sires, if they keep alive the spirit of enterprise, and show the same indomitable courage and perseverance in the midst of temporary misfortune, their town will continue to increase in wealth and influence till she becomes *the* city of the Souhegan valley.

WILTON TO-DAY.

Wilton of to-day is unlike Wilton a hundred and fifty years ago. It has the same boundaries, the same hills and valleys, but everything else is changed. One hundred and fifty years ago there were but a few scattered settlers, no streets or highways, only marked trees to guide the traveller. The people practised rigid economy; they knew nothing of the comforts and luxuries of this generation. They were beset with wild beasts and roaming savages, and were in constant fear of happenings that might cost them their lives. More than this,—they knew nothing of society, were isolated from church and school-house, and ready money was something unknown among them. But they were strong in muscle and in perseverance. They were courageous, determined to succeed; and so by hard work and frugality they felled the forest, and builded for themselves and posterity good homes. Besides all this, they developed a spirit of freedom that was felt in the

struggle for liberty, laid deep and secure the foundations of state and school, that have with the other old towns of the commonwealth made this, as Phillips puts it in one of his masterly orations, "a fit country to live in." So much for the past.

Wilton to-day has all the luxuries that any town or city in the state can boast,—wide streets with luxuriant shade-trees, concrete and brick walks, fine highways in all desirable directions, and railroad facilities of the best, with telegraph and telephone connection with the outside world. The hardships of her people are simply such as all endure who toil in the shop, the mill, or on the soil. Her homes are among the most attractive in the state, her society such as would do honor to any city in the land, while all are educated, happy, and free, with no lurking red-man or insidious disease to fill the passing hours with omens of unhappiness. The contrast thus briefly drawn between the past and the

present is very great; but great as it is it could not have been accomplished except that Wilton has raised up a class of men who have carried forward to success the industries and institutions which the fathers founded. To these men—and their names would swell this article to undesirable limits—more of praise is due than the average man accords.

THE TOWN-HOUSE.

Said an English statesman not long since, "Show me the public building or buildings of the town, and I can make up my mind instantly as regards the thrift, enterprise, and public spirit of the place." If Wilton, then, were to be judged by her public building, the verdict must be that no town outranks her in this essential evidence of prosperity. Her town building is the finest structure of the kind in the state, and we doubt very much if any town in New England can boast a better one. It stands upon the former site of the Whiting House, destroyed by fire, and was erected in 1883. The walls of its first story, on the Main street side, are constructed of square blocks of stone, and the superstructure above, fronting on Maple street, is constructed of pressed brick. It has storm-covered entrances on the two sides, partially stained glass windows, and a handsome tower with a clock in it. The interior is finished throughout in white ash, and neither time nor money has been spared in making it perfect in every particular. It cost \$20,000. The hall is about fifty feet square. It is lighted by one large central window on each side, at either side of which are

smaller windows. The chairs and all the belongings are in white ash. The ceiling is panelled in heavy cherry moulding, and a handsome chandelier adorns the centre. The entrance to the hall is by broad staircases from both streets into a commodious vestibule, in which there is a ticket-office. A large gallery is finished with the same care. On the same floor as the hall there is a room for a public library fifty feet by about twenty feet. To this room there is an entrance from the main vestibule, and also a separate entrance by the side of the main entrance on Maple street. The lower story, which forms a basement on Main street, is partitioned into a banquet hall, kitchen, office for the selectmen, boiler-room, and storerooms, all being finished the same as the halls above. The building is heated by steam and lighted with gas. In fine, there is nothing lacking to make it just what the people of Wilton claim for it, the finest town building in the state.

INDUSTRIES.

We have said that the prosperity and progress of Wilton are largely due to her business enterprises and manufactories. True. The largest of these industries, and the firm that has done the most to build up the place, is Messrs. David Whiting & Son, and A. and George O. Whiting. Mr. David Whiting has been in the dairy and milk business all his life. He is really the successor of his father, who had a wide reputation as a manufacturer of cheese. Mr. Whiting formerly owned what is now the county farm, and on it he had a large dairy. He manufactured butter for

the Boston market long before the railroad reached Wilton, and his son, Mr. H. A. Whiting, has a vivid recollection of starting from the farm at 3 o'clock in the morning, summer and winter, to catch the morning train out of Wilton. About thirty years ago Mr. Whiting established himself at the village, and since then the business has been conducted by Whiting & Son. They run six cars into Boston every day in the year, and dispose of between eight and ten thousand gallons of milk a day; of cream they dispose of between five and six thousand gallons per month, and their average make of butter is 1,000 pounds a day. They keep 500 hogs to fatten on the sour milk. Besides this, the Messrs. Whiting own and manage a large saw-mill that gets out pretty much all the lumber for the town, and manufacture boxes for out-of-town parties. They also supply a large cooperage with staves, do a heavy grain business, sell all the coal burned in the town, and manage a dairy farm of one hundred acres. They employ about forty men, and their business is so systemized that it moves along like clock-work, without friction or hindrance. It will thus be seen that their enterprise is far-reaching, stimulating every industry, and encouraging every tiller of the soil in Wilton and the surrounding towns.

Colony Bros.' mills, Frank Colony agent, were built about seven years ago on the site of the Wilton Mills, which were destroyed by fire. The main mill is 130 by 52 feet, brick, 4 stories, including basement, and is supplied with all the latest improved machinery employed in manufactur-

ing twilled flannels. Behind the mill is a large three-story brick picker-house, in which the engine is also located. The principal power is water, supplied by canal from a river that has its source in Greenville. They also have an eighty-five horse-power engine, and large boilers which supply power when the water is low—an occurrence that has not happened recently. The Messrs. Colony employ between sixty and seventy hands, and pay weekly. They use about three hundred thousand pounds of clear wool annually, and manufacture nearly a million yards of flannel. Their plant is handsomely located, and all its surroundings are attractive.

The Hillsborough Mills, Nash Simons, agent, are on Milford soil, and are assessed in Milford, but all their business is done in Wilton, and they contribute to its prosperity about the same as if they were located there. It is about fifteen minutes' walk from the post-office to the mills. These mills are successor to the Pine Valley Company. They came under their present management in 1873. The main mill is substantially built, of brick, is 180 feet long, 80 feet wide, and three stories high; near it is a brick picker-house 110 by 50 feet. The mills obtain their power from a canal from the Souhegan river, and a 200 horse-power engine, which has three magnificent boilers. The water-wheel is of the horizontal pattern and one of the best in the state. The company manufactures about one million pounds of carpet-yarn annually, employs one hundred and fifty operatives, and pays weekly, its payroll averaging about \$900. General

George Stark, W. W. Bailey, and J. A. Spalding, of Nashua, are on the board of directors.

Among the important new industries of the town is the Low & Rewell Manufacturing Company. This company came from Manchester and located here about a year ago. It manufactures the Triumph self-wringing mop, the Webster shaft iron and tug-holder, and the Webster electric draft; also Taber's saddletree and water-hook. The company employs between sixty and seventy men, and turns out about ten gross a day of the mops, and a large number of the other patent articles mentioned. The demand for these articles is increasing, and the company expects to employ a large number of men at an early day. The works are run by steam and water-power, the engine being one hundred and fifty horsepower. The company pays its help semi-monthly. Its monthly pay-roll is about \$2,800. The company employs several Nashua men, among the number being Hon. Frank G. Thurston, in charge of manufacturing the various lines of goods.

W. N. Patterson manufactures plow-handles, saw-horses, grindstone frames, knife trays, etc. He employs six or eight men, does a heavy business, and disposes of the product of his establishment through a Boston house.

Daniel Cragin's dry measure manufactory is about two miles beyond the village. Mr. Cragin has a large and convenient set of buildings for his business. He employs a dozen hands, and it goes without saying that he manufactures the best dry measures of any man in the country.

They have a wide reputation for excellence. Mr. Cragin's townsmen credit him with success along all the lines that make an enterprising and honored citizen.

There are numerous other smaller and yet important industries in the place: Levi Putnam manufactures trunks, and does some other classes of wood-work, employing five or six men. Hopkins & French manufacture a nice writing-desk, and do a good business. They employ five or six men, and Mr. Hopkins puts his time in on the road soliciting orders. Henry Holt runs a saw-mill, and gets out stock for builders. He employs half a dozen men, and does a thriving business. Herman Hopkins manufactures hand-rakes for farmers, and Flint & Gray manufacture carriages, doing a lively and paying business, while Mr. H. N. Gray is the patentee and manufacturer of the Wilton double road wagon. There are several other mechanical industries in the town, together with blacksmith-shops, carpenter-shops, etc.

VALUATION AND POPULATION.

The total valuation of the town, as shown by the assessors' books, is \$897,618. This is distributed as follows: Mills and machinery, \$21,350; stock in trade, \$44,100; money on hand and at interest, \$40,857; stock in banks, \$24,570; stock in public funds, \$23,500; improved and unimproved lands, \$641,385; thirty carriages, \$2,645; hogs, \$3,585; sheep, \$368; neat stock, \$2,702; cows, \$23,000; oxen, \$3,580; horses, \$23,598; 418 polls, \$41,800; 94 dogs, \$110. The last yearly receipts of the town treasurer were \$14,846.75.

The total population, estimated, and exclusive of summer boarders, is 2,000.

SCHOOLS.

Next to the churches in importance to a town are the public schools. Many people consider them first in importance, for without them and the work they accomplish for mankind the churches would be as seriously handicapped as in foreign lands, where missionaries must establish means of education before the people are able to read the religious teachings. Regarding the schools of Wilton, George E. Bales, Esq., the efficient chairman of the board of education, says,—Our schools have always been the average of those in the other towns of the state, with the exception of our high school. That was in such a condition that some of our brightest scholars were sent to the Nashua high school, Milford, Mt. Vernon, and other places. We are now out of the beaten path, and may safely claim that our schools are as good as the best. Our high school has forty-eight scholars, and we are fortunate in having for a master a graduate of Amherst college, Mr. George W. Marshall, who is doing excellent work, and who is engaged a year ahead. Our graded schools are in two buildings, and we have five district schools where pupils are fitted to enter the high school. We have three unoccupied school-houses. These were closed under the new law, the pupils being sent to other districts. Our whole number of scholars is 317; average attendance last year, 223; the high school is in session thirty-five weeks in the year, and the other schools thirty weeks.

SAVINGS-BANK.

The Wilton Savings-Bank was incorporated in 1864, and commenced business shortly after. Charles H. Burns was its first treasurer. Moses Clark was its second treasurer, holding the position eighteen years, until Jan. 1, 1889, when George E. Bales accepted the position. The bank had deposits when Mr. Bales took it to the amount of \$102,000. It now has \$117,000. It is a live institution, and a great help to the town in many particulars.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

The secret orders of Wilton are Clinton Lodge, A. F. and A. M.; Laurel Lodge, I. O. O. F.; Forest Colony, Pilgrim Fathers; a division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians; Order of Iron Hall; Advance Grange, Patrons of Husbandry; A. A. Livermore Post, G. A. R.; Woman's Relief Corps; David E. Proctor Camp, S. of V., and a few other bodies.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The apparatus for extinguishing fires consists of one hand-engine—Excelsior Company No. 1, forty men, Chas. B. Smith, foreman—and standing pipes on the main thoroughfare that are operated by power from Whiting's mill. The addition of standing pipes is an improvement over old methods that it is hoped and believed will prevent such serious destruction of property in the future as the town has experienced in the past.

NEWSPAPERS.

The newspapers of the town are the *Wilton Journal*, issued from the *Advance* office at Milford, and the *Wilton Doings*, a small but enterpris-

ing sheet that has been published five or six months by H. P. Ring, and which the citizens hope will live, increase in size, and prosper. The way to make it succeed is for the people of Wilton to patronize it, and the advertising columns indicate a purpose to do so.

HOTEL.

The town has but one hotel, but that is a good one, and is conducted in a manner to meet the approval of the citizens and satisfy travellers. It is called the Everett House, 100 by 50 feet, has 30 rooms, is heated by steam, and supplied with hot and cold water. It was built in 1876 and opened in 1877, and it sets a table good enough for anybody. Mr. S. B. Center is the landlord.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Next in importance to good schools in a town comes a public library. The Ladies' Reading Club is an organization that cannot be too highly commended. The club has secured about 300 valuable books as a nucleus for a public library, to take the place of the library lost in the great fire. In addition to this, Mr. George A. Newell, of Boston, has signified his purpose to donate 1,000 volumes; Mr. E. H. Spalding has said he will make a valuable contribution; and so, with about 200 volumes saved from the fire, and other promised contributions, it is expected that a public library will be a certainty at an early day, with not less than 2,500 volumes at the start.

ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCES.

The number of attractive residences is so large that we cannot mention all of them. Among those that espe-

cially attract the attention of strangers are those of Fred Colony, David Whiting, Harvey A. Whiting, and David Whiting, 2d, on Park street. The Luke Beard place on the Wilton Highlands also attracts attention. It is now the home of Mr. Horace Beard, an inventor, who has been an invalid for more than twenty-five years. Hon. Charles H. Burns is also a resident of the Highlands, and has a large farm there. This homestead, which he has greatly improved, and to which he has added a magnificent barn, was formerly known as the Pettingill place. The view from the Highlands is good. Mr. O. J. Lewis, of Boston, has a fine summer residence on what was formerly known as the Baker place, at the middle of the town, and Hon. D. A. Gregg, of Nashua, is the owner of a fine house occupied by Mr. H. Low. N. D. Foster owns and occupies one of the pleasant residences on Main street, and another attractive homestead is the residence of Moses Clark, Esq.; Mr. Geo. I. Doe also has a magnificent residence. At the middle of the town Mrs. Davis, Mr. Geo. Newell, Mr. Harvey Newell, and one or two others, have pretty places. Hon. John A. Spalding has a handsome residence and estate on Abbot hill, as also does Mr. E. H. Spalding, who owns and resides on the acres of his ancestors. Mr. J. Woodbury Howard, of Nashua, when in town, may be found at French village, where he owns a fine house with modern appointments, the same being once known as the French place. These and the many cosy cottages, large farm-houses, and pretty village dwellings, tenement-houses, and blocks,

together with commodious walks, with mountain drives and varied scenery, make Wilton an attractive place to live in, and inviting to those seeking a summer home among the hills.

From what has been written—and the half has not been told—it will be seen that there is no more beautiful or attractive spot in the Granite State than the Wilton of the present.

THE CELEBRATION.

THE PROCESSION AND INCIDENTS OF THE MORNING.

A rainstorm that had been hovering over the Souhegan valley for a few days disappeared beyond her hills at night, and, although the sun was hidden by fleecy clouds, the people of Wilton, on the 12th day of September, celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its settlement. They were early awake, and busily engaged in decorating their houses and grounds with the national colors. The display was one of the finest ever witnessed in a New Hampshire village. At depot square a large flag was suspended over the street, and another floated proudly from a staff on a building; the Everett was gay with miniature flags, streamers, and evergreens, while in front of it, suspended over Main street, was the star-spangled banner in ample folds. All the stores, shops, and mills near which the procession passed were tastefully hung with small flags and bunting; the town building floated the flag, and was handsomely trimmed, and every private residence was made doubly attractive with miniature flags, streamers, Chinese lanterns, and other decorations, some of the more elaborate displays being at the residences

of David Whiting, Moses Clark, H. A. Whiting, E. G. Woodman, A. A. Ramsey, Albert Beard, Rev. I. S. Lincoln, David Whiting, 2d, the Luke Beard homestead, and Hon. Charles H. Burns.

The civic procession, a surprising demonstration for a town to make, formed on depot square in the following order:

Chief Marshal, Geo. W. Wallace.
Aids: C. A. Burns, A. C. Young, F. E. Proctor, D. E. Herrick, E. W. Haselton, and David Gregg, 2d.
Platoon of police under command of M. J. Herlihy.
Wilton Cornet Band, Azel P. Brigham, leader; Thomas Conley, drum major.
A. A. Livermore Post, G. A. R., with a delegation from Harvey Holt Post of Lyndeborough, Henry Emerson, commander.
David E. Proctor Camp, S. of V., with a delegation from the camp at Lyndeborough, Edward W. Lawrence, commander.
Excelsior Fire Engine Company, Willis Hopkins, foreman.
Advance Grange, P. of H., James Sheldon, master.
Mr. and Mrs. Caesar Barnes on horseback after the fashion of ye olden time.
Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Putnam in an old chaise of the last century.
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Beard and friends in a handsome turnout beautifully decorated with golden rod.
Hon. Charles H. Burns's carriage prettily trimmed with flowers, and containing four young ladies dressed in white, and bearing cornstalks, emblem of plenty.
Carriage containing the four oldest inhabitants in town,—Rev. I. S. Lincoln, 91; Benjamin Hopkins, 92; Joseph Upton, 93; Calvin Wright, 93.
Barge handsomely decorated and crowded with children.
Barge containing the children of the county farm.
Citizens in carriages, the most of which were decorated with miniature flags.

THE TRADES.

The Low & Rewell Manufacturing Company headed this division with a magnificently trimmed float drawn by a horse weighing 1,500 pounds. The display consisted of mops and other articles manufactured by the company, and a knitting-machine in full

operation, the workmen marching behind the float being gaily dressed in uniforms made upon the knitting-machine.

The village blacksmiths, Bales & Putnam, made a fine show, having an anvil and forge upon a float, and being at work. It was noted upon the bonnet of the forge that the business was established in 1812 by Capt. John Bales.

The other handsome displays were by Colony Bros., manufacturers of twilled goods; F. M. Lund, boots and shoes, clerks at work and barge finely trimmed; D. Whiting & Sons, three teams, grain, milk, and farm, the latter having live stock on board; Proctor Brothers' Manufacturing Company, man at work making casks; Northern express team; S. N. Carter, 2d, grocery team piled high with goods; Levi Putnam, a mountainous pile of trunks; Patterson & Son, plows, grindstones, saw-horses, etc.; D. E. Proctor, handsome grocery team; A. C. Young, display of dry goods; displays by M. P. Stanton, A. O. Barker, Dr. McGown, dentistry outfit with patient in chair; White Sewing-Machine team; H. P. Rings, Ambrosia and printing-press.

The route of the procession was as follows: Railroad square down Main to Russell street, up Russell to Maple, up Maple to Forest, up Forest to Putnam's mills, countermarch to Highland, up Highland, countermarch in front of the Gregg mansion, then to Colony's mills, countermarch to Main street, where the procession was reviewed from the balcony of the Everett House by the committee on the celebration and the invited guests.

Among the absent sons and daughters who participated in the honors and pleasures of the event were Rev. Abiel Livermore, D. D., of Meadville, Pa., Mr. John D. Fiske, aged 80, of Brookfield, Mass., Ezra Pettingill of Auburn, Hon. David A. Gregg and Hon. John A. Spalding of Nashua, Geo. O. Whiting of Arlington, Mass., Samuel Warren of Holden, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hutchins, of Boston, Geo. W. Hopkins of Concord, Sewell Putnam of Goffstown, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Gray of Lowell, Francis Greene of Lowell, A. N. Whittemore of Greenfield, Lorenzo Phelps of Lowell, Moses Lovejoy of West Wilton, and Abial Abbot of Abbot hill, who served on the committee fifty years ago, Dr. W. Clark and Hon. Frank G. Clark of Peterborough, Mr. J. Woodbury Howard of Nashua, Dr. Brown of Barre, Vt., Mr. John F. Kimball and Sewell G. Mack, Esq., of Lowell, and many others whose names could not be conveniently obtained.

EXERCISES AT THE TOWN HALL.

The anniversary was celebrated by many happy reunions of returning sons and daughters, and of those who still have homes within her borders. The commemoration exercises of a literary and musical character were held in the town building, the spacious hall of which was crowded to overflowing with a brilliant assemblage of the people. The exercises were as follows:

Selection by the Wilton Cornet Band.

Remarks and welcome by Moses Clark, Esq., chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.

MR. CLARK'S REMARKS.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

What is the reason we see so many young people here? what is the reason so many middle-aged people are here? and for what purpose have gathered so many aged people who have seen the toil of many years? It is because they all have a deep interest in celebrating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the good old town of Wilton. For the committee, then, and in behalf of the people of the town, we welcome the sons and daughters of Wilton to this celebration. We also welcome the people from adjoining towns to the celebration.

I myself cannot comprehend one hundred and fifty years, but I can go back fifty years and recall something that has been done. I came here about fifty years ago, and at that time there were only twenty-six buildings, all told, upon her soil. A large number of these were ordinary structures. To-day there are more than two hundred, and many of them are equal to any in the state. In the past fifty years we have not only had prosperity, but we have had adversity. Our property has been destroyed by fire and flood.

When I came here there was not a mill in the town. Some thirty or forty years ago a mill was built, but it was destroyed by fire: to-day there is a beautiful mill upon the same spot. We have had fires that have twice burned our village, but it has been rebuilt. The Whiting House, on the site of which was an old red house that many of you will remember, was destroyed by fire, and now on the spot is this town-house—grand in archi-

tecture, rich in material, and good in workmanship—the grandest of the grand. We trust that the memory of this day will long be cherished, and prove profitable to our recollection. I now have the honor to introduce the president and vice-presidents of the day:

President—Hon. Charles H. Burns.

Vice-Presidents—David Whiting, Wm. Emerson, Sewell Putnam, E. G. Woodman, Samuel N. Center, Wm. Shelden, Abiel Abbot, Wm. Abbot, Henry T. Frye, Edward H. Spalding, Samuel Burton, Jacob Putnam, George Buss, John D. Wilson, Samuel L. Kimball, John McGregor, Henry Gray, Jos. Hazelton, Warren Holt, Samuel W. Smith, Warren Stiles, and L. W. Perham.

Secretary—Andrew N. Burton.

Invocation by Rev. T. O. Harlow.

Chorus—Festival Hymn.

Scripture reading by Rev. J. H. Metcalf.

Prayer by Rev. Abiel Livermore, D. D., president of Meadville (Pa.) Seminary.

Address by the president of the day, Hon. Charles H. Burns.

MR. BURNS'S ADDRESS.

Fellow-Citizens:

Fifty years ago Wilton completed a century of its life. It was deemed by its good citizens an event of such consequence as to entitle it to formal notice; and a day was set apart for that purpose, and devoted to speeches, music, songs, and general rejoicing. I hold in my hand a published account of that performance, and in it I find this graphic description of the day and its experiences:

“The morning of the celebration dawned auspiciously, and was ushered in with the ringing of the bells and a salute of one hundred guns. The sun rose upon a cloudless sky. The day was calm and clear and mild. Everything conspired to render it one of the finest mornings of early autumn; and many were those who rose betimes and hailed it with joyful anticipations.

“Emigrants to other towns, and to the distant cities and villages of other states, had come back to revisit once more the scenes of their youth, and to celebrate with friends and former associates this grand jubilee of their native town. And now the sons and daughters of Wilton, resident and emigrant, together with numerous guests from abroad, leaving behind them for a while the cares of professional life, the din of machinery, the business of the farm, the workshop, or the counting-room, might be seen thronging the roads that ascend from all quarters to the common. As they approached, the first thing to catch all eyes was a fancy flag, in its semi-circular wreath of evergreen, hovering in the air midway between the two churches on the hill, and appearing to have no support, till, on arriving near it, the cord which upheld it was seen stretched from belfry to belfry, and on the flag itself appeared the inscriptions ‘1739’ and ‘1839,’ with other devices between them. The national banner had been raised in the air, and its stripes and stars, borne on the now rising breeze, were floating gaily over the now spacious pavilion, erected on the border of a pleasant field, a few rods east of the old meeting-house. Around the meeting-house stood handsome spruce

trees, the growth of the night; while within, it was beautifully ornamented with verdant boughs and wreaths, and a large chandelier of evergreen. The common was at an early hour alive with people, moving to and fro, or collecting in groups; and the fine appearance of the Miller Guards, a company of volunteers, organized in the town a short time previous, under the command of Col. Samuel King, with the cheering music of the band attending them, gave increased animation to the scene. And throughout the multitudes there assembled the cordial greetings of old acquaintances, the hearty shaking of hands, the glad voices and speaking countenances, all testified to the overflowing pleasure and good feeling which reigned on the occasion.”

The officers of the day were,—

President—Ezra Abbott.

Vice-Presidents—Abram Whittemore, Jonathan Livermore, Jonathan Burton, Timothy Parkhurst, Timothy Abbot, Daniel Batchelder, Oliver Whiting.

Chief Marshal—Jonathan Parkhurst.

Assistant Marshals—Samuel Kink, David Wilson, Hermon Pettengill, Calvin Gray, Oliver Barrett, Moses Spalding.

Toast-masters—Eliphalet Putnam, Zebediah Abbot.

This is a list of splendid men. They are all gone. Not one of the officers who were active on that occasion still lives; but they have left a record that is as imperishable as the stars. They were representative men. Although not the founders, they were the promoters and builders of a stanch and noble town, whose

influence has reached every part of our great country. They were men who loved their God, their home, their town, and their country. They worked not only for themselves, but for their fellow-men. They were not drunkards nor loafers, but men of marked sobriety and unflagging industry. They did not plot against the common weal, but they wrought by day and by night for the perfection of law and for the advancement of society. They had not great learning nor brilliant abilities, but they were wise observers, very intelligent, and full of native worth and an integrity that was as immovable as the granite hills on which they lived. They were possessed of all the characteristics which are essential in establishing a successful commonwealth.

Fifty years have come and gone since the centennial of Wilton occurred; and it is without doubt true that they have been the most remarkable years in many respects that the world has ever known. In no other epoch of history has the brain of man been so productive of discoveries and inventions which are useful to mankind. Chemical, mechanical, physical, and economic truths have been discovered and utilized, which have displaced and readjusted almost all the processes of manly industries, affecting agriculture, manufactures, transportation, exchanges, the sciences and the arts, the finances, the education and learning, the moral and social condition, of the human race.

In the old world, during this time and since Victoria ascended the throne of England, which was just before the centennial of Wilton,

kings and queens have lost their thrones, and more than half the governments of Europe have been overturned or remodelled. In our own country we have made a growth which is the marvel of Christendom. We had a population in 1839 of about fifteen millions of people, now we have more than sixty millions. Then the Pacific coast was an almost unknown land, with scattered inhabitants, and with a shore covered with snow and sand and rock, "where formerly the sluggish Mexican kept his ranch and the red Indian hunted the buffalo:" now it is dotted all over with thriving cities and villages, in which are to be found all the equipments of modern civilization;—and this vast region is to-day connected by the iron rail with every other part of the United States. Then Arkansas and Missouri were extreme frontier states; Michigan almost unknown. Chicago was a speck of a town not then christened, but called Fort Dearborn: now it has almost as many inhabitants as London then had. Its name is a power in this land; its beauties and marvels are the wonderment of all who behold them. The growth of this magic city is typical of the whole nation.

When our fathers celebrated fifty years ago, they recurred to the storms and trials of the Revolution, and the brave work of their fathers at Bunker Hill, Bennington, and Yorktown, for evidences of their prowess and patriotism in war; but the valor of the men of '76 is almost dwarfed by that of their sons, shown on hundreds of battle-fields eighty-five years later. The civil war, which stands midway between 1839 and 1889, tested the patriotism not only of the men of the

nation, but of Wilton, whose roll of honor is proof that here dwells a people thoroughly imbued with love of home and country, and a disposition and ability to defend both at all hazards and at any cost. During the period, slavery, which was a foul blot upon our government half a century ago, has been overthrown, and the nation is redeemed from the clutch of its deadliest foe.

In our town we can show commendable progress. This beautiful town hall, and the charming village wherein it stands, are almost entirely the product of these fifty years. The locomotive that whistles through this valley morning, noon, and night, had not then even threatened to thrill our mountains with its echoes. In a review of Wilton's centennial, written in 1840, it was triumphantly boasted "that the old ill-formed, inconvenient houses, with their large chimneys, were in many instances gone, and in their place we had the neat and convenient dwelling, warmed by a cast-iron fireplace, or its more economical stove." Hot air and steam furnaces were then unknown, and modern dwellings, such as now crown "the noble hills of Wilton," with their manifold conveniences, had not yet appeared. The era of tallow and sperm oil, which succeeded the pine knot, has been followed with petroleum, gas, and electricity. We ride by steam, and talk by wire, thus almost annihilating time and distance. This is an epitome of national and town progress during these eventful years.

During the five decades since our fathers thus paused, and with honest pride registered their splendid progress

and condition, has the great work of town building and citizen making here gone on. Its sons have traversed all climes, and the principles taught them by their fathers permeate and adorn civilization in most, if not all, of the great centres of our country. Again we pause to celebrate, in a modest way, another suggestive event. We do not stand, as is said in the matchless oration of Mr. Peabody, delivered here fifty years ago, "on the horizon that divides two centuries," but we are midway between the second century of our town life, and in an era fruitful of the most astounding discoveries and developments.

This is the occasion. Wilton welcomes her sons and daughters to-day with all the warmth of a mother's greeting. She only asks her children solemnly to remember that "it is better to transmit than to inherit a good name."

Chorus—"Triumphal March."

Address by Ephraim Brown, Esq., of Lowell, Mass.

MR. BROWN'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President and Fellow-Citizens:

Fifty years ago Wilton became one hundred years old, and that day was celebrated as a memorable day in its existence. The celebration was the second of its kind in Hillsborough county. The Hollis celebration was in 1830, nine years before the one in Wilton.

Great changes have taken place during the fifty years just elapsed. That celebration was at the centre of the town, in the meeting-house on the hill. That meeting-house was the town-house, and all the large assemblages of the people were there. To-

day we are here in this beautiful temple. This appropriate and beautiful town hall tells us that old things have passed away; that for Wilton all things have become new. It tells us of foresight, enterprise, and generosity.

A dense population is the destiny of New England, and that destiny is nearer at hand than most imagine. Before the time just mentioned arrives there are other interests that will be developed into more immediate details. The greatest immediate, undeveloped possibilities of Wilton are in its vast, unoccupied water-powers, now running to waste. Less than half our power is in use to-day. The recent discovery of electric transmission of power adds vast importance to your cascades. Electric transmission of power is having a wonderful development. There are 3,351 electric plants now running, of 459,495 horse-power. There is no other town in Hillsborough county where all things combine, in location, rivers, railroads, and people, more fully to make this development a complete success.

Fifty years from now, at the same ratio of increase of the next one hundred years, our population will be 280,000,000. Perhaps that Wilton child is born that will see that day. Mrs. Sarah A. Holt, a Wilton resident, lived to be one hundred years old. Mrs. Dr. John D. Putnam had one hundred birthdays. Mrs. Lucinda (Sawtell) Fletcher celebrated her one hundredth birthday. The United States now have 19 people to each square mile; China 270; Belgium 343. When we become as populous as China we shall have a population

of 949,000,000. In one hundred years our population will be 1,120,000,000. Your children's children will see that day.

Grand hallelujah chorus.

Poem by Dr. Francis E. Abbot, of Cambridge, Mass.

Benediction by Rev. I. S. Lincoln.

Following these exercises a grand dinner was served by the ladies of the town in the basement banquet-hall of the building.

AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES.

A large audience gathered in the town hall after dinner to listen to short remarks by distinguished sons of the place and visitors. Hon. Charles H. Burns presided, and introduced the speakers in a felicitous manner, the band, soloists, and a chorus class interspersing the services with selections that were meritoriously rendered and loudly applauded.

Rev. Abiel Livermore, D. D., of Meadville, Pa., was the first speaker. Dr. Livermore confined his remarks to the ministers of Wilton. He said he was probably called upon because he was the grandson of a minister, because he was a minister himself, and because he had been engaged a good many years in making ministers. Wilton has had about fifty ministers, and the churches have increased from one to five. Rev. Jonathan Livermore, the first minister of the place, was an Arminian in faith, which was the liberal Christianity of that day. Several hundred of his sermons exist. During his ministry one hundred and fifty-two persons were added to the church, and there were only two fam-

ilies in town whose members were not baptized. He was a good man and sincere, and it is doubtless due to his influence that the religious sentiment of Wilton is of a liberal character to-day. Rev. Abel Fisk was the second pastor, and served the people twenty-four years. He was a Calvinistic Baptist, and very rigid in his creed. Like a good many ministers of to-day, his great liking was a fast horse. Rev. Thomas Beede was the third pastor, and served the church twenty-six years. He was liberal in his views, a noted Freemason, and several years chaplain of the New Hampshire legislature. Thus three pastors covered a period of sixty-three years, and were the only ministers of the place till 1826. Then came a split, and short pastorates, the longest—sixteen years—being that of Rev. D. E. Adams. Dr. Livermore closed with a fervent benediction upon the clergy and the people of the town.

Hon. George A. Marden, of Lowell, was then introduced as "a Wilton man born just over the line, in Mont Vernon." Mr. Marden spoke at first in a humorous vein, what he said being received with shouts of laughter and applause. He then spoke seriously, and made some telling points relative to the advantages which New England men and women enjoy over all the rest of the world. These advantages are in the general obedience to laws whereby every man's life and liberty are protected; in the improvements which enterprise and ambition have brought to every town; in society, in comforts, in luxury, in a thousand and

one things he had not time to mention. In New England a traveller can get a good and wholesome dinner at any house where he may tarry; ten miles beyond her borders his stomach rebels. Mr. Marden spoke of the boundless possibilities and probable future of our country, and in all he said reference was pleasantly and profitably made to Wilton. He was loudly applauded.

The speaking was further continued by Hon. F. G. Clark, of Peterborough, George E. Bales, Esq., Messrs. Isaac and George O. Whiting, and others. Mr. Clark spoke of the duty and pleasure in returning to one's native town on great occasions; and Mr. Bales made brief mention of the improvements that have been made and are hoped for in the town. The other speakers spoke to the same point, and thus completed exercises the recollection of which will be a source of pride to all the sons and daughters of the good old town.

NOTES OF THE CELEBRATION.

The platform in the town hall was beautifully garlanded with evergreens and flowers, and above it were suspended handsomely wrought tablets bearing the inscriptions "1739-1889." There was a liberal display of red, white, and blue streamers and crossed miniature flags.

Among the representative guests of the occasion, whose names have not been heretofore mentioned, were Rev. F. G. Clark of West Medford, Mass., Dr. C. N. Kittridge of New York, Rev. A. M. Pendleton of Milford, Mr. Ezra P. Howard of Nashua, Mr. Samuel Putnam of

Leominster, Mass., and Mr. Frank Marden of Boston.

The New Hampshire Historical Society was represented by Mr. E. H. Spalding, of Wilton, and Col. J. E. Pecker, of Concord.

The Everett House not only served a metropolitan dinner, but issued a handsome menu card, upon which were handsome wood cuts of the log inn of 1739, and the Everett House of 1889. Mr. Starr B. Center is the landlord of the house, and a model landlord he is.

The Wilton Cornet Band deserves a word of praise. Its marching music, and the concert selections performed in the hall, were admirable. It is an organization that Wilton people should take pride in and encourage.

The Grand Army men and the Sons of Veterans are an honor to the town. With full ranks and magnificent banners, they made a patriotic display.

Among the busy people in making the celebration a success,—and our observation was that Mr. Harvey A. Whiting was the busiest,—were Mr. Moses Clark, Mr. D. E. Proctor, Mr. George W. Wallace, Mrs. Charles H. Burns, Mrs. Whiting, and Mr. Bales. Mr. H. Low, agent, and Hon. F. G. Thurston, of Nashua, in charge of the manufacturing department of the Low & Rewell manufactory, also deserve complimentary mention for the grand display made at the head of the trade division of the procession.

“YE OLDEN TYMES.”

At the celebration in Wilton a committee of ladies, of which Mrs. Chas.

H. Burns was chairman, made a very attractive display, in the library room of the town building, of heir-looms and mementos of the pioneers and early settlers. Nearly all the relics exhibited were souvenirs of the eighteenth century. Among the articles that attracted special attention was a quilted bed-spread designed by Rev. Jonathan Livermore one hundred and twenty years ago, and also a handsome bed-spread that was spun and woven by Betsy Blanchard nearly one hundred years ago. There were several other fine spreads, and a variety of women's clothing that belonged to the grandmothers of this generation, as well as the implements with which they toiled, among them being a flax-wheel more than one hundred and twenty-five years old, together with wool and flax-cards. Another relic specially interesting was a huge tithing-stick, with which order was restored in church and other public gatherings by thumping upon the floor. It is traced back more than one hundred and fifty years. Several families exhibited chairs that did service before the War of the Revolution, and a few displayed the primitive tools of those days, such as augers, bit-stocks, and saws. These, with old China and pewter dishes, linen, shawls, books, saddle-bags, tin lantern, etc., made a collection which was very interesting and attractive to visitors and citizens alike. Several young ladies of the town, clothed in the dresses of their great-grandmothers, did the honors of the occasion as ushers.

MANCHESTER AND THE AMOSKEAG COMPANY.

From the *Manchester Daily Mirror and American* of September 16, 1889, the following interesting facts in regard to Manchester and the Amoskeag company have been taken :

A half century of prosperity in Manchester, and the principal factor in that prosperity is the Amoskeag corporation! How much the city of Manchester, individually and collectively, owes to the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company!

In her great and remarkable growth Manchester has lost sight of the factor that this company has been in her progress, and, even where it has been realized, the meed of praise awarded the company has not unfrequently been grudgingly given, and with anything but admiration back of it. The reason for this is ignorance, undoubtedly.

The following article has been carefully collated from the most reliable sources, and contains much of Manchester's early history. It is full of facts, and its value as a matter of reference entitles it to something beside the ephemeral existence granted the ordinary newspaper article.

A city that has grown from a sand-bank to a municipality, with a valuation of over a score of millions, through the liberality, thrift, and enterprise of one corporation, owes considerable to that organization, although the debt of gratitude that the residents of such a city are placed under is one that is not generally recognized.

MANCHESTER ORIGINALLY.

In order that one may obtain a more absolute knowledge of this sub-

ject, it will be necessary to go back to 1809, when Benjamin Prichard built the first cotton-mill on the west side of Amoskeag falls, in what was then Goffstown. This mill, which was forty feet square and two stories high, after many vicissitudes, was finally succeeded by several others, and in June, 1831, the business then having been placed upon a firm financial basis, the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company was chartered, Dr. Oliver Dean, of Norfolk, Mass., then in his 48th year, being elected president. Dr. Dean, Willard Sayles, William Amory, and several other shrewd Boston capitalists, put the company on its feet; and through their own far-sightedness and the ability of Col. Robert Read, who was appointed the company's agent in 1837, serving in that capacity until January 1, 1852, is much of the corporation's success in obtaining real estate holdings due.

Mr. Sayles was a particularly shrewd bargainer, and the truthful historian, while making no excuse for some of the methods pursued by him, adds,—“It is probable that few persons could have done the business to better advantage.”

The Amoskeag corporation was chartered in 1831, and at the annual meeting, July 12, 1832, Doctor and President Dean was chosen agent. It was soon after determined to enlarge operations, and competent engineers, having been ordered to investigate the condition of things along both banks of the river, reported that the east bank of the Merrimack was the most feasible site

for the company's proposed improvements, both as a channel for their canals and a site for their mills. In 1835, having secured a large block of land on that side of the river, they entered actively on the work of building up a city.

Rivals were effectually shut out by purchasing the water-power at Hooksett and at Garvin's falls, and combining the stock of the companies doing business there with the Amoskeag. Thus rid of competition, the company, in 1837, constructed a wing dam and guard lock at the falls, and the canal facilities following, as a matter of course, the company decided that it had got its little town ready for settlement.

October 24, 1838, the first public sale of lots took place. There were 147 lots sold, situated between Elm street on the west, and Union street, which had not been graded, on the east, Lowell street on the north, and Hanover street on the south. The lots were numbered from the corner lot, at the intersection of Lowell and Union streets, westerly. A plan of the lots to be sold that day is still extant. It is in the sere and yellow leaf, to be sure, but one forgets all that in the curiosity aroused by the queer-looking draught. Were it not for those two familiar landmarks—Concord and Merrimack squares—which somehow have refused to stray away from their moorings, one would have hard work to realize that it was Manchester, or any section of it.

Elm street appears familiar enough, with its broad lines running north and south, 110 feet apart, according to the scale, but the rest of the plan is not so familiar. Elm street was

to be the street of the new city, but, luckily for the electric lights and horse cars of to-day, the scheme that was seriously advocated of planting a row of trees in the centre of this thoroughfare met an ignominious death, and the trees were relegated to their proper spheres—beside the sidewalk.

According to the map, Central street divides with Elm the dignity of being one of the principal highways. Like Elm, it is laid out 100 feet wide, while Merrimack, next north, is only 40. Manchester street has disappeared altogether. Hanover street is set down as 50 feet in width; and then come Concord and Amherst streets, each a 40-foot thoroughfare; and finally Lowell, another 50-foot street, and completing the list of those running east and west on the map. Back streets are provided between all the highways as at present.

As for the streets running north and south, it seems funny enough to see Chestnut starting from Concord square and running off to nobody knows where in the south; and even those who fought so bitterly against having this highway put through Concord common, within a few years, will doubtless agree to-day that it would have been better to have put the thoroughfare through the common in the first place. It was not Chestnut street in those days, evidently. The plan has it "Chesnut" street, and the plan ought to know.

There is a spaceway reserved for a street north of Concord common, where Vine street now rears its concrete covered surface, but no name for the passage-way is given on the

map. East of Chestnut street, from Concord to Hanover, is Pine street as at present, but, unlike the present Pine street, when it reaches Hanover street stops, and after a break of 150 feet another street starts in,—Spruce street it is called,—extending to Merrimack street. This street was evidently intended as a continuation of Pine street, exactly as Maple street is continued at Lowell; but, luckily for us of the present day, better counsels prevailed, and the streets were laid out as straight as possible and in parallel lines, in which form they present a much better appearance than they would if all criss-crossed up, like the cow-paths that do duty for highways in some other New England manufacturing cities.

On the west side of Elm street three streets fifty-six feet wide are laid out on the plan running east and west, but none of them were named. It was evidently expected that the region about Concord square was going to be a favorite residential spot, as the lots facing this well known breathing-spot were each of them laid out twenty-five feet front by one hundred feet deep, while the lots on others of the side streets were sold in bigger lots, ranging from 100x150 to 200x315 feet.

The terms as set forth on the plan were not liberal. Twenty-five per cent. cash was to be paid on delivery by the company of the deeds, the balance in three notes of twenty-five per cent. each, the payment to be secured by a mortgage on the premises, and payable in one, two, and three years from the date of note, with interest payable annually.

Since then a regular form of deed

has been drawn up especially for house-lots, which, stripped of its legal verbiage, provides that inasmuch as the land sold by the company has been disposed of at prices below its true value in order to encourage settlement, the purchaser by accepting the deed covenants that he will not for the space of twenty-five years erect on his lot a building suitable for more than one family, with the necessary out-buildings for the same. In case he violates his covenant, the corporation promises to commence proceedings against him at once, to the end that the deed may be declared void. Nevertheless, if this provision is violated, and the company does not commence proceedings inside of twenty-five years, the purchaser shall not be disturbed in his possession after that date.

Where did the Amoskeag company get this land that they were laying out into streets so bravely? Most of it they bought, which is more than can be said of some of those from whom it was obtained, for squatter sovereignty was common in New Hampshire in the early part of this century, and the job that the register of deeds for Hillsborough county had when he traced out the title for the government building lot is only a sample of the fog that hangs over the title to most of the early settlements in this section. The company came into possession by purchase on the east side of the river of 1,561.56 acres, and on the west side of between 700 and 750 acres more. The land on the east side of the river was obtained from George Clark, 374.22 acres; Job Rowell, 216.74 acres; Kidder heirs, 138.38 acres; F. G.

Stark, 45.13 acres; John Gamble, 35.17 acres; Philip Stevens, 168.51 acres; Henry R. Barrett, 52.24 acres; Samuel Hall, 289.39 acres; Daniel Rowell, 11.97 acres; Mrs. Davis, 36.92 acres; Robt. Hall, 30.82 acres; Rowell McGregor (ledge lot), 86.07 acres; Young land, 76 acres; other sources, 239.91 acres;—total, 1,561.56 acres.

This was laid out into lots suitable for building and business purposes. From time to time since that first sale in the fall of 1838 the company has held auctions, at which the highest bidder obtained land in some cases almost without money and without price, and certainly in all cases at a low rate. Auction sales have thus been conducted, of which a record was found, since the first one, on October 8, 1839, September 1, 1843, in August and September, 1844, September 30, 1845, October 21, 1846, May 3, 1879, April 17, 1880, May 28, 1881, and August 6, 1887, which was the last. Doubtless other sales were conducted in the '50s and '60s, of which no record was encountered in the cursory examination made.

During these early years the city grew like a weed. An old blue statistical sheet states that the population of Manchester, in 1838, when the Amoskeag company commenced its work of building, was but fifty persons inside of the corporate limits. In 1840, two years after, this number had increased to 3,238, in 1850 to 13,933, and in 1856 to 22,000. In the latter year, under the fostering care of this corporation,—which, of course, as is the case with all corporations,—had no soul, the city boasted of forty-one public schools

and fourteen churches. And all this in eighteen years!

The amounts paid for the land sold at those earliest auction sales, along in '38, '39, and '40, embracing, as it does now, the property right in the heart of the city, and worth thousands of dollars in many cases, is a most interesting feature of the city's growth.

The first lot on the company's plans is the one situated at the corner of Lowell and Union streets. On that eventful October day when the little manufacturing town received its first real estate boom, a man named O. W. Bayley bought the lot, 24,000 square feet, for $2\frac{5}{8}$ cents per foot. This is the lot on which stands to-day the fine brick residence of the head of the See of Manchester, with the former and less pretentious home of Bishop Bradley, now occupied by a deputation of Christian brothers. The lot next west, now occupied by John Mooar, was bid off at a still lower price, $2\frac{3\frac{3}{10}}{100}$ cents, by the late Herman Foster, his purchase including 22,500 feet. Uncle John Maynard bought the property on the corner where St. Joseph's cathedral stands to-day, it being a lot the same size of that purchased by Mr. Foster, at the rate of $2\frac{4\frac{5}{10}}{100}$ cents. The lot on the other corner, containing 15,000 feet, occupied for so many years by A. G. Stevens, the architect, sold for 2½ cents to William Amory. T. C. Lowell bought the centre lot, now occupied by Col. John B. Clarke, and of the same size as Mr. Amory's, for 2 cents; and then the latter captured another lot, buying the property now occupied by Judge Hunt, which contains 18,000 feet, at $2\frac{3}{4}$ cents per foot.

Prices ruled low in those days,

and those hard-headed financiers bid pretty carefully, as can be judged by the foregoing examples. It is rather doubtful if the lot occupied by Judge Hunt could be bought to-day for \$495, or the premises which contain Rev. Dr. Bradley's Episcopal residence be secured for \$600, yet that was the price that they were originally sold for.

The old index book in which these facts are set forth contains the names of many persons prominently identified with the welfare and interests of the infant city, who were early investors in Amoskeag realty. Here are the names of D. A. Buntow, who bought in the first sale 15,000 feet of land about where the blacksmith-shop on Lowell street, next to the corner of Chestnut, now stands, at two cents a foot. Ziba Gay, Ed. P. Offutt, and James Russell were contiguous owners clear to Elm back street. The lot at the corner of Chestnut and Lowell streets was bought by A. S. Trask. It was evidently considered more desirable than any of the others on the street, for it only contained 6,000 feet, and was sold at the exorbitant price of $4\frac{3}{4}$ cents a foot—more than that commanded by any other one piece of land on the thoroughfare.

Over on Concord street we find among the purchasers again the name of Wm. Amory, and a short perusal of the prices paid here for land shows that this thoroughfare was considered much more desirable, probably because it opened upon the common, than the adjacent Lowell street. Six cents, six and a half, and seven were freely paid, and near Elm street as high as $10\frac{3}{4}$ cents per foot was bid.

Judge Bell, John H. Moore, Foster Towns, Alexander McCoy, Benjamin Kinsley, James Bailey, Jonas L. Parkèr, the unfortunate collector, whose untimely taking off has made early Manchester criminal history a matter of notoriety throughout the country, with Phineas Harrington and Z. Colburn, comprise the names of men of more or less prominence in Manchester forty years ago, who bought land here.

Land on Elm street for those days brought good money. Willard Sayles paid \$462.50 for a lot containing 2,500 feet, at the corner of Elm and Lowell streets, where Martin's block now stands. At compound interest at 6 per cent. that sum of money would amount to about \$9,850 to-day, which sum would come considerably nearer buying that lot in this year of grace, 1889, than the original price paid for it; but still it would probably require quite a little pile on top of that to secure it. It is evident that the old-time investors who put their money into real estate on Elm street came pretty near banking on a sure basis. Sayles not only bought the corner lot, but he bought the lot next to it of the same size, paying for it the same amount. Besides Judge Bell, the name of Isaac Riddle, another purchaser, will be remembered by not only a former but by the present generation, along with Allen Partridge, Thomas Hoyt, D. J. Marston, and Lemuel Page, names not so familiar. Marston bought the lot at the north corner of Concord and Elm streets, and paid 20 cents per foot for it. The land on Elm street between Marston's and Sayles's, sold for from $12\frac{1}{2}$ to $13\frac{1}{2}$ cents a foot.

A firm named Burnham & Means were real estate buyers of considerable importance in the new township. They secured 51,000 feet on Concord street in one lot at $1\frac{8.5}{100}$ cents per foot and $2\frac{22}{100}$ cents per foot. On Amherst street, Calvin Smith and Miles Durgin bought as much more at almost the same figures. These four lots covered the territory from Union street west to Pine back street, and included the territory on which both the First Baptist and St. Paul's churches now stand. The lots on Pine street fronting Concord common brought from $5\frac{3}{4}$ to $6\frac{3}{4}$ cents per foot. They were divided up into slices of 2,500 feet each, and among the purchasers were Hiram A. Daniels, Hiram Brown, Seth R. Jones, and Moore & Davis.

Big prices were commanded by the lots at the other end of the common on Vine street. This locality was at that time the haunt of the F. F. V.'s of Manchester, and occupied the same prominence in the little town that the North End does in the city of to-day. Hence it is not strange to find Reuben R. Page and I. A. Stearns paying 18 cents a foot for land there,—within half a cent of as much as that paid by Willard Sayles for his corner lot at the intersection of Lowell and Elm streets. Eight cents was the lowest price paid for land on this thoroughfare, and from $8\frac{1}{4}$ to $10\frac{1}{2}$ cents were the ruling figures. Andrew I. George, E. P. Offutt, W. Walker, Jr., and Asa Reed, buyers here, are names that will readily be recalled by old residents. A firm named Wallace & Patten evidently took considerable stock in the desirability of house lots on this

street, for they invested in no less than 10,000 feet, at an average price of $9\frac{1}{2}$ cents.

Coming down on to Elm street again, we find the lot at the southeast corner of Concord and Elm streets sold to Wilbur Gay for 18 cents. He also bought the two lots next south; then followed E. P. Offutt, William Walker, Jr., Jesse Duucklee, George Porter, and H. & I. T. Plumer. The Plumers bought two lots at the corner of Elm and Amherst streets, where Dunlap's block now stands, at $26\frac{1}{2}$ cents a foot, the highest price yet paid for land recorded. The lot on the opposite corner was bid in by Foster Towns at 20 cents a foot.

I. S. Stackpole bought the lot at the corner of Hanover and Elm streets, where Riddle's building now stands, for $15\frac{1}{2}$ cents per foot. It would be hard work to convince a man to-day that property at the corner of Amherst and Elm was more valuable than that on the next corner below, but this is only another instance where a man's foresight was not as good as his hindsight.

Between Stackpole and Downs are only two buyers, Miles Durgin and John R. Page. Stackpole undoubtedly believed in the prosperity of his end of the town, for he bought no less than 15,000 feet between Amherst street and Hanover, being the lots numbered 142 to 147, obtaining them, except the corner lot, for 11 cents a foot. Fancy land selling on Elm street to-day, where Pickering's block now is, for 11 cents a foot!

Up on Amherst street, taking the lots from Chestnut street to Elm back street, Wm. H. Metcalf, Michael Con-

nelly, Thomas McDermott, Ed. Quimby, Robert Hall, Samuel R. Kidder, Dudley Haynes, J. N. Brown, Liberty Raymond, one of the subsequent owners of Merchants' Exchange, J. T. P. Hunt, William P. Farmer, Joseph F. Gage, Wm. P. Riddle, Isaac Riddle, and Monlton & Rowe were the original purchasers. Farther up the street, at the corner of Union and Amherst, Hiram Bean bought a tract of 43,200 feet; next west, Judge Bell and the Stark Mills, each buying almost as much more. Seth K. Jones, Seth Woodbury, Samuel B. Kidder, Joseph Prescott, and W. D. James were among the other buyers. Brown paid but $1\frac{3}{4}$ cents per foot for his land; but one J. N. Brown, who bought a lot nearer Pine, had to settle at the rate of $8\frac{1}{4}$ cents per foot.

On Hanover street Wm. G. Means was the purchaser of the lot where the government building rears its granite front to-day, buying 18,000 feet of land at the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents a foot. J. D. Kimball bought the lot on the north-west corner of Hanover and Chestnut streets, now known as the Elliot property, for a trifle more than Mr. Means paid for his lot. It is a smaller lot, only 7,500 feet in size. The other sections between here and Elm back street are each fully 15,000 feet. Amory Warren bought the first one from the corner at $6\frac{1}{3}$ cents a foot; the Stark Mills acquired the next, which is the lot where the post-office block is now located, for 4 cents a foot, and the First Congregational society was deeded the third. This is where the Opera block stands to-day, but for years and years the old Hanover street church, with its giant wooden pillars in front of its huge

portico, and with the old stable of Fogg & James at the side, was one of the city's most famous landmarks. I. S. Stackpole bought the lot at the north-east corner of Hanover and Elm back streets. Up above Chestnut street, on Hanover, J. Y. French, Joseph C. Crane, J. R. Fitts, A. O. Colby, and Geo. Hamblett were among the buyers; also Judge Bell again, Daniel Haynes, Nathaniel Hastings, Samuel Dana, Nehemiah Chase, and Robert Moore, all names more or less familiar to the oldest inhabitants.

Other buyers who will be remembered are Jonathan Barrow, Isaac C. Flanders, John L. Sinclair, Samuel Bartlett, Walker Flanders, and Daniel Gile. Prices paid for land ranged from 6 cents per foot at the lot next below the corner of Union on the south side of Hanover, to 25 cents per foot paid by S. & E. Corey for the property at the south-east corner of Hanover and Elm back streets.

On Manchester street, commencing at Union and working westward, on the north side of the thoroughfare, Ebenezer Knowlton was the purchaser of the north-west corner lot, paying therefor the sum of $8\frac{3}{4}$ cents per foot. Edmund Johnson and Thomas C. Piper are two new names found on the record-book as purchasers of land there, along with Samuel Head, who bought 10,000 feet just about half way between Union and Pine. J. N. Howe, N. D. Hill, and James Dudley were other purchasers. Rimmey & Brown bought the lot at the north-east corner of Pine and Manchester streets for 13 cents per foot.

Investors on the south side of Manchester, between these two

streets, include L. and J. Knowles, D. R. Perkins, H. F. A. Richardson, D. Marshall, Abner G. Gutterson, L. B. Bowman, and Alpha Currier, the latter buying 10,000 feet at the south-west corner of Manchester and Union. Land on this portion of Manchester street sold from 6 to 13 cents per foot, according to location.

From Pine to Chestnut street, on both sides of Manchester, old investors in realty included Samuel Eaton, Darius Merrill, B. Judkins, Benj. F. French, Benj. Currier, Stephen Prescott, Jere. Fellows, Isaac Huse, E. Hodgman, N. Cochran, B. P. Cilley, and G. Melton. From Chestnut street to Elm back street, on both sides of Manchester, the land brought a pretty fair price. The company deeded the land for a Calvinistic Baptist church at the north-west corner, and the two lots next west were bought by Daniel Gooden for 20 $\frac{1}{4}$ and 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents per foot.

Thomas R. Hubbard, Samuel P. Jackson, Thomas Rundlett, Hidden Brown, H. L. Parker, Levi Sargent, and I. C. Whittemore are names of men, some of whom are yet alive, who bought land there. Mr. Whittemore paid 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents per foot for a lot of land at the north-east corner of Manchester and Elm back street. Joseph Mitchell, who bought the south-east corner exactly opposite, paid 26 $\frac{3}{4}$. Joseph bought the next lot east for 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents less than that. On this spot Hotel Windsor stands to-day. Between here and Chestnut street Daniel Watts, James Dudley, Moulton Knowles, Joshua Sawyer, G. B. Farnum & Co., and Charles Pierce were among the purchasers. Pierce purchased the corner lot at the

south-east corner of Chestnut and Manchester streets. It was evidently considered particularly desirable, as the intermediate school was on one and a church on another of the four corners. As a consequence the land was not disposed of until 23 cents per foot had been bid by Mr. Pierce.

Land on Merrimack street, from Chestnut to Elm, brought from 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 23 cents per foot; but the investors were either people who have hitherto been enumerated, or who occupied no special prominence in the city's history. This has one exception, however.

William Shepherd's name will never be lost sight of in Manchester as long as hotels are built and people dwell in them. He was the pioneer of the hotel business, and although there were no French bills of fare on his dining-room table, a guest was always sure there of warm welcome, clean, wholesome food, a cozy bed, and a hearty God-speed when he left. Shepherd's hotel was one of the features of early Manchester life.

The old plans of the company show the site where his hostelry stood, probably the first brick building erected on Elm street, and it is labelled "Hotel Lot." It is not known, but it is probable, that the company either gave the land to Mr. Shepherd, or made him a very advantageous offer if he would erect a hotel thereon. To the company's enterprise can therefore be credited the city's first large public inn.

The investors in real estate on the north side of Merrimack street from Union to Chestnut street were people of more or less prominence, Cyrus Barney, Alonzo Smith, W. A. Putney,

Isaac Thompkins, Dr. W. W. Brown, R. E. Patten, Robert Johnston, E. I. Morrison, and Edward McQuestion being among the number. Prices ruled low, and 14 cents per foot paid by Dr. Brown for the north-west corner lot at the intersection of Pine and Merrimack streets was as high as that realized for any property on the street.

Coming back to Elm street again, we find Bell & Towns paying 40½ cents a foot for 3,500 feet of land at the junction of Hanover and Elm streets, where Morris block now stands, while the other buyers between there and Manchester street include Clark & Cilley, who paid 37½ cents a foot for 10,000 feet, Brown & Childs, Raymond & Thomas, and Parker & Sargent. The latter bought the corner lot on the north side of Manchester street at 42½ cents a foot, while Sargent & Darling bought 4,500 feet across the road at 43 cents a foot. The land between there and the hotel went to Clark, Parker & Co., Hon. William C. Clarke, and Herman Foster, the latter paying 45 cents a foot for a little strip next to the hotel.

On the west side of Elm street, and commencing at Spring, the plot between that street and Water, now covered by the well known Smyth block, was bought by George Howe. The land from Water street to Mechanic street, facing Elm, was sold to Brown, Bunton & Barnes. From Mechanic to Stark street, Burnham & Means, Jacob F. James, O. W. Bayley, Brown, Judkins & Co., S. D. Bell, and Colby, Clough & Marshall were the buyers.

Elm street from Stark to Market

was taken up with Patten's block and the town-house as it was called then. The lot opposite the town-house, at the south-west corner of Market and Elm, was bought by R. H. Ayer for 46½ cents a foot. Other buyers were Seth Emery, J. A. Burnham, S. K. Jones, M. Fellows, E. Whittier, and L. Mallard. These are not all the owners, of course, the Methodist society securing a piece of land there 5,000 feet in size, paying 31 cents a foot.

In this *résumé* the reader will have obtained a good idea of what sort of material the early buyers of real estate in the city were comprised. They were, as a class, shrewd, level-headed men; and although in some few instances, as on Vine street, the returns have not been as heavy as in the Elm street sales, still it will be found that but few of the buyers turned their land over to a second party without making a pretty penny in the transaction. Of course this list does not include the buyers on all the streets named. An effort has been made to get at the more or less representative men, and in every case where given the figures are accurate.

Enough instances have been cited to show that land has appreciated in Manchester to an enormous extent under the rule of this so called terrible monopoly, the Amoskeag corporation, and that in place of being a modern Old Man of the Sea on the back of the Sailor Industry, it has been the fairy princess at the touch of whose wand a barren New Hampshire waste has been made to blossom as the rose.

The statement is not extravagant. Churches, school-houses, city libra-

ries, commons, are generally reckoned as among a city's permanent improvements. They are the jewels in her crown, as it were. Whence did Manchester get her commons? Echo answers back, "From the Amoskeag corporation." Her school-houses? "From the Amoskeag corporation." Her city hall? "From the Amoskeag corporation." Her city library? Still "From the Amoskeag corporation." And so the list might be built up *ad infinitum*. For some of this property the city paid a nominal sum, to be sure, while in other cases the land was either given outright, or deeded to the municipality for \$1. In either case the city obtained the land far below its actual value, either to build upon or to hold for a rise. Here are a few more statistics.

In the first place, take the size of all the commons in the city, with the Valley cemetery, all of which were a free gift to Manchester from the company:

| | Feet. | Acres. |
|-----------------------|------------|--------|
| Concord square..... | 300 x 670 | 4.61 |
| Hanover square..... | 270 x 490 | 2.94 |
| Merrimack square..... | 450 x 570 | 5.86 |
| Tremont square..... | 445½ x 220 | 2.25 |
| Park square..... | 310 x 490 | 3.48 |
| Total..... | | 19.14 |
| Valley cemetery..... | | 19.70 |

This statement also brings out another interesting fact, that the total area of Valley cemetery is a trifle greater than all the commons of the city put together—a fact not generally known.

SCHOOL-HOUSES.

It will readily be seen by a glance at the accompanying list that the majority of the substantial lot of knowledge-boxes owned by the city were erected on land obtained from

the Amoskeag company. Some of these houses have been converted since their original establishment to other uses, but the most of them are still doing noble duty in the training of young or maturer ideas how to shoot. Among the schools whose identity has been merged in other institutions is the school-house set down as located on Concord street. This is the lot where the Unitarian church stands to-day, but it was originally set apart for a school-house lot, and is so indicated on the company's plans. The other is the intermediate school at the corner of Manchester and Chestnut streets, now occupied as the Castle of Justice by City Marshal Longa and the police department. The prices paid by the city for some of these lots have been obtained for the benefit of the readers of this article, and they are herewith submitted:

Ash street school lot, \$2,300; Lincoln street school lot, \$1,600; Beech street school lot, \$600; North Main street school lot, original purchase, \$1,000; old Bridge street school lot, present ward three room, \$500; forty-foot addition, \$333; Park street grammar school lot, \$1,200; Spring street school lot, \$1,700.04; the Lowell street school lot (old high school) was a gift to the city; the training school lot on Merrimack street cost \$650; the old intermediate school lot on Manchester street, \$500; the Spruce street lot, which the French-Canadians have now purchased, cost 6 cents a foot; the old school-house lot on Concord street, where the Unitarian church is, \$540. The areas of each of these lots, with several others whose prices I have not set forth,

are appended as a matter of reference :

| Lot. | Sq. ft. |
|-------------------------------|----------------------|
| Spring street..... | 13,674 |
| Franklin street..... | 19,200 |
| Lincoln street..... | 40,000 |
| Ash street..... | 57,530 |
| High school..... | 54,000 |
| Blodget street..... | 9,000 |
| Lowell street..... | 9,650 |
| Training-school..... | 12,600 |
| Manchester street..... | 7,500 |
| Webster street..... | 55,714 $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| North Main street..... | 40,293 |
| School street..... | 12,176 |
| Amoskeag village..... | 6,000 |
| German school, west side..... | 10,187 |
| Bridge street..... | 10,000 |
| Concord street..... | 13,500 |
| Spruce street..... | 15,000 |

| | |
|----------------------------------|----------|
| Westminster Presbyterian..... | 10,000 |
| Advent church, Pearl street..... | 7,496.34 |
| Grace church parsonage..... | 10,000 |
| Mt. St. Mary's convent..... | 12,600 |

Next to school-houses—and a portion of the community, when they say next in this connection, mean ahead of—come the churches. Manchester is noted for her elegant sanctuaries, and a large number of them are built upon land deeded them by the Amoskeag company. In some instances the lot has been practically a free gift. In other cases the societies have paid a minimum sum per foot for their little section of God's green acre; but in every case a most liberal policy has been pursued by the directors of the corporation towards all religious organizations. The following is a list of churches that have erected edifices on land obtained of the company, with the size of the lots in square feet in each instance :

CHURCHES.

| | Sq. ft. |
|--|---------|
| St. Paul's old lot, Elm street (Tewksbury block)..... | 10,000 |
| Universalist, Lowell street..... | 10,000 |
| Grace Episcopal, Lowell street..... | 10,000 |
| Franklin street..... | 15,000 |
| Hanover street, old lot..... | 15,000 |
| Unitarian, Merrimack and Chestnut, now First Free Baptist..... | 12,600 |
| Free Baptist, Merrimack and Pine, now Christian church..... | 9,000 |
| City Mission chapel, Merrimack and Beech..... | 12,600 |
| St. Ann's, Union street..... | 11,700 |
| St. Augustine, Beech and Spruce streets..... | 13,000 |
| St. Mary, west side, church, school, and parsonage..... | 219,500 |
| German Presbyterian..... | 10,000 |
| Swedish, on Sagamore street..... | 10,950 |
| Old Baptist, Manchester and Chestnut streets..... | 10,000 |
| St. James..... | 11,000 |

Unfortunately, a town the size of Manchester has in it another element besides that which patronizes the pulpit and the school teacher. For their express comfort a very commodious and substantial building has been erected by the county of Hillsborough in South Manchester; and that, too, was built on land bought of the Amoskeag corporation, and for which \$3,000 was paid. The plot of earth which the county jail holds down is 147,000 square feet in surface area, or 3.37 acres, while the court-house, for which \$11,750 more was paid, comprises but 19,000 feet. Other public buildings and lots obtained from the Amoskeag include the land on which that moth-eaten and venerated old relic, the City Hall of Manchester, rears its (alleged) proud head, and for which the city paid \$2,500, the city library, covering a space of 15,200 square feet, the ward five ward-room on Lake avenue, 3,000 feet, the city lot on Franklin street, 43,656 square feet, and a lot on Sagamore street, bought for a gravel bank, 10,000 feet.

We have now covered the public buildings, institutions, and areas of the city, and if the reader will kindly turn his attention to the corporation property in Manchester obtained of the Amoskeag company, the writer will endeavor to bring this somewhat extended article to a close.

In starting in on this tack it may be well to say that the Amoskeag company itself, with its own plant, including its industrial arteries on both sides of the river, the boarding-

houses, store-rooms, etc., occupies about one hundred acres, this including a twenty-acre piece leased to ex-Gov. Cheney at Amoskeag.

A *résumé* follows in acres, not alone of the amount of land covered by all of the manufacturing and railroad corporations of the city, which was in each and every instance obtained of this gigantic land trust, but also the land utilized on the east side of the river for all purposes. It is as follows :

| | Acres. |
|---------------------------------------|--------|
| Concord Railroad..... | 34 22 |
| Manchester & Lawrence Railroad..... | 7 11 |
| Concord & Portsmouth Railroad..... | 2 46 |
| Manchester & North Ware Railroad..... | .60 |
| Manchester Mills and Print Works..... | 24 09 |
| Stark Mills..... | 11 15 |
| Amory..... | 4 99 |
| Langdon..... | 6 52 |
| Paper Mills..... | 1 83 |
| Gas Company..... | 7 80 |
| Forsyth Machine Co..... | 1 70 |
| Hodge's Shop..... | 1 06 |
| Hutchinson Brothers..... | .50 |
| Lowell's Machine-Shop..... | 1 36 |
| A. P. Olzendam..... | 1 67 |
| Locomotive Works..... | 10 45 |
| Commons..... | 19 14 |
| Cemetery..... | 19 70 |
| Schools..... | 7 48 |
| Churches..... | 4 47 |
| City..... | 3 39 |
| Jail lot..... | 3 37 |
| Other purposes, house lots..... | 325 29 |
| Streets..... | 250 17 |
| Total..... | 750.53 |

These are facts that have, many of them, never been figured out before, even by the company's engineers, and they are of much historical value. The areas given above of the land occupied and owned by these different corporations are just as nearly correct as it was possible to get them, and hence the statements made can be relied on.

Some idea may be obtained of the character of this corporation's dealing with the city, when the thought is grasped that in the single acreage of streets which have been given to the

city without a cent of damage, forty-one and one quarter miles of fifty-foot streets could be laid out. No private corporation could ever afford to make any such concessions. This is on the east side alone, too. On the west side the total acreage given up to streets is 36.90, which, reduced to thoroughfares of an average width of fifty feet, would give six and one tenth miles, a distance as great as from here to Goffe's Falls and half way back again.

From the above *résumé* it would appear that the Amoskeag had originally on the west side of the Merimack between 700 and 750 acres. They have sold land for the following purposes :

| | Sq. ft | Acres. |
|----------------------------|-----------|--------|
| School-house lots..... | 58,460 | 1 34 |
| Church lots..... | 264,099 | 6 06 |
| Manufacturing companies... | 692,802 | 15 90 |
| Other lots..... | 2,263,294 | 51 95 |
| Taken up by streets..... | 1,610,820 | 36 90 |
| Total..... | | 112 15 |

leaving unsold there from 600 to 650 acres at the present time.

On this side the river there has been sold out of the original 1,561.56 acres, 500.36 acres for all purposes, which, with 250.17 acres of streets, makes a total of 750.53 acres, and leaving 811 acres unsold.

It appears, therefore, that after a half century of land sales the Amoskeag company still has nearly 1,500 acres left unsold on its hands, a fact which augurs well for the future prosperity of Manchester; for certain it is, that as long as the Amoskeag company keeps up its present system of liberality, both to the city and to the individual, Manchester, her men and her measures, cannot but prosper.

MY LORD BANGS.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WIDOW WYSE."

CHAPTER IV.

AT MADAME CHAUDET'S.

"*Oh, dear!*" said Maude Eaton with a groan, as she sank into a chair, just as Margery had folded up the letter to her sister, "how I envy you. You have a dear sister to write to, somebody you love, while I have to write to my father's wife and call her *mamma!* I don't *feel* *mamma* at all; I keep saying *Mrs. Eaton* to myself all the time I am writing. I am the most miserable girl in the world. Papa loves me, but he does n't understand. Anybody would think to read that"—throwing down the letter she held in her hand—"that that woman loves me as she does her own daughter; and she makes papa believe it too!"

"How *hypocritical!*" ejaculated Margery, sympathetically. Maude sighed, picked up the letter, and read with a scornful look on her face, "I hope that you are growing more reconciled to your papa's decision"—"*Papa's* decision; hear that!"—"and will, in time, become fond of your school. You know, my dear child, that we would not consent to your leaving us did we not feel that it was just the discipline you need. Do try to feel that it is quite as hard for us to send you away as for you to go,"—and here Maude burst into a passion of tears. Margery was on her knees by the side of her friend in a moment, and, putting her arms about her, cried,—"*O Maudie, do n't! I would n't care!—and do n't ever let her know she makes you miserable. It's my*

opinion she would just *gloat* over it. I know just how you feel; you know I told you that I had been *very much tried*. Papa is just as kind as he can be, and so is Edith, and aunt Sarah *dotes* on me; but there is one person whom I perfectly *hate*, and I would n't for the world have him know that he disturbed me in the least."

"*Oh! is it a he?*" broke in Maude, drying her tears, and looking the picture of eagerness. "How perfectly delicious! Have you quarrelled? What is his name, and how does he look? *Oh, you sly girl!* tell me all about it. I won't give you a minute's peace until you do."

"*Oh! it is n't what you think, at all,*" answered Margery with great dignity, "he is to be my brother-in-law. I did not mean to speak of it at all, but I will tell you, for you are my dearest friend, and always will be, so you would have to know about it sooner or later."

Then followed a minute description of Prince Charlie, his powers of fascination and many accomplishments, and graphic pictures of their unpleasant encounters.

"I can't remember the time when we didn't quarrel," she said, as she finished her story, "and I can't remember when he was n't to blame, and yet I have to suffer for it!"

"I do n't see how you could help falling in love with him, if he is as fascinating as you say," said Maude.

"*Oh! I have no doubt that you would fall in love with him if you should see him,*" answered Margery,

¹ Copyright, 1889.

in a tone of hopeless resignation; "everybody does; but I told you I *hated* him. People do n't usually fall in love with those they hate. But you should know Geoffrey," she went on, her face lighting up. "Geoffrey is *just perfect*. He is Charlie Bangs's cousin, and I do n't mind telling you that if I ever marry, I shall marry Geoffrey Thorpe. Wait a minute, I will show you his photograph."

"Oh, *do!*" answered Maude, "I am in a *perfect fever* to see it."

After rumaging about, through various drawers and boxes—Margery was not very methodical—she found what she sought, and handed it to her friend.

"Why, he is *old!*" exclaimed Maude, with the utmost surprise in her tone.

"He is only thirty-two!" said Margery.

"And you are fourteen!" answered Maude, laughing. "I am sixteen, and I would n't marry a man as old as that—no, not even to spite Mrs. Eaton."

"I shall be fifteen in three months," said Margery with great dignity, "and you do n't know Geoffrey Thorpe."

There was a slight tap at the door, and the simultaneous appearance of Mademoiselle Louise.

"Young ladies, young ladies, it is the study hour, and I hear voices as I pass. Conversation is not permitted."

"But, dear Mademoiselle," interrupted Margery with a little grieved pout, which was vastly becoming, "my eyes were so tired, I thought you would n't mind if—if Maude should study aloud."

"Oh! if that was all ——" began Mademoiselle.

"Oh, thank you *so much!*" said the little hypocrite, rising impulsively, and seizing her hands. Then we *may* study that way sometimes, just to rest each other? It will be *such* a comfort!"

There was a low, rippling laugh from Maude, as Mademoiselle's footsteps died away.

"How awfully clever you are, Margery. I should never have thought of such a scheme. I was scared out of my wits. You do tell the *loveliest* little white lies. How do you do it?"

"Oh! it comes naturally enough," answered Margery, rather proud of her achievements in that direction; "one has to do it in such a dreadful place as this. I feel perfectly justified in telling anything short of a *downtight falsehood*. Of course I would n't do that, unless—unless I found it *absolutely necessary*."

"Oh! I wish I were like you," said Maude, with a little sigh of envy. "I do believe that you would be able to manage even my step-mother. She always seems to know when I fib to her. She has the calmest, most *exasperating* eyes—eyes that look you *through* and *through*. I am so transparent I can never conceal anything, while you, if you are not absolutely *dense*, you are at least *opaque*."

"Thanks," said Margery, dryly. "I am awfully obliged: nobody ever complimented me that way before."

"Now, Margery, you know what I mean," answered poor Maude, in a disturbed tone of voice. "Of course I did n't mean that—that it was natural; but you have the art."

"Pray don't contradict yourself, Maude," interrupted Margery, wickedly. "If I am 'artful,' I can't be so very 'dense.'"

But Maude was really distressed. She was not very brilliant, and she bowed before Margery's undeniable cleverness with a mild kind of worship, which was very agreeable to that young lady's vanity. So Maude was soothed after the manner of school-girls who have slight misunderstandings, and all was clear again.

It seems strange, sometimes, to see how persistently women carry out the laws of contrast. Notice, for in-

stance, the intimate friend of a noted beauty. Is she, by chance, famed for her personal attractions? Far from it. And have you never wondered at the strange, unconcealed antipathy of many a brilliant woman for her admired intellectual sister? Ah! we love incense too well to be willing to share it.

There were far more attractive girls than Maude Eaton at Madame Chaudet's. She was known as "Margery Josselyn's little toady," and Margery, as we have learned, "just loved Maude."

[To be continued.]

SIGHS.

[From the German of Emil Claar.]

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

See thy own shade on the wall flitting by!
 See the smoke-towers, ever fading, ascend!
 See the clouds melt, with no trace, from the sky!
 So is thy life in beginning and end.

It is to me as, with no choice,
 I must go on from place to place,
 And at strange doors, with humble voice,
 Beg for love's crumbs with wistful face.

Yes, I could beg of Spring, to-day,
 From her fresh flowers one bloom to part;
 And of the sun one warming ray —
 So cold, so withered is my heart!

Here is my home; here I abide,
 With house and land in fair array.
 But there is something here beside —
 Unasked, unwished, yet aye to stay.

There stands my house amid its grounds —
 A pleasant place, and fair to see ;
 But just as sure, within these bounds,
 My *grave* is waiting, waiting me !

It is as if Death hovered nigh
 In some dark corner, watchful, still,
 As spiders wait the hapless fly,
 To wind and bind them at their will.

I walk home from the ball — from the dances ;
 Grief comes again !
 Of the joy, mirth, light, come back no glances —
 Only the pain !

I walk home ; there is croaking — a raven ;
 While white, light,
 Down comes the snow as if it would graven
 All things from sight.

With thy thick fall, with thy wild art,
 O silent snow !
 Cover my head ; cover my heart ;
 Cover my woe !

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CAPT. WINBORN ADAMS SANBORN.

Lake Winnipiseogee is one of the best known lakes in the United States, and by many travellers is considered the most beautiful sheet of water in the world. It is elevated five hundred feet above the ocean, and has an area of over fifty square miles. It is dotted with wooded islands, and overlooked on every side by hills and mountains. All through the summer months its surface is traversed by sail-boats and steamers, while its shores are fringed by charming resorts, where annually gather many thousand pleasure- and health-seekers. One of the pioneers in popularizing the lake was Captain W. A. Sanborn. From the History of Belknap County is taken the following sketch of his life:

It is fitting that there should be a record of Captain Sanborn, who was so widely and pleasantly known, and so intimately identified with steamboat navigation on Lake Winnipiseogee, and to whose energy and enterprise the development of that beautiful summer resort, Weirs, is largely due.

Winborn Adams Sanborn, whose life commenced December 13, 1810, in Gilford, was the oldest of the four sons of Samuel Gilman and Sally (Mason) Sanborn. The Sanborn family is of English origin, the name being derived from the parish bearing the name Sanborn. The emigrant, John (son of John, who married, in England, the daughter of Rev. Stephen Bachilor), came to America in 1632, and to Hampton in 1640. He was a man of note, with the title of lieutenant. One of his descendants in the seventh generation was Samuel Gilman Sanborn, a man of marked ability, who was born March 20, 1787, on the Sanborn homestead, in Gilford, which was the first land cleared in the Weirs district, and the home of his ancestors from the first settlement. When a mere lad, his ardent desire was for an education, and, in response to his earnest request, he was permitted to attend the academy at Sanbornton Square for a few terms. The sacrifices his parents made in order to pay his expenses were amply rewarded by his progress. He was for many

years a successful teacher. He was a man of intelligence in public affairs, served his town many years as selectman and representative, held a commission as justice of the peace for a long period, and was universally known as "Squire" Sanborn. After a useful, honored, and respected life, he died at the age of eighty-two, upon the farm where he and his wife had lived for nearly sixty years.

Sally (Mason) Sanborn, his wife, was the daughter of Captain Lemuel B. and Molly (Chamberlain) Mason, of Durham. Captain Mason was among the early settlers of Gilford. He was a Revolutionary soldier, having joined the Continental army at Portsmouth when only sixteen years of age, and remained in constant service till the close of the war. He also enlisted and took part in the war of 1812. When the division of Gilmanton took place, according to the family tradition, corroborated by the testimony of the old inhabitants, he was invited to name the new town, which he called Gilford, from the battle of Guilford Court House, S. C., in which he was an active participant.

Winborn Adams Sanborn (8) received his name in remembrance of the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Winborn Adams, who bravely fought and lost his life during the Revolution, at Stillwater. His early life was passed upon the farm aiding his father in his labors. His opportunities for learning were extremely limited, and his only chance for an education, beyond a few weeks at the district school each year, was one term at "Master" Leavitt's select school at Meredith, and two terms at the Gilford academy. Books and news-

papers were scarce; but the few that fell into his hands were eagerly perused, and their contents carefully stored in his memory.

By improving his leisure moments, he became a man of rare intelligence. To the last of his days he never allowed a newspaper to be carelessly destroyed. When only seventeen he began teaching, and for several winters taught in Gilford and adjoining towns.

His life was uneventful, and his active and energetic nature was not content with quietude, and, at the age of twenty, he left home to carve out his future, alone and unaided. With his love of adventure, he went to Massachusetts and engaged as a common sailor for a twelve-months voyage, on an East India trading vessel bound from Salem to Bombay, India. To a country boy, who had never been beyond the capital of his own state, a sea-faring life was particularly attractive; but, to gratify his parents, he relinquished his plan of following the sea as a vocation, after this voyage. His neatly written log-book is still preserved.

In 1833 he became the first commander of the "Belknap," the first steamboat on Lake Winnipiseogee. At the end of two seasons he gave up his position, and, with his love of adventure still unabated, started West. He first stopped at Wheeling, Va., where he at once secured a situation as assistant teacher in Wheeling academy; then, allured by the letters of a friend, he journeyed to St. Louis. He readily found employment, but was soon compelled to return home on account of ill-health. The entire journey, going and re-

turning, from New Hampshire to St. Louis, was by stage over the Alleghany Mountains. (Postage between the two places was twenty-five cents a letter.)

On arriving in New Hampshire, he resumed the command of the "Belknap." After a few seasons he left this position to establish himself as a "country trader" at Alton Bay. In this undertaking, he was financially unsuccessful; but, with unfaltering courage, he tried again, this time as book-keeper for "Isaac & Seth Adams," iron founders, of South Boston, Mass. Here, by faithful discharge of his duties, he won the confidence of his employers, and the strong friendship thus formed continued to the end of their lives.

All his leisure moments were now given to the study of machinery, and in a short time he became the engineer of one of the harbor steamers. He soon procured a better situation, as engineer of the steamer "Decatur," running between Boston and Newburyport, and retained this position until he was offered, and accepted, a more lucrative one as engineer of the steamer "Ohio" on the same route. While here, a long and distressing illness began, and he once more returned to his home in Gilford, where for two years he was unable to attend to any business.

In the winter and spring of 1851 he superintended the construction of the "Dover" at Alton Bay, and on its completion became its captain, and continued in that office for several summers, his winters being mainly passed upon his farm in Gilford.

In the fall of 1852 his friends and old employers, Isaac and Seth Adams,

needed a man of trust, and secured him to superintend the construction of machinery in Cienfuegos, Cuba, where he passed several months. In 1863 he had become a large stockholder in, and the captain of, the "Lady of the Lake," for many years the largest steamer on Lake Winnipiseogee.

In the fall of 1869 Captain Sanborn, with his brother, went on a pleasure trip to Florida, and, while there, found a good opening for the lumber business. The next spring, 1870, he formed a partnership with Charles L. Hoyt, a fellow-townsmen, purchased a saw-mill, and commenced the manufacture of lumber in Fernandina. When he relinquished navigation, in 1869, he fully expected to devote himself to Florida interests exclusively; but his natural liking for a seaman's life, and force of habit, were too strong for this, and in 1878 he again became captain of the "Lady of the Lake," which position he occupied until the time of his death.

As captain he came in contact with people from all parts of the United States, and his courtesy, combined with his extensive knowledge gained by travel, reading, and discriminating powers of observation, speedily won their friendship. During this time, however, he continued the Southern business, which had now become extensive, embracing the manufacture and wholesaling of lumber, merchandising, etc.

In 1880, in addition to his many other cares, he conceived the idea of building a hotel at Weirs. With him to think was to act, and in six weeks from the time the sills were laid, Hotel Weirs was ready for occupancy.

Of all his enterprises, this interested and pleased him the most. In 1889 the name of the house was changed to "Sanborn hotel" in honor of its builder.

In 1835, Captain Sanborn married Lavinia Peaslee Hoyt, a very fine looking and intelligent woman, only daughter of James Hoyt, Jr., and his wife Ruth (Ayer) Gordon. Mrs. Sanborn was born in Gilford, and died on the home farm, April 20, 1877. Of their two children, the son died in infancy; the daughter, Ellen E., married Captain John S. Wadleigh, the present commander of the "Lady of the Lake."

While in the full possession of all his faculties, after a brief illness, Captain Sanborn met death as bravely as he had life, at Fernandina, Florida, February 21, 1882. His remains were brought to Gilford, and deposited, with Masonic rites, in the family burial-place, March 3, 1882.

In politics, Captain Sanborn was

one of the "Old Guard" abolitionists. He represented his native town two years in the legislature. He was for many years an active member of Mount Horeb Commandery of Knight Templars, F. & A. M. He was decided in his views, yet charitable to all; in religion, a "liberal;" sincere in his friendships; generous to the needy, yet unostentatious in his giving. He was courageous, self-reliant, strong in his convictions, and his keen observation and well balanced mind enabled him to decide promptly and justly in matters of importance. He possessed the soundest common-sense, and that practical view of matters that made him competent to guide his own affairs with discretion, and give helpful advice and counsel to others. The humane side of his being was quickly and energetically responsive. All the ties of nature and friendship rooted deeply in his soul, and whoever won his confidence found in him a rare and valued friend.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT DERRY, N. H.

The movement towards the erection of the monument in Derry began about three years ago, and had its origin in the brain and purse of a woman. Miss Emma L. Taylor was for many years preceptress of the Adams Female Seminary in Derry. After its unfortunate financial difficulties began, she went to live with her sister, the wife of ex-Governor Fairbanks, at St. Johnsbury, Vt. Upon her death, which occurred three years ago, it was found that she had left \$1,000 to build a soldiers' monument in the

place in which she had so long resided. The town appropriated \$2,000 to add to this sum. The committee, appointed for the purpose of supervising the erection of the memorial, consisted of Robert H. Clark, Tappan R. Robie, Joseph R. Clark, Gilman A. Wheeler, Henry S. Wheeler, from the board of selectmen, Edward T. Parker, James C. Taylor, Benjamin Chase, Jr., of the trustees of the Taylor fund, Capt. Isaiah A. Dustin, Past Commander Reuben E. Sheldon, and Major Edward L. Jones, secre-

tary, from the Grand Army of the Republic.

This committee contracted with Frederick & Field, of Quincy, Mass., for a monument, at the cost of \$3,100.

On Monday, October 1, 1889, the monument was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, under direction of the state officers of the Grand Army of the Republic, consisting of Col. James F. Grimes, Department Commander, Thomas Cogswell, Senior Vice-Commander, George E. Hodgdon, Junior Vice-Commander, Gen. James Minot, Adjutant, Reuben E. Sheldon, Officer of the Guard, Rev. James K. Ewer, Chaplain.

The Grand Army officers were met at the depot, at 12 m., by Major Jones, and escorted to the hotel for dinner, after which they were taken to the town hall at the upper village, where they met Post 45 of Derry, and the visiting veterans of Salem, Londonderry, Hampstead, Chester, and Auburn, and Camp Charles Francis Adams, Sons of Veterans, forming in procession, with music by the Derry Cornet Band, marched to the monument, which stands on a slight elevation, about one hundred feet from the road, at Derry East Village, about a mile from Derry Depot. Near by and in the rear of the granite shaft is the old First church, an orthodox edifice, in which doubtless Jonathan Edwards's most fiery anathemas were hurled at the sturdy and somnolent ancestors of the same boys who fought so gallantly for the stars and stripes from '61 to '65. Back of the church is an old grave-yard, in whose historic depths one can find the dust of the pioneers who went to their

long reward more than a century and a half ago, some of the stones dating back to 1735.

Major E. L. Jones was chairman of the Committee of Arrangements. Gilman A. Wheeler, president of the day, in a patriotic speech, tendered the monument to the department officers in behalf of the Grand Army, Col. Grimes making a fit reply. The dedicatory exercises followed according to the G. A. R. ritual, including prayer by Chaplain Ewer, and an eloquent and forceful address from the lips of Col. Daniel Hall, of Dover, the orator of the day. There was a large assemblage present, and the event went off very happily.

The monument is a solid granite shaft surmounted by the bronze figure of an infantryman, with a bronze tablet on each of its four faces. It is eight feet square at the base, and stands twenty-five feet six inches high above the foundation, the granite pedestal being eighteen feet two inches high, and the bronze statue seven feet four inches in height. The stone is of the finest Quincy granite, and the cornices above the bronze tablets and at the foot of the cap on which the soldier-stands are highly polished. The bronze is the so-called United States standard.

The north face of the monument is the front of the shaft, and bears at the base the figures 1889, denoting the date of erection. On the tablet above are the honored names of those who were killed in action or died in the service, and just above is a handsome bronze trophy, the American eagle, bearing in his talons the customary spears, while over his head is the dedicatory inscription as follows :

IN HONOR
OF THE MEN OF
DERRY, N. H.,
WHO FOUGHT FOR THE
UNION
1861-1865.

At the foot of the cap on which the soldier stands, and on each of its other three faces, are five stars. These have no special significance, but were placed here in order to relieve the foot of the pedestal of some of its bareness. The figure of the soldier was modelled by the Henri Bernard Co., of Sixteenth street, New York. It represents an infantryman obeying the command "At Rest." The butt of his gun rests beside his right foot, while both hands clasp the muzzle. The bayonet is in its scabbard, and his cartridge-belt and box, as well as his cap-box and canteen, are in their customary places. He has the fatigue uniform of the United States Infantry, and wears on his head a cap emblazoned with the cross of the Fifth Corps. The statue is not duplicated in New England, but it is understood that on the Gettysburg battlefield the 121st New York has caused to be erected a memorial precisely similar. The strong and clear-cut lineaments of the face are set off with a moustache, and everything about the pose and form of the figure is suggestive of the typical beau-ideal of the American soldier. Being a trifle over seven feet tall, it is neither the heroic nor the life-size, but from its elevation from the ground it appears to much more nearly approximate the latter than the former. On each of the three sides of the shaft are navy, cavalry, and artillery emblems, while the American eagle takes up the fourth.

The four tablets upon the monument bear the following names:

North face. Killed in Action—Geo. Emerson, Jacob B. Hall, Wm. Nowell, George E. Upton.

Died in Service—David H. Adams, James Adams, Jacob S. Bartell, Nathaniel E. Brickett, John S. Bean, Thomas G. Dustin, William H. Day, George E. Floyd, Dwight E. Hale, Henry Hayes, William Marshall, Joseph W. Nowell, John H. Parker, Joseph C. Sawyer, William H. Stevens, James Stevens, Edgar H. Shepard, Frank A. Taylor, Willis I. Taylor, George L. Warner.

West face. Honorably Discharged—Joseph Arnold, Horace F. Abbott, Charles B. Adams, George H. Adams, Morrison Alexander, Frank G. Adams, Charles Aldrich, Charles R. Adams, Geo. H. Butterfield, George F. Boyd, Nathaniel H. Brown, Alba H. Batchelder, John Bowley, George R. Barker, John Christy, Edward L. Currier, William W. Cook, Rodney Campbell, George W. Carr, David S. Clark, Warren E. Clark, J. Charles Currier, James H. Crombie, Harlan P. Clark, Henry A. Cunningham, William B. Coggsell, Isaiah A. Dustin, John T. G. Dinsmore, Jr., Henry G. Dillenbaek, Theodore Dinsmore, Alvin H. Davis, George M. Davis, Albert A. Davis, Frederick Davis, Albert D. W. Emerson, James Evans, George O. Everett, James H. Eaton, Nathan F. Flanders, Henry Forger, George E. Fitch.

South face. Honorably Discharged—Lewis Foster, Nelson Foster, Jeremiah Garvin, Fred D. Gregg, Daniel G. George, Emmonds Hill, Benjamin W. Holmes, Warren P. Horne, John L. Halston, Chas. Hatch, George

I. Herrick, William A. Hill, William M. Howe, William K. Hayes, Samuel Harvey, George A. Hill, Philip Jones, Simeon F. Kendall, Louis Londean, Frank A. Lincoln, John H. Lowe, John S. Loverin, Charles S. Mahaffey, George W. McKinney, Stephen Mills, Wm. Major, Decatur McCartey, Wm. A. McMurphy, Tenney Major, George E. Merrill, Nathan Morse, James E. Morrill, George Major, Robert W. McMurphy, Henry McMurphy, John R. Moulton, Henry M. Moulton, Herman Nichols, Perkins Nichols, C. E. Nesmith, Chas. A. Nowell, Lewis Nesmith, Daniel Owens, Francis Owens, Loami G. Pillsbury.

East face. Benjamin F. Pettingill, Wm. H. Palmer, Luke Poor, John Parker, Benj. F. Rowe, Chas. B. Radcliffe, Chas. S. Reynolds, Nehemiah L. Richardson, George W. Randall, Matthew Senter, Benjamin H. Smith, Charles P. Stevens, Edwin R. Stevens, George W. Smith, Enoch Stevens, David C. Stevens, George F. Stevens, Henry A. G. Storer, Daniel Shattuck, Luther C. Stevens, Marcellus C. Shattuck, Robert H. Smith, Thomas H. Simmington, George S. True, Henry Taylor, George B. Tuttle, Horace Tilton, Allen C. Taylor, William H. Thompson, Job F. Thomas, Thomas Lyrie, Norris E. Wiggin, John J. White,

Timothy H. Wiggin, Charles Wiggin, Charles F. Wheeler, Caleb F. Whidden, John E. Webster, William H. Wilson, Augustus A. Woodward, Kimball Wilson.

In all, 153.

The Woman's Relief Corps, No. 19, entertained Camp Charles Francis Adams Sons of Veterans, the ladies of Relief Corps 41, and Post 33 of Hainpstead, Post 41 of Londonderry, Post 45 of Derry, Post 60 of Salem, and Post 74 of Chester and Auburn. The festivities of the day closed with a dance, participated in by the Camp Sons of Veterans, the Londonderry Post, and others.

Although the history of Derry in the Civil War is one of which her citizens may well feel proud, yet this is Derry's first and only tribute to her warriors, dead or living. To their memory and honor a grateful people have reared an enduring monument of granite and bronze;—not that their fame needed this substantial tribute, but that the generations to come, as they look upon the simple but commanding figure that graces the top of the memorial, may learn a new meaning in the term "American patriotism," and be filled with a pardonable pride at the thought that their fathers aided in sustaining the integrity of the Union.

JACK'S DOVES.

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

They flutter down along the walk,
They wait, expectant, on the sheds,
With step and twirl and low dove talk,
And watchful turn of gentle heads ;
But there's no sign at pane or door ;
That shrill, gay call resounds no more,
For Jack — is dead.

They circle high o'er roof and tree,
Their white wings catch the morning light,
And villagers who glance to see,
Grow sad and thoughtful at the sight.
Well known as their own broods and herds
Are these, Jack's petted, fancy birds —
And Jack is dead.

Among the draggled, homeless flocks
That haunt the busy, public way,
Their dainty plumage only mocks
Their fallen state, as day by day
They snatch the crumbs, scanty and small,
That chance or pity's hand lets fall,
Now Jack is dead.

One, looking from her dwelling-place,
Sees the bright gleam of those fair wings,
And blinding tears course down her face,
Telling the grief that vision brings.
“O doves!” she cries, “our fate is one!
What friend have we beneath the sun
Now Jack is dead?”

She has no part with kith or kin,
She cannot join the funeral train,
Her humble lot no thought can win
From them save that of cold disdain ;
And careless Jack, who loved her well,
No record made the truth to tell,
And Jack is dead.

ANCIENT CHURCH LORE OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY AUSTIN I. BATCHELDER.

Among all the subjects of interest which attach themselves to the early history of New England, none is more interesting than that of the early church, with its quaint old customs and regulations.

When we behold the sanctuaries of to-day, in all their magnificence of style and architecture; when we enter them and behold their richly carpeted floors, and their walls painted and frescoed in all the brightness and glory of art; when we seat ourselves on soft cushions, in the centre, as it were, of a galaxy of beauty, and listen to the rich tones of cultivated voices, or hear the proud notes of the magnificent organ filling the church with a flood of harmony, do we recognize the religious privileges we enjoy at the present time? And may we not well spend a little time in contrasting them with those of our Puritan forefathers, and, perhaps, at the same time learn from them a lesson in spiritual devotion? In those days the connection between the school-house and the church was very close. Education and religion went hand in hand. It was not strange to see the two buildings standing side by side. The meeting-house was the place of worship first of all, but it was the place for all town business, the rallying point for every loyal concern, the centre of all civil affairs. The magistrates often held court there. The whipping-post and the pillory were set up in its yard, and well to the front. The pound for cattle occupied a corner,

the school-house by its side, and behind all, on the green slope facing the east, they laid their friends to rest, when, weary of life, they fell asleep.

The meeting-houses in those days were peculiar buildings, constructed according to the special needs of the place where located. They were usually built large enough to contain a good sized room below and several short galleries above. The windows consisted of small diamond panes set in sashes of lead. There were usually two entrances, one by which the ladies entered, and one for the men. The floors of some meeting-houses were first supplied with seats, and pews were afterward separately set up by individuals, as they obtained permission of the town. By this means the interior came at length to present a singular appearance. Some of the pews were large and some small; some square and some oblong; some with seats on three sides and some with a seat on one side; some with oak panels and some with large pine ones; and most of them surmounted by a little balustrade, with small columns of various patterns, according to the taste of the proprietors. Most of the square pews had a chair in the centre, for the comfort of the old lady or gentleman, the master or mistress of the family, by whom it was occupied.

Usually one or two pews were elevated above the stairs in one corner near to the ceiling, and devoted ex-

pressly to the use of black people. The galleries often were extended on three sides, and supported by oak columns, and guarded by a turned balustrade. They were ascended by two flights of stairs, usually one in each corner of the south side. These galleries were furnished with long seats or benches. The pulpit commonly stood on the north side of the house, and was often large and roomy. Many, however, had a desk in place of a pulpit.

On the top of some of the meeting-houses enormous beams of oak, traversing the roof in all directions, might be seen. The light from the diamond-shaped windows in the gables shining down upon the great oak beams presented quite a picturesque appearance. Others had an upper room where powder was commonly stored,—this room being usually designated as the “powder-room.” As fires were never kindled in the early meeting-houses, it was considered the safest place to deposit such a dangerous article as powder. The sacredness of the place did not, however, allay the fears of the congregation, who left the house whenever a thunder-shower occurred.

Beneath the pulpit was the elders’ seat, and lower still the deacons’ seat. Usually a small bell hung in a small cupola, which was rung by a rope descending in the centre of the room below.

At that time the introduction of a stove for the purpose of rendering the house comfortable during the winter months would probably have been regarded as an imputation upon the piety of the congregation. Indeed, warming the meeting-house is

quite a modern innovation, and within the memory of many people now living the little “foot-stove” was considered as essential an element of a lady’s Sabbath paraphernalia as the muff and hymn-book.

It will be noticed that what we give the name of church to to-day was then always designated as meeting-house. The first departure from the primitive simplicity of long seats, in the occupancy of which the sexes were not permitted to mingle, appeared in the erection of the square pen pew, with its open-work top, through which graceless urchins played at “bo-peep” with others as graceless as themselves, and its “leaning-board” and “hinge-seats,” whose “slam down” at the close of each prayer produced reports not dissimilar to the irregular musketry of undisciplined militia. In these enclosures favored individuals gathered their families around them, to the scandal, doubtless, of many envious spirits.

Great importance in some places was given to “seating the worshippers,” and a committee was chosen to seat the married persons, and another committee the unmarried ones. They were usually seated according to the *degrees of dignities* which the husband had, the women being seated separate from the men, and also separated so that the unmarried might not crowd the married ones. In some places the highest pews brought £15, and the others gradually lessened in value as they approached the doors. Although the mention of *dignities* may cause some to smile, yet substantially the same custom prevails in our day, certain seats in all our churches being deemed more

fashionable and more valuable than others. The system of seating the worshippers was in those days, however, quite an art in itself, and in some towns the following system of seating by degrees was strictly adhered to :

1. "That every male be allowed one degree for every complete year of age he exceeds twenty-one."

2. "That he be allowed for a captain's commission twelve degrees ; for a lieutenant's, eight degrees ; and for an ensign's, four degrees."

3. "That he be allowed three degrees for every shilling of real estate in his last parish tax, and one degree for every shilling for personal estate and faculty."

4. "Every six degrees for estate and faculty of a parent alive, to make one degree among his sons, or, where there were no sons, among the daughters."

5. "Every generation of predecessors, heretofore living in the town, to make one degree for every male descendant that was seated. That parentage be regarded no farther otherwise than to turn the scale between competition for the same seat."

6. "That taxes for polls of sons and servants shall give no advancement for masters or fathers, because such sons or servants have seats."

7. "That no degree be allowed on account of any one's predecessors having paid towards building the meeting-house, because it had fallen down, but for the continual repairs made."

8. "That some suitable abatement in degrees be made where it was well known that the person was greatly in debt."

9. "That the proprietor of land in any other parish shall be allowed as much as he would be if it lay in the parish ; but if rented out, only one half as much."

10. "Married women to be seated agreeable to the rank of their husbands, and widows in the same degree as though their husbands were living."

11. "That the foremost magistrate seat (so called) shall be the highest in rank, and the other three in successive order."

12. "That the next in rank shall be in the foremost of the front seats below, then the fore front seat in the front gallery, then the fore seat in the side gallery."

13. "That the side seat below shall be for old men, the foremost first or highest, and the others in order."

14. "That the seats behind the fore front seat below shall be for middle-aged men, according to their degree."

15. "That the second or third seats in front and side galleries shall be for younger men, to rank alternately the second from the first and the third next."

A record was kept of each family and its respective degrees. This system seems to cover all except the black people, of whom there were a few kept in each town as slaves ; but these probably ranked all alike, and occupied their corner seat unconcerned with such distinctions, and very likely enjoyed their seat fully as much as the rest. This system of seating by degrees had quite a dash of the English custom in it, and we find it was discarded after a few

years, and no distinctions made or felt.

The unsocial method of "seating the meeting" necessarily separated the heads of families from their children, who were placed on benches in the aisle or required to sit on the pulpit stairs. As might be expected, this arrangement was fruitful of disturbance, alike annoying to the minister and scandalous in the eyes of the devout. To remedy the evil the boys were given the back seats in the gallery, and a man set to keep an eye on them and to acquaint parents with any disturbance the first time, and the magistrate at the second offence. Nevertheless, "boys would be boys" in those days as well as now, if we are to judge from the following, taken from the Salem records :

"April 26th, 1673, It was ordered, That all ye boys of ye towne are and shall bee appointed to sitt upon ye three paire of staires in ye meeting-house on ye Lord's day, and Wm. Lord is appointed to look to ye boyes yt sitt upon ye pulpit staires, and for ye other staires, Reuben Guppy is to look to and order soe many of ye boyes as may be convenient, and if any are unruly, to present their names as ye law directs."

The Sabbath was strictly kept in those days. In some places two men, called *tithing-men*, were appointed to walk forth on the Sabbath, "and to take notice of such as lye at home or in the fields without giving good account thereof, and to take the names of such persons, and to present them to the magistrate, whereby they may be accordingly proceeded against." As a badge of office these tithing-men carried a

black staff two feet long, tipped at one end with brass about three inches. In many towns a constable was stationed at each church door at the close of the sermon to allow none to go out till all the exercises were finished. In one or two towns we find that a constable was also appointed to keep the dogs out of the meeting-house.

Orders were, in some places, to fine all who denied gospel doctrine, or renounced the church, state, ministry, and ordinances; and who interrupted or opposed a minister in *time of worship*. If the offence was repeated, they were to be fined more heavily, or stand two hours on a block of wood four feet high, with the inscription in capital letters on the breast, "A Wanton Gospellor."

The office of first deacon was then considered of very great importance, the deacons being considered as among the great men of the town. The office of sexton was peculiarly important at this time. Besides keeping the key of the meeting-house, ringing the bell, sweeping and *sanding* the floor, etc., it was his peculiar duty to keep and, on the Sabbath, to *turn the glass*. The hour-glass, which the more convenient clock has displaced, was turned by him at the naming of the text in full view of the minister. If he completed his discourse "before the sands had all run out," he was thereby admonished that he had not complied with the reasonable expectations of his hearers, whether sleeping or waking, both classes having tacitly contracted for an hour's enjoyment in their own peculiar way. If his zeal inclined him to go beyond the

standard measure, the turning of the glass by the faithful sexton reminded him that he was asking more of the patience of his hearers than they tacitly had agreed to give. Instances were not rare, however, when, in those days when long sermons were less alarming than in this age of dispatch, as has been facetiously remarked, both preachers and hearers were well contented to take the second and even the third glass together. In compensation for his labors, the sexton usually received a peck of corn per annum from each household, this being as valuable as money, and more plentiful.

In some places it was customary during public services for a person to go about the meeting-house to wake the sleepers. He bore a long wand, on one end of which was a ball and on the other end a fox tail, and woe unto all who were caught napping. When he observed a man asleep, he hit him quite a gentle rap on the head with the knob; and roused the slumbering sensibilities of the women by drawing the brush slightly across their faces.

The church service in those days usually consisted of three "Pewter Tankards," five "Pewter Beakers," two "Pewter Platters," a "Pewter Basin" for baptisms, and a cloth for the communion table.

Some of the hymn-books then in use were Sternhold and Hopkins's, Ravenscraft's, and Watts's Hymns.

The singing was conducted by one of the deacons, who officiated as chorister to the congregation. He read the hymn, line by line, and "set the tune," in which each member joined by rote, in key and measure not

always the most exact or harmonious. This method of singing gave way about 1774 to choir singing. Later the singing was to the accompaniment of an orchestra, consisting of flutes, violins, and a bass-viol, the size of the orchestra varying according to the musical talent of the town. On some old church books such items as these may be seen:

"Voted £1-6s, to repair the *bass-viol* and the *singers-seats*."

"Voted—that the meeting-house be ceiled up to the wall plates, rabbitted, and the windows glazed."

"Voted—that Mrs. ——— have liberty to make a convenient seat by the chief pillar," etc.

It appears that contributions were as necessary to church service in those days as at present. The custom then was for the people to carry their offerings to the deacon, who sat in his pew close to the desk or pulpit and held a money-box in his hand, in which the people as they passed put their offerings,—some one shilling, some two shillings, and occasionally some wealthy member dropped in a half crown. The people, in order to do this with requisite decorum, marched two by two up one aisle and down another,—the magistrates first, then the elders, then the remaining congregation, the people from the galleries coming last. It was also customary to have a box put near the door to receive strangers' money. In those days great attention was duly given to the minister's dignity. We read of one minister's being dismissed, because, in making a call, instead of entering the yard by the gate as a clergyman should do, he "clambered over the rails of the

fence," much to the lowering of the dignity of his profession. The clergymen, as a rule, were men who took enlarged views of their duties and responsibilities as pastors and citizens, and were usually dearly loved and respected. The dress of the clergy was black, and knee-breeches, cocked hats, and silver knee-buckles were much worn by the chief men of the times.

In those days the Sabbath was strictly a day of sacred rest. Before sunset on Saturday the toils of the week were closed. The meat and vegetables were brought from the cellar and prepared, as far as possible, for the Sunday dinner; and when the Sabbath sun arose the stillness of the day was not permitted to be disturbed by unnecessary noise. No member of the family was excused from meeting except for sickness; the Bible and religious books engaged the attention of each between the seasons of worship; rambling in the fields, riding for pleasure, and visits, except to the cemetery, were prohibited; the children were "catechised" and questioned concerning the sermon, and at an early hour retired to repose. They were a prayerful people, and there were but few dwellings in which a family altar was not to be found.

Since then the times and customs

have completely changed. The "good-wife" and modest maiden no longer mount the tastefully trimmed pillion, as, at the church bell's bidding, "good-man" and "intended" convey them to the sanctuary. The jolting-chair has yielded precedence to the chaise and carriage. The flowing wig and venerable cocked hat are among the things that were. The huckster's stand and the portable "bar," emitting its alcoholic fumes, have ceased to collect a motley group of patrons at the church door on ordination days, blending, as it were, pandemonium with paradise. Hoops and pattens, tunics and scarlet riding-cloaks, ruffled bosoms and cuffs, knee-breeches and silver buckles, embroidered vests and neckties, powdered hair and cues, have all mirrored the fashion of their times, and given place to the less stately, but perhaps not less graceful, costume of the present.

The primitive churches have given place to noble and vast churches and cathedrals, but the religious church of preceding generations has doubtless contributed essentially to the soundness of moral sentiment at the present day; and we owe it principally to this that our New England institutions of religion are at this time, for the most part, liberally sustained.

SOME INDIAN NAMES.

By HON. SAMUEL ABBOTT GREEN, BOSTON.

The Reverend John Wilson, first minister of Boston, owned two large tracts of land in what is now Merrimack, New Hampshire, but which then came within the limits of Massachusetts. They contained, both together, one thousand acres; and Mr. Wilson's title was confirmed by the general court, at a session beginning on October 16, 1660. A grant was made to him during the summer of 1639, more than twenty years previously; but, owing to "seuerall disappointments," the land had been neither surveyed nor selected.

In the Suffolk registry of deeds there is a record of the sale of this land, on December 3, 1660, to Simon Lynde, a merchant of Boston; and as the description of the property mentions three Indian names, of which two are still in use, I make the following extract from the deed, in order to show their antiquity and to prolong their continued application:

one thousand acres of land bee it more or lesse scittuated lying & being about ten miles more or lesse from Groatten being laid out in two seuerall places (to witt) three hundred acres of meadow & vpland lying at or vpon pennechuck brooke neere South eggenocke Riuer bounded wth the wildernes & a pond lying towards the southwest Corner thereof and the bound tree marked wth the Letter L and seuen hundred acres of meadow & vpland and entervale scittuat lying & being about one mile & halfe Distant from the aforementioned three hundred acres of land vpon Southhea-

ganock Riuer aforesajd the Riuer Running thr^o the Same and the place Called by the Indians Quo-qunna-pussackessa nay-noy bounded vpon the westward wth the land or farne of Cap^t w^m Daus of Boston easterly:

(Suffolk Deeds, Liber III. page 449.)

Both Pennichuck pond, in Hollis, New Hampshire, and Pennichuck brook, running from the pond into the Merrimack river and forming the boundary line between the city of Nashua and the town of Merrimack, keep one of these three names familiar to the present generation. "South eggenocke" and "South-heaganock,"—different forms of the same word,—represent another of these names, which is now known as "Souhegan," and applied to a well known river in Hillsborough county, New Hampshire. The name "Quo-qunna-pussackessa nay-noy," as given in the deed, is written "quohquima-paskessa-nahnoy" in the general court records; and these two forms of an Indian word are sufficiently similar to establish their identity. I am not aware that any trace of this name still survives in the geographical nomenclature of the neighborhood. The "pond lying towards the southwest Corner" of the first parcel of land mentioned in the deed is Pennichuck pond, and so called in the colonial records.

Geographical names of Indian origin furnish now one of the few links in New England that connect modern times with the prehistoric period. In the absence of any cor-

rect standard either of pronunciation or spelling, which always characterizes an unwritten language, these words have been greatly distorted and changed, and thus have lost much of their original meaning, but their root generally remains. As the shards that lie scattered around the sites

of old Indian dwellings are eagerly picked up by the archaeologist for critical examination, so any fragmentary facts about the Indian names of places are worth saving by the antiquary and scholar for their historical and philological value.

WHITE LIES.

BY HELEN MAR BEAN.

With languorous grace she sits within
The window's wide embrasure,—
A dainty maid, with tawny hair,
And eyes of purest azure.

She holds a volume in her hand,
And idly turns the pages,
Uncaring, though the book contain
The wisdom of the sages.

Unmoved she hears the fire-bells ring
With wild, discordant jangle,
And 'neath the window, where she sits,
The newsboys shout and wrangle.

Hundreds have passed, gone up and down,
And, though her fellow-creatures,
No flush of interest or surprise
Disturbs the pale, calm features.

Not one of all that moving throng
Can stir her heart's pulsation
One tiny throb, or light her eyes
With ray of animation.

She throws the musty book aside
With gesture of refusal,
As though its precious contents are
Unworthy her perusal.

Then lifts her eyes, with careless glance,
When, through the long, curved lashes,
Like tiny spark from smitten flint,
A conscious gleam quick flashes.

And through her veins the eager blood
A crimson torrent rushes,
Staining her cheeks and forehead fair
With waves of burning blushes.

What is it that has thus disturbed
My lady's calm composure ?
('Tis well there are no eyes to see
Her heart's complete disclosure.)

Full two squares off she spies a form,
Tall, straight, and well appointed.
(It's strange how very quick to see
Are eyes with love anointed.)

Soon, with all doubts and fears removed,
Amidst the crowd, vast, surging,
She sees him coming straight to her,
With steps which need no urging.

And now the inconsistent maid
Ignores her sweet confession,
And sinks upon her cushioned chair
With perfect self-possession ;

Picks up the old, discarded book,
And slowly turns the pages,
And reads, with thoughtful, earnest eyes,
The wisdom of the sages.

" Ah ! is it you ? " raising at last
Those eyes of purest azure,
In which he reads a mild surprise
Instead of eager pleasure.

" I 'm glad you 've come," she says to him
In accents soft and lazy.
" I 've pored over this wise old book
Until my mind 's grown hazy.

" I hoped that something would occur
To rouse me from inaction,
I 'm sure I welcome anything
In the way of a distraction."

[From the *Port Folio* for March, 1818.]

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

Written for the Port Folio, at the request of the Editor,

BY H. DEARBORN, MAJ. GEN. U. S. ARMY.

On the 16th of June, 1775, it was determined that a fortified post should be established at or near Bunker's Hill. A detachment of the army was ordered to advance early in the evening of that day, and commence the erection of a strong work on the heights in the rear of Charlestown, at that time called Breed's Hill; but from its proximity to Bunker Hill the battle has taken its name from the latter eminence, which overlooks it.

The work was commenced and carried on under the direction of such engineers as we were able to procure at that time. It was a square redoubt, the curtains of which were about sixty or seventy feet in extent, with an intrenchment, or breast-work, extending fifty or sixty feet from the northern angle, towards Mystic river.

In the course of the night the ramparts had been raised to the height of six or seven feet, with a small ditch at their base, but it was yet in a rude and imperfect state. Being in full view from the northern heights of Boston, it was discovered by the enemy as soon as day-light appeared, and a determination was immediately formed by General Gage for dislodging our troops from this new and alarming position. Arrangements

were promptly made for effecting this important object. The movements of the British troops, indicating an attack, were soon discovered; in consequence of which, orders were immediately issued for the march of a considerable part of our army to reinforce the detachment, at the redoubts on Breed's Hill; but such was the imperfect state of discipline, the want of knowledge in military science, and the deficiency of the materials of war, that the movement of the troops was extremely irregular and devoid of everything like concert, each regiment advancing according to the opinions, feelings, or caprice of its commander.

Colonel Stark's¹ regiment was quartered in Medford, distant about four miles from the point of anticipated attack. It then consisted of thirteen companies, and was probably the largest regiment in the army. About ten o'clock in the morning he received orders to march. The regiment being destitute of ammunition, it was formed in front of a house occupied as an arsenal, where each man received a *gill cup* full of powder, fifteen balls, and one flint.

The several captains were then ordered to march their companies to their respective quarters, and make

¹ We append the author's foot-note, as found in the *Port Folio*.—ED. G. M.

This distinguished veteran is still alive, in the ninety-first year of his age, and resides in the state of New Hampshire. He is one of the only three surviving general officers of the Revolutionary War. The other two are Maj. Gen. St. Clair, who lives in the interior of Pennsylvania, and Brig. Gen. Huntington, of Connecticut.

up their powder and ball into cart-ridges with the greatest possible dispatch. As there were scarcely two muskets in the company of equal calibre, it was necessary to reduce the size of the balls for many of them: and as but a small proportion of the men had cartridge boxes, the remainder made use of powder horns and ball pouches.

After completing the necessary preparations for action, the regiment formed, and marched about one o'clock. When it reached Charlestown Neck we found two regiments halted, in consequence of a heavy enfilading fire thrown across it, of round, bar, and chain shot, from the Lively frigate and floating batteries anchored in Charles river, and a floating battery lying in the river Mystic. Major M'Clary went forward, and observed to the commanders, if they did not intend to move on, he wished them to open and let our regiment pass: the latter was immediately done. My company being in front, I marched by the side of Colonel Stark, who moving with a very deliberate pace, I suggested the propriety of quickening the march of the regiment, that it might sooner be relieved from the galling cross fire of the enemy. With a look peculiar to himself, he fixed his eyes upon me, and observed with great composure, "*Dearborn, one fresh man in action is worth ten fatigued ones,*" and continued to advance in the same cool and collected manner. When we reached the top of Bunker's Hill, where General Putnam had taken his station, the regiment halted for a few moments for the rear to come up.

Soon after, the enemy were discovered to have landed on the shore

of Morton's point in front of Breed's Hill, under cover of a tremendous fire of shot and shell from a battery on Copp's Hill, in Boston, which had opened on the redoubt at day-break. Major-General Howe and Brigadier-General Pigot were the commanders of the British forces which first landed, consisting of four battalions of infantry, with a train of field artillery. They formed as they disembarked, but remained in that position until they were reinforced by another detachment.

At this moment the veteran and gallant Colonel Stark harangued his regiment in a short but animated address; then directed them to give three cheers, and make a rapid movement to the rail fence which ran from the left, and about 40 yards in the rear, of the redoubt towards Mystic river. Part of the grass, having been recently cut, lay in windrows and cocks on the fields. Another fence was taken up, the rails run through the one in front, and the hay mown in the vicinity suspended upon them from the bottom to the top, which had the appearance of a breast-work, but was, in fact, no real cover to the men; it however served as a deception on the enemy. This was done by the direction of the "*committee of safety,*" of which William Winthrop, Esq., who then and now lives in Cambridge, was one, as he has within a few years informed me.

At the moment our regiment was formed in the rear of the rail fence, with one other small regiment from New Hampshire, under the command of Colonel Reed, the fire commenced between the left wing of the British army commanded by General

Howe, and the troops in the redoubt under Colonel Prescott, while a column of the enemy was advancing on our left on the shore of Mystic river, with an evident intention of turning our left wing, and that veteran and most excellent regiment of Welsh fusileers, so distinguished for its gallant conduct in the battle of Minden, advanced in column directly on the rail fence, when within 80 or 100 yards, deployed into line with the precision and firmness of troops on parade, and opened a brisk but regular fire by platoons, which was returned by a well directed, rapid, and fatal discharge from our whole line.

The action soon became general and very heavy from right to left. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes the enemy gave way at all points, and retreated with great disorder, leaving a large number of dead and wounded on the field.

The firing ceased for a short time, until the enemy again formed, advanced, and recommenced a spirited fire from his whole line. Several attempts were again made to turn our left, but the troops, having thrown up a slight stone wall on the bank of the river and laying down behind it, gave such a deadly fire as cut down almost every man of the party opposed to them; while the fire from the redoubt and the rail fence was so well directed and so fatal, especially to the British officers, that the whole army was compelled a second time to retreat with precipitation and great confusion. At this time the ground occupied by the enemy was covered with his dead and wounded. Only a few small

detached parties again advanced, which kept up a distant ineffectual scattering fire, until a strong reinforcement arrived from Boston, which advanced on a southern declivity of the hill in the rear of Charlestown. When this column arrived opposite that angle of the redoubt which faced Charlestown, it wheeled by platoons to the right, and advanced directly upon the redoubt without firing a gun. By this time our ammunition was exhausted. A few men only had a charge left.

The advancing column made an attempt to carry the redoubt by assault, but at the first onset every man that mounted the parapet was cut down by the troops within, who had formed on the opposite side, not being prepared with bayonets to meet a charge.

The column wavered for a moment, but soon formed again, when a forward movement was made with such spirit and intrepidity as to render the feeble efforts of a handful of men, without the means of defence, unavailing, and they fled through an open space, in the rear of the redoubt, which had been left for a gate-way. At this moment the rear of the British column advanced round the angle of the redoubt and threw in a galling flank fire upon our troops as they rushed from it, which killed and wounded a greater number than had fallen before during the action. The whole of our line immediately after gave way, and retreated with rapidity and disorder towards Bunker Hill, carrying off as many of the wounded as possible, so that only thirty-six or seven fell into the hands of the enemy,

among whom were Lt. Col. Parker and two or three other officers who fell in or near the redoubt.

When the troops arrived at the summit of Bunker Hill, we found General Putnam with nearly as many men as had been engaged in the battle; notwithstanding which no measures had been taken for reinforcing us, nor was there a shot fired to cover our retreat, or any movement made to check the advance of the enemy to this height, but, on the contrary, *Gen. Putnam* rode off, with a number of *spades and pick-axes in his hands*, and the troops that had remained with him *inactive* during the whole of the action, although within a few hundred yards of the battle-ground, and no obstacle to impede their movement but *musket balls*.

The whole of the troops now descended the north-western declivity of Bunker Hill, and recrossed the neck. Those of the New Hampshire line retired towards Winter Hill and the others on to Prospect Hill.

Some slight works were thrown up in the course of the evening: strong advance pickets were posted on the roads leading to Charlestown, and the troops, anticipating an attack, rested on their arms.

It is a most extraordinary fact that the British did not make a single charge during the battle, which, if attempted, would have been decisive and fatal to the Americans, as they did not carry into the field fifty bayonets. In my company there was but one.

Soon after the commencement of the action a detachment from a British force in Boston was landed in

Charlestown, and within a few moments the whole town appeared in a blaze. A dense column of smoke rose to a great height, and there being a gentle breeze from the south-west, it hung like a thunder-cloud over the contending armies. A very few houses escaped the dreadful conflagration of this devoted town.

From similar mistakes, the fixed ammunition furnished for field pieces was calculated for guns of a larger calibre, which prevented the use of field artillery, on both sides. There was no cavalry in either army. From the ships of war and the large battery on Copp's Hill a heavy cannonade was kept up upon our line and redoubt, from the commencement to the close of the action, and during the retreat, but with very little effect, except that of killing the brave Major *Andrew M'Clary* of Col. Stark's regiment, soon after we retired from Bunker Hill. He was among the first officers of the army, possessing a sound judgment, of undaunted bravery, enterprising, ardent, and zealous both as a patriot and soldier. His loss was severely felt by his compatriots in arms, while his country was deprived of the services of one of her most promising and distinguished champions of liberty.

After leaving the field of battle, I met him and drank some spirit and water with him. He was animated and sanguine in the result of the conflict for Independence, from the glorious display of valour which had distinguished his countrymen on that memorable day.

He soon observed that the British troops on Bunker Hill appeared in

motion, and he said would go and reconnoitre them, to see whether they were coming out over the neck, at the same time directing towards Charlestown. We were then at Tufts' house near *Ploughed Hill*. I immediately made a forward movement to the position he directed me to take, and halted while he proceeded to the old pound, which stood on the site now occupied as a tavern-house not far from the entrance to the neck. After

he had satisfied himself that the enemy did not intend to leave their strong posts on the heights, he was returning towards me, and, when within twelve or fifteen rods of where I stood, with my company, a random cannon shot from one of the frigates lying near where the centre of Craige's bridge now is passed directly through his body, and put to flight one of the most heroic souls that ever animated man.

[From the Boston Centinel.]

GENERAL PUTNAM.

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT ADAMS.

The following letter from the venerable President Adams will lead to communications which will vindicate the fame of the veteran Gen. Putnam from the obloquy lately attempted to be cast over it, and may furnish important facts in the history of the Revolution, of great interest to posterity.

QUINCY, JUNE 19, 1818.

DEAR SIR: I have received your letter of the 16th inst. My letter to Col. Daniel Putnam, of the 5th, is at his and your disposal. You may publish any part of it, or the whole, at your discretion.

I wish the young gentlemen of the age would undertake an analytical investigation of the constitution of the army at Cambridge, and of the detachment from it to Bunker's Hill and Breed's Hill on the 16th and 17th of June.

The army at Cambridge was not a national army, for there was no nation. It was not a United States army, for there were no United States. It was not an army of United Colo-

nies, for if it could be said in any sense that the colonies were united, the centre of their union, the congress at Philadelphia, had not adopted nor acknowledged the army at Cambridge. It was not a New England army, for New England had not associated. New England had no legal legislature, nor any common executive authority, even upon the principles of original authority, or even of original power in the people.

Massachusetts had her army, Connecticut her army, New Hampshire her army, and Rhode Island her army. These four armies met at Cambridge, and imprisoned the British army in Boston. But who was the sovereign of this united or rather congregated army, and who its commander-in-chief? It had none. Putnam, Poor, and Greene were as independent of Ward as Ward was of them. None of them but Ward was subject to the orders of the Massachusetts provincial congress. I desire to know from whom Putnam received his commission, and from

whom Poor received his commission? And I pray let the commissions of Ward, Putnam, Poor, and Greene be all produced.

Where are the orders for taking possession of the heights of Charlestown? Who gave these orders? The Massachusetts provincial congress? No; they could give no orders but to Gen. Ward, who could give no orders to Putnam, Poor, or Greene. Were those orders given by a committee of the Massachusetts provincial congress? But what authority had that committee? The whole enterprise in Charlestown must have been a volunteer enterprise, as the army at Cambridge was a volunteer army.

Who was the first officer of Massachusetts on Bunker's Hill, or Breed's Hill? I have always understood he was Colonel Pomeroy, or General Pomeroy. Colonel Prescott might be the most determined, persevering, and efficient officer of Massachusetts, but Pomeroy was certainly his superior in command.

But what authority had Putnam to command Pomeroy or Prescott? He offered to submit to Warren. *I am confident the result will be to the honour of Putnam both as a statesman and warrior.* I should be glad to know by what authority Gerrish was cashiered? Was it by the provincial congress that he was prosecuted, tried, and condemned? General Washington could not order his trial, for he had no authority over him. But, sir, I must suppress a thousand questions, and conclude myself your humble servant,

JOHN ADAMS.

Geo. Brinley, Esq.

LETTER FROM REUBEN KEMP.

An able writer in the *Boston Centinel* has undertaken in a series of numbers to refute the charge of cowardice brought against this distinguished hero and friend of the Revolution by Gen. Dearborn. Among other depositions given in the 4th number of the series is the following from the lips of one of the soldiers actually belonging to and fighting in the same ranks with Gen. Dearborn.

“Reuben Kemp, now of Brooklyn, in Connecticut, but formerly of Goffstown, State of New Hampshire, deposeth on oath, that in 1775 he was a soldier in Capt. Samuel Richards' company and Col. Stark's (Dearborn's)* regiment;—being quartered at Mystic, on the 17th of June, an alarm was given, and the regiment ordered to parade at the Colonel's quarters, when ammunition was distributed, namely, ten bullets and a *gill cup of powder*. We sorted our bullets as well as we could, and marched to Charlestown neck. After we arrived at the high ground over the neck, we were ordered to parade our packs and guns, and put sentries over them. Here we were furnished with intrenching tools and began to throw up a breastwork, but we had not been more than ten or fifteen minutes at work before the drums beat, and we were marched immediately. An officer whom I had never seen [*he was in the condition of Dearborn and all Stark's troops who had never seen Putnam*], and whom they called General Putnam, seemed to have the ordering of things. He charged the men not to fire till the enemy came close to the works, and then to take good aim and make

every shot kill a man. But there were a few pieces discharged before the order was given to fire. General Putnam appeared very angry, and passed along the *lines quickly*, with his sword drawn, and threatened to stab any man that fired without order. The enemy kept firing as they advanced, and when they had got pretty near the works we were ordered to take good aim and fire. *At this time* General Putnam was *constantly* passing backward and forward from right to left, telling us the day was our own if we would stick to it; and it was not many minutes before the enemy began to retreat."

Upon being questioned whether he had afterwards known Putnam, and recognized him to be the same officer who so gallantly distinguished himself, he said,—

"I saw him often after, for he commanded on Prospect Hill, and I knew him to be the same that was in the fight.

(Signed) REUBEN KEMP."

Sworn to before John Parish, Justice of the Peace.

Pray where was Capt. Dearborn that he could neither see this gallant officer, nor hear his orders to Dearborn's own regiment?

HON. JESSE JOHNSON.

By W. A. WALLACE.

Hon. Jesse Johnson was the eldest son of Jesse Johnson, of Hampstead. He was born in Hampstead in 1762. His father purchased land in Enfield in 1778, and within a few years became the owner of nearly one fourth of the township. In 1779, Jesse, junior, then in his seventeenth year, walked from Hampstead, by blazed paths, through the forests to Enfield, to aid his father in caring for and clearing up his lands. At the age of twenty-two he was appointed a justice of the peace, and held the office during the remaining thirty-two years of his life; was proprietors' clerk thirty years; one of the town's early surveyors; representative in the legislature; judge of probate; judge of the court of common pleas; and in 1812 was the nominee of his party for

congress. He was delegate to the constitutional convention of 1792 from the classed towns of Canaan and Enfield. Queries have been raised as to the purport of the instructions given him upon his election by the people. We cannot learn that he was instructed in reference to his action in the convention, and it is doubtful if any were given. A man so constantly in the employ of the town, and who was raised from one office to another without intermission,—whose character was thoroughly understood and held in honor and respect by his fellow-citizens for so many years,—would hardly need instructions from those who sent him to the constitutional convention.

He died September 16, 1816, aged 54 years.

A REMARKABLE HISTORY.

It is doubtless known to many of the readers of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, that Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, have been for several years publishing an unusually full and elaborate "Narrative and Critical History of America." It may be that some of them do not realize how important a work this is, and as we are confident that they will be glad to learn about it, we reproduce below a very careful and discriminating paper which recently appeared in the *New York Evening Post*. It relates almost exclusively to the first volume, which appeared a few months since, its publication having been postponed until six other volumes had been issued, so that the editor might avail himself of important researches only completed a short time ago. What the critic says of this volume is virtually true of all.

In presence of a book like this, the seventh issue in the important series to which it belongs, the critic finds it difficult to remain faithful to his duties as a "critic." There is so much to laud, and so little to animadvert upon, that he feels himself exposed to the reproach of partiality. Of course no man is ever completely satisfied by the work of any other man, and the first thing one does, in examining the doings of somebody else, is to try and find out wherein that somebody "seems" to display less knowledge, less experience, less depth, than he—the critic—might have displayed under similar circumstances and in face of the same exigencies. But it

must be said of the work which Mr. Winsor has undertaken, that he has left less room for fault-finding of this narrow kind than any one who ever trod the difficult path of ancient American history.

It is natural that the bibliographical introduction should be furnished by the editor himself, since nobody was better fitted than he to give an idea of the Americana extant in libraries. It is pleasant to read the praise which he accords to Mr. H. H. Bancroft as a collector of sources. Whatever may be one's opinion in regard to the use which Mr. Bancroft has made of these sources—whether his own conclusion suit us or not—the mere fact that he has gathered and stored them should entitle him to our lasting gratitude. Nobody has ever paid a higher tribute to Mr. Bancroft on this score than Mr. Winsor, and nobody was better fitted to do it.

It is somewhat regrettable, however, that the list of libraries rich in Americana does not extend beyond the United States. The libraries in Mexico, for instance, like the Biblioteca Nacional, and the private libraries of Don Joaquin Garcia Icazbalceta, José Maria Agreda, and of the Cura of Amecameca, Fortino Hipolito Vera, contain rare treasures.

The paper on "The Early Descriptions of America," also by Mr. Winsor, is an admirable piece of work. Beautifully and appropriately illustrated, and supplied with bibliographic notes of the highest importance, it is without parallel as yet for fulness and careful criticism of sources. The

reader is made acquainted, in a manner as scientific as it is vivid, with the development of literature pertaining to the New World in the earliest times. It is the best existing guide to preparatory studies in American history—studies which, to our great regret be it said, have been until now largely neglected.

After these two introductions, follows the chapter on "The Geographical Knowledge of the Ancients Considered in Relation to the Discovery of America." Mr. W. H. Tillinghast, to whom this chapter has been committed, exhausts the subject so far as is now possible. Splendid copies of almost forgotten maps accompany the article, and the Atlantis tale, the legends of Saint Brandan and Saint McLeod or Malo, as well as the question of the mythical island Antillia with its seven cities, are very thoroughly ventilated. It strikes us, however, that, in regard to this kind of myths and hypotheses, the author might profitably have consulted the second edition of Garcia's "*Origen de los Indios*," so largely amplified and transformed by its editor, Andres Gonzalez Barcia. Not only would he have found therein references to numberless speculations concerning the origin of the Indians which are to-day lost sight of, but he would have met with notices of manuscript sources extant at the time. He, perhaps, also passes too lightly over the "*montagna bruna*" of Dante. It should not be forgotten that this allusion may stand in the same light as the remarkable passage,—

"All' altro polo, e vidi quattro stelle;"

and that, while the latter appears prophetic in regard to the subsequent

discovery of the Southern Cross, the former may be equally so with respect to a geographical fact. In all these legends and myths there is probably a diminutive grain of truth, and whenever they show an exceptional persistence, it is a sign that we cannot absolutely discard them. Among the elder descriptions of the earth we miss the one given in 1825 A. D., by the Irish monk Dicuil, under the title "*De Mensura Orbis Terræ*." This little book (printed with an elaborate commentary by Letronne in 1814) is not a "first-hand" source; still, it is valuable, and the more so because it contains the positive statement that Irish monks had gone to Iceland prior to the year 800. (See cap. vii, par. i, 6.)

In "*Precolumbian Explorations*," Mr. Winsor gives a *résumé*, accompanied by the usual abundance of notes and bibliography. He, too, is silent on the subject of Dicuil, and does not mention among the sources the valuable book of Christoph Friedrich Muentzer, "*Kirchengeschichte von Daenemark und Norwegen*." That author gives, among other things, on p. 576 of vol. i, the text of the bull of Pope Gregory IV, wherein the words "*Gronandan—Islandon*," etc., occur. It is needless to insist upon the general excellency of Mr. Winsor's monograph, by the side of which such slight omissions are truly insignificant. The cartography of Greenland is a masterpiece.

Chapter iii, on "*Mexico and Central America*," is a very careful review by the editor of what has been written and suggested as to the past of the Mexican and Central American tribes. He is wisely non-committal

in regard to the differences of opinion concerning the stage of culture of these tribes at the time of the conquest and previously. It is not so much an historical as a purely ethnological question. The two "schools" that have arisen since Morgan's first radical but necessary efforts, are distinguished from each other especially by the methods of research. The "men of Morgan," as H. H. Bancroft calls them, claim that ethnological study will enable us to reestablish the original condition of the Indian anywhere; and some even go so far as to assert that ethnological research will prove a very useful check on the statements of Spanish chroniclers, whose testimony they do not reject, but regard as reliable in many cases, provided a just and careful scrutiny precedes their use. In this consists the fundamental divergence of the two groups. The others separate documentary study from ethnology altogether, and even frequently fail to apply the most simple rules of criticism to the study of sources. But history can no longer be divorced from ethnology, especially in America, where the types of primitive mankind are still found, and may be investigated with comparative ease.

The monograph on "The Inca Civilization of Peru," by Mr. Clements R. Markham, suffers to some extent from want of ethnological data. Hardly any part of the American continent is so neglected by ethnologists as Peru and Bolivia, and there is no section of the western world where studies like those initiated by Morgan, Powell, and Cushing, upon existing tribes, are more needed, and would, at the same time, be more

profitable. Our knowledge of ancient Peru and the adjoining regions is as yet wholly based upon books and ruins, with but the slightest sprinkling of observations casually made upon the natives.

Dr. George E. Ellis's "The Red Indian of North America in Contact with the French and English" will surprise nobody who has read his book on "The Red Man and the White Man in North America." Still, there is some improvement upon the latter in the short essay embodied in Mr. Winsor's volume. But lack of practical acquaintance with Indian nature is here also the great drawback.

In chapter vi, "The Prehistoric Archaeology of North America," Prof. Henry W. Haynes has undertaken a very intricate, delicate, and difficult task, but the manner in which he has fulfilled it is certainly worthy of the book in which it appears. To give anything like a detailed sketch of his valuable paper would go beyond the limits of a review. Very cautious and guarded, Prof. Haynes has handled this subject with as much tact as learning, keeping aloof from any hazardous speculation of his own, giving due credit to every one for what he has said or done, and thus in each case throwing the responsibility where it properly belongs.

His monograph is a fit transition from preceding ones to the interesting essay by Mr. Winsor on "The Progress of Opinion Respecting the Origin and Antiquity of Man in America." In this the editor proceeds, in his calm, dispassionate, and objective manner, to exhibit the course taken by public and learned opinion

regarding the origin of the Indians of America. It is in keeping with his previous monographs. But we fear he has done injustice to old Father Garcia when he says,—“He goes over the supposed navigations of the Phœnicians, the identity of Peru with Solomon’s Ophir, and the chances of African, Roman, and Jewish migrations, only to reject them all, and to favor a coming of Tartars and Chinese.” By referring to chapter xxv, book 4, of the second edition, it becomes plain that Garcia favors, in fact, hardly any theory in particular, but admits that there is a likelihood in each and absolute certainty in none. In this respect the old Dominican has set an example that might have profited a great many of his successors, among whom he has had not a few detractors.

Lastly, there is again a bibliography, a sketch of archæological

museums and magazines, and a condensed paper on the “Myths and Religions of the Aborigines.” All three are by Mr. Winsor, and breathe the spirit of learning, research, and honest criticism which characterize his and most of the other papers. In short, sincere gratitude is due to Mr. Winsor for this valuable and in many respects model publication, which to the scientists is indispensable, and to the intelligent general reader an ornament and a priceless guide. We will add but one word, in regard to the illustrations: they are all “to the point,” and useful accompaniments of the text. The reproductions of title-pages are excellent, and the copies of ancient maps also. Like the preceding volumes, this one has a special index, and a general index is promised in connection with the eighth and final volume.

THE REBELLION.

The N. H. Adjutant-General’s reports for 1865, 1866, and 1868 contain a very full record of the military history of New Hampshire, not only during the war for the Union, but through all the earlier wars in which, as province or state, New Hampshire has taken an active part. From these volumes a few biographical facts in regard to those heroes who suffered or died for their country during the Rebellion have been taken.

Lieut.-Colonel JOSIAH I. PLIMPTON, of the Third Regiment N. H. V., was born in West Cambridge, Mass., December 27, 1825. By trade

he was a cabinet-maker, and for many years was employed in finishing pianos. In 1857, he purchased a farm on the Souhegan river, in Milford, and settled there with his family. At the commencement of hostilities, in 1861, he volunteered his services, and was appointed a recruiting officer by the state authorities. He soon raised a full company, which was assigned to the Third Regiment; and August 22, 1861, he was commissioned captain. He was promoted to Major, June 27, 1862, and to lieutenant-colonel, April 6, 1864. He was killed at the battle of Deep Run, Virginia, August 16,

1864, being shot through the heart. "At the moment he fell, he was in the most advanced position of our forces, and was actively engaged in moving his command in order, and in rallying and in encouraging his men." His remains rest in Milford.

Colonel LOUIS BELL, of the Fourth Regiment, son of Gen. Samuel Bell, was born in Chester, March 8, 1837; fitted for college at Derry; graduated at Brown University in 1853; read law in Charlestown and Manchester; was admitted to the bar; and settled in Farmington. In 1860 he was solicitor for Strafford county. He was commissioned, April 30, 1861, captain of Company A, First Regiment; and was mustered out August 9, 1861. He was commissioned September 3, 1861, lieutenant-colonel of the Fourth, and, May 16, 1862, was promoted to Colonel. He commanded a brigade at the siege, on Morris Island, of Forts Wagner and Gregg, in 1863.

In the spring of 1864 he joined the Army of the Potomac, and commanded a brigade until his death. For some time he commanded a division in the Army of the James. In the expedition against Fort Fisher, Colonel Bell received a bullet wound through the lungs, January 15, 1864, and died the next day. His commission of brevet-brigadier general arrived the day he was wounded. He was buried in Chester.

Colonel Louis Bell was the brother of U. S. Senator James Bell, and of Chief-Justice Samuel Dana Bell. He married the daughter of Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Bouton. As a lawyer, he "possessed quick decision, sincerity,

and uprightness of character; as a soldier, he was fearless and accomplished."

Major CHARLES W. SAWYER, of the Fourth, son of Hon. Thomas E. Sawyer, of Dover, was born May 19, 1832. He was engaged in business in Manchester and Boston for a number of years before the war, being chosen a representative to the Massachusetts legislature in 1860. He volunteered; and was commissioned by Governor Goodwin as first lieutenant of Company B, First Regiment N. H. V. He recruited Company A, of the Fourth, and was commissioned captain, Sept. 20, 1861. He was promoted to Major, December 1, 1863. He was mortally wounded May 16, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, and died June 22.

He was a strict disciplinarian, firm yet generous, kind to his men, thoughtful of their welfare, respected and loved by them. He was an ardent and devoted patriot.

Lieutenant-Colonel HENRY H. PEARSON, of the Sixth, was a student at Phillips Exeter Academy in 1861. He was born in Newport, Ill., Feb. 26, 1840. When the flag was insulted at Fort Sumter, he left Exeter for the seat of war, where he volunteered, and served until after the battle of Bull Run. In the fall he returned to New Hampshire, raised Company C of the Sixth, and was commissioned captain, Nov. 30, 1861. He was promoted to lieutenant-colonel, October 15, 1862; and was shot through the head, May 26, 1864, about 12 miles from Richmond, Va. He was buried on the banks of the North Anna.

DAVIS CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

This celebration was held on September 4, 1889, in the town of Warner, at the grove on the Davis Centennial Hill, about two miles west from Warner depot, on the road to Henniker. The day was all that could be desired; there was a light south wind that made the grove delightfully cool and pleasant. Nearly three hundred people were present from different parts of New England. The forenoon was devoted to the interchange of greetings and sociability. At 12 o'clock all partook of a lunch furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Davis.

At 1 o'clock the meeting was called to order by S. W. Shattuck, who briefly stated the object of the gathering. After prayer by Rev. Robert Bennett, and the singing of an anthem by Charles F. Davis and wife, and their daughters, Ida C., Marion, and Sadie, the chairman introduced Major Samuel Davis as president of the day, who made some interesting remarks appropriate to the occasion.

F. Evans Davis was then called upon, who briefly thanked the audience for the attendance, and regard for the Davis family, after which an historical address was delivered by A. P. Davis, Esq.; recitation, by Sadie Davis; music, by Ida C. and Marion Davis; poem, by Dr. J. M. Rix; essay, by Esther A. Shattuck; music; remarks by Rev. A. E. Hall; remarks by Charles F. Davis, Esq.; song by Sadie Davis; remarks by Rev. Robert Bennett, B. F. Heath, Esq., Dr. J. R. Cogswell, S. C. Pat-

tee, Esq., and others; music and benediction.

On the platform were John Shepard Davis, Esq., of Bradford Pond, who is in the 87th year of his age, and Sargent Badger, Esq., who is in his 83d year. They were both looking well and hearty.

At the conclusion of the exercises in the grove, the whole party, under the leadership of Dr. J. M. Rix and Miss Sadie Davis, marched to the brow of the hill, where a flag had been thrown to the breeze. After saluting the flag with three hearty cheers, the hill was dedicated by piling up rocks by the people, and dropping a spray of evergreen by Sadie Davis. The celebration ended with the singing by the assembly of "America" and "Old Hundred."

ADDRESS BY A. P. DAVIS, ESQ.

Mr. President: It has been the immemorial custom of men in all stages of civilization to celebrate the occurrence of notable events in their history. The Jews, the tribes of the desert, the North American Indians, white, black, and red men, the world over, under all conditions of intellectual development and growth, from the lowest to the highest, all have their jubilees and centennial celebrations. Americans celebrate annually the event of the 4th of July, 1776. As a nation, we have just finished a series of imposing centennial celebrations, beginning with the Centennial of 1876, the Surrender of Cornwallis in 1883, and ending with the

celebration of the Inauguration of Washington, in April, 1889. In the light of such precedents, we meet to-day to celebrate an important local and family event in Warner.

In accepting the invitation of our host to address you on this occasion, commemorative of the event we celebrate, I have thought it most appropriate to answer, as well as I can, the inquiry which is constantly in the minds of the descendants of the original settlers of Warner, Who were they, what were they, and where did they originate? He was a true philosopher who said, "The greatest study of man is man." To us, who point with pride to our noble Pilgrim ancestry, and the noble men who, with indomitable courage, more than a century ago, brought civilization into this then an unbroken wilderness, the study of those men should be our greatest pleasure.

In order to impart information and better answer the inquiries suggested, I have explored records and traditions and all known sources of information relating to family histories, and realize as never before the force of the observation of Plutarch, when he said, "The family historian who attempts to trace the line of descent through centuries, will find himself finally lost in the shadowy uncertainties of tradition." This being the first event of the kind intended to commemorate the settlement of any distinctive family in Warner, and incidentally the settlement of the town itself, which began over one hundred and fifty years ago, I have thought the importance of the event and its infrequency, from a historical point of view, would warrant me in present-

ing the result of my research somewhat at length, possibly tediously so to some.

We celebrate to-day the fact that one hundred years have passed since Francis Davis, on the 11th day of July, 1789, brought his family upon this tract of land and made it his home. This town was almost uninhabited, and was substantially a wilderness, only broken here and there by settlers' clearings, when, in 1787, Francis Davis bought of his uncle, Gideon Davis, for less than one hundred dollars, and began to clear and make productive, these broad and fertile acres, the title to which has ever since been in his family.

If there is a race of men who have made an inefaceable and sublime record upon the pages of history, it was the Pilgrims, who with courage that knew no discouragement, zeal that knew no abatement, and faith as sublime as the heavens are high, founded New England in a wilderness; and their sons, who, actuated by the same lofty courage, zeal, and faith, left the sea-coast towns, and, in the interior of a state so forbidding as was New Hampshire, cut out of the forest and rescued from a state of nature a soil so unpromising and unpropitious as was this, when on that 11th day of July, the young wife of Francis Davis, with two children in her arms, rode on the back of a horse, upon this hill overlooking this deep valley at her feet, with the Mink Hills towering above her at the west, and Kearsarge standing a grim, barren sentinel, at the North, to take up her home in a log cabin, whose open door welcomed her and her young husband to the trials

and hardships of pioneer life. This picture is that of one hundred other families, who, between 1750 and 1800, came to Warner as pioneer settlers.

To know the early history of those brave men who cleared this town of the original forest, who built the hundreds of miles of roads and the thousands of miles of stone wall, and founded here a community as rugged and honest as their ancestors were noble and courageous, has been with me more or less a study for several years. It was the same interest which led Gov. Harriman to preface the history of those first settlers in his "History of Warner" as follows: "A peculiar interest attaches to those who happen to have been the first settlers in any town or place. We naturally desire to know who they were, where they came from, and how they fared." An interest in one's ancestry is common to all intelligent people. A man without pride of ancestry is like John Randolph's mule, that had no ancestry and would have no posterity.

The early genealogical history of the one hundred families who comprised the first settlers of Warner is more one of tradition than of well authenticated record. Our Warner settlers were poor men, and sons of the sturdy race of men who followed in the wake of the Mayflower, across a trackless ocean, to enjoy in America the rights of conscience which were denied them at home. They came here during the giant political upheaval in England, which sent Charles to the scaffold and made Cromwell a king. It is to be remembered always, that our New England progenitors, as a whole, were the poor

men of England. They did not find their origin with the aristocratic families of the world, and so their sympathies, during the civil war which shook the throne of England as never before, were with Cromwell and his pious soldiery. As a late English historian well says,—“During the civil war in England, which resulted in the subversion of monarchy, the Puritan colonists of New England, as might have been expected from their well known republican principles, were attached to the cause of Parliament and of Cromwell, while Virginia adhered to royalty.”

The men who followed Cromwell and the leaders of the Mayflower party, and their sons who settled Warner, had no bigoted aristocratic families back of them. Their family records were to be made. They were poor, and had little time to think of their ancestors, while starvation in Warner forests stared them in the face, unless every moment was devoted to the most diligent physical labor. So they left little record evidence by which we can satisfy ourselves as to who they were, what they were, and where they originated.

The early genealogical history of the Davis family—as that branch of it more especially represented here to-day by the descendants of the five Davis settlers, who between 1762 and 1790 settled in Warner—is more or less shrouded in the uncertainties of tradition, for there is little reliable record evidence on which to base conclusions. The story, as it has passed from father to son during the nearly ten generations that have appeared and passed off the stage of life since the settlement of New England

began, is conflicting, for each branch of the original family has a somewhat different tradition. I give you these several traditions, with such substantial evidence in favor of each as the most diligent effort and labor can rescue almost from oblivion, allowing every one the liberty of choice of uncertainties. The story current in the family of Captain Francis Davis, the pioneer settler of Warner, and its first citizen during the Revolutionary War, and until he died in 1784, and therefore entitled to great weight, is, that Philip Davis, born in 1626, and son of Philip, born about 1590, in 1638 left South Hampton, England, in the ship *Confidence*, John Johnson, master, and settled in Amesbury, Mass. So far as we know this is pure tradition, and not substantiated by a particle of record evidence, for the records of Essex county and of Amesbury, Mass., nowhere before 1725 refer to a Philip Davis. It is hardly possible that a man could have lived there, who was twelve years old in 1638 when he came there, if at all, and the founder of so numerous a family, without owning land, or without a family, some of whose births and deaths would have been on record, and without leaving an estate to settle in the probate court. Another tradition is, that Philip Davis, of Cardigan, Wales, in 1676, sent to America his three sons,—Gideon, Philip, and Francis,—and that Gideon died at sea. There is no record evidence in support of this tradition. There is record evidence which tends to weaken these traditions, and to build up another, held to by some of the family. There is record evidence in Amesbury, and in Essex county,

that one Willi Davis took the freeman's oath in 1645, twenty-five years after Plymouth; that one Francis Davis, and one Samuel Davis, who the record says "were sons of the first settlers," took the freeman's oath in December, 1677, before Col. Pike in Salem; that one Francis Davis owned land in Amesbury about 1680; that one Francis Davis, third son of Francis, was born September 29, 1687; that one Francis Davis, about 1717, married one Joanna Ordway, of Haverhill, and that their first child, Gideon Davis, was born in 1718. This is all matter of public record, and is not tradition. Four of the five Davis settlers, who originally settled in Warner, came from the marriage of Francis Davis, born in 1687, to Joanna Ordway. That fact is unquestionable. The father of this Francis, born in 1687, was also Francis, who the record says in 1677 was "a son of a first settler." There is evidence showing he was born about 1655, and that he was a son of Willi Davis, who took the oath in 1645.

Now, in the face of these conflicting stories, and of the fact that no human being can shed additional light from actual knowledge, and that no records on earth, other than those we have exhausted, can be found, what test shall we apply to determine whether Philip Davis or Willi Davis was the New England progenitor of the Francis Davis, born in 1655, and who was the first born in New England to whom we trace the line of descent clearly? Record evidence, in law, is always the best evidence. We have record evidence (not, however, complete), which joined with tra-

dition and logical conclusions from known facts, that points with almost absolute certainty, that Willi Davis was the New England progenitor of our family. Doubtless he was a Welchman, as that impression has always been in the family, and we believe the lad who left England in 1638 for America was not Philip Davis, but was Willi Davis, who took the oath in 1645, whose son Francis was born in 1655, and who took the oath in 1677, and whose son Francis was born in 1687, who married Joanna Ordway in 1717, whose first son, Gideon, was born in 1718.

We have reached this conclusion after a careful sifting of all the evidence, both traditional, inferential, and record.

In 1680 there were living in Amesbury at least four Davises who were heads of families, viz., Francis, John, Jeremiah, and Samuel. I think they were brothers and sons of Willi Davis. It is certain that a child of this Francis came to Warner, and three of his grandsons, each with a family. I think a son of John Davis also came here, and so Capt. Francis Davis and Gideon Davis, Francis Davis, Robert Davis, and John Davis, the first settlers, were related, and were from the same original stock. The descendants of Capt. Francis Davis at Davisville, of Francis Davis here represented by Francis E. Davis, of Gideon Davis by Moses E. Davis, of Robert Davis by H. H. Davis, and of John Davis by the wife of Moses E. Davis, and of Samuel Davis by the President of the day, can "clasp hands across the bloody chasm" and revivify the broken ties. It is indisputable that Francis Davis's son

Francis, born in 1687, about 1717 married Joanna Ordway, and settled down to the joys of wedded life at "Birching Meadows," so called, in the West Parish in Amesbury, and on the ancient road leading through that old town to Haverhill.

There Francis and Joanna raised a family of boys as follows: Gideon born in 1718, Francis in 1723, Philip in 1725; and girls,—Gertrude in 1719, Annie in 1721, and Joanna in 1731. Amesbury records are our authority. It was this Francis, and three sons of this Gideon, who came to Warner. Taking these boys in the order of birth, we have found no evidence when Gideon married. His wife's given name was Elizabeth. Gideon died in Amesbury just before 1790. His wife Elizabeth died in Warner about the year 1800, in the family of her son Francis. Her remains are in an unmarked grave at the "Parade" cemetery, along with those of her sons Francis, Gideon, and Robert.

Amesbury records of births begin in 1686, and they show that Gideon and Elizabeth Davis had children as follows: Ruth born in 1745, Gideon in 1747, Robert in 1751, Francis in 1754, and Anna in 1761.

Francis Davis born in 1687, died about 1771. Of his wife, Joanna, I have been unable to find any data of the time of death. None of the sons of Francis and Joanna came to Warner, except Captain Francis.

Three of the sons of Gideon and Elizabeth Davis came to Warner between 1780 and 1790, and settled here, viz., Gideon in 1783, Francis in 1789, and Robert about 1790. Gideon settled on the farm now

owned by Moses E. Davis at Waterloo, where he died in 1823. His wife was Mary Cheney, of Plaistow, who died in 1834. Francis Davis married Judith Foster, and settled on the farm now the property of his grandson, Francis E. Davis. He died in 1797, suddenly. Robert Davis settled on the farm now owned by John Osgood. He married Betsey Currier. He was found dead in his field early in this century. The late Benjamin and Timothy Davis were his sons.

The sons of Gideon Davis, who came to Warner in 1783, were John, born in 1775, Robert, born in Amesbury, in 1778; Gideon, born in 1785, and Moses, in 1790, were born in Warner. His daughters were Molly, born in 1773, Ruth, 1782, in Amesbury; Olive, 1784, and Anna, 1790, in Warner.

Gideon Davis was a first-class mechanic, and was equally at home as a blacksmith, a carpenter, a mason, and a builder, his time being principally employed in the service of his neighbors, who at that early period found great need of such a man.

The children of Francis and Judith Davis were Hannah, born in 1781, William F. in 1783, Judith in 1787, born in Amesbury; Susannah in 1790, Anna in 1792, Francis in 1794, Judith in 1796—eight in all.

Francis Davis brought with him, when he moved to Warner, his aged mother. He died suddenly in 1797, leaving the support of his large family to his widow, and the eldest boy, William Foster Davis, who bravely took up the load and carried it heroically through.

John Davis, born in 1775, eldest son of Gideon and Ruth, like his father,

was a skilled mechanic, whom he succeeded as the "boss" mechanic in Warner, and for a half century was the master builder and master mason of Warner and surrounding towns. He was a man of large capacity for business. Had he lived in our day, his mechanical gifts would have given him a leading position among skilled and expert mechanics. He died in 1865, without an enemy, and respected by all, with a reputation for keen and incisive wit and repartee second to no other man's. His wife was Rachel Bennett, of Sandown. Captain Francis Davis, and three sons of Gideon Davis,—Gideon, Francis, and Robert,—and John Davis, who was a Revolutionary soldier, and came to Warner in 1788, and who left a large family, were the progenitors of the Davises of Warner; and I think it probable that the Bradford Pond Davis family, represented here by our worthy president, were from the Amesbury stock.

William Foster Davis, born in 1783, married Susanna Collins, and had eight children, represented here by Francis E. Davis, and a large number of his descendants. He died in 1861, a highly respected citizen. His wife died in 1860.

Francis Davis, who figured so prominently in the first settlement of the town, came to Warner in 1763 with his family, having been here many times before as agent of the proprietors of the town, and located at Davisville. It was his energy, enterprise, and push that finally succeeded, after many trials and failures, in securing a permanent lodgment of white men in Warner. He was the first Davis in town, as he has been

the most illustrious. He was the leading citizen until he died in 1784. As agent of the embryo town, he procured from Gov. Wentworth, in 1774, the town charter. He called the first meeting of the town, was the moderator at its first meeting, was its first representative in the legislature and in the constitutional convention, was chairman of the committee of safety during the Revolution, and captain of its soldiers by command of the king. He was a patriot. He furnished three sons for the Continental army,—Francis and Wells, who were at Bunker Hill, and Aquila, who enlisted in 1777. In view of his great public services there would be much more propriety in naming the town Davistown than Warner. There is no patent on this suggestion.

Francis Davis was drowned while on his return to his New Hampshire home from his old home in Amesbury. Warner records say "Capt. Francis Davis departed this life on Friday ye 26th day of Nov. 1784. Buried on Friday ye 10th day of Dec. 1784 in ye 62nd year of his age." He left a very large family, among whom the most distinguished was Gen. Aquila Davis, a soldier in the War of 1812.

I have thus sketched briefly some of the historical characters of the town as they are seemingly related to us. Time will not permit me to explore the history of subsequent generations. The early Davises were a very prolific people. Their children's children's children are as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore. The Davis family has been from the beginning by far the most numerous of any in town. The name is more frequent-

ly met with in the early and late records of the town than any other, whether we examine the early proprietors' records, the records of births, of town-meetings before and after the incorporation in 1774, the check-lists and tax-lists, going back nearly one hundred and fifty years.

In conclusion, it is enough to say of them that they have been always self-supporting. The poor-house, the asylum for the insane, the jail, and the penitentiary have never been inhabited by any of the descendants of the Davis who founded the family. They have composed a patriotic, self-sacrificing, public-spirited, intelligent, and respectable yeomanry. Beyond this my native sense of modesty as a Davis "to the manner born" will not allow me to go.

So much for historical and biographical facts, figures, and fiction. Let us indulge a little in more practical reflections, and deduce lessons of profit and inspiration from the noble record these men made.

The inquiry is often made, Why did our ancestors forsake the comforts of their old homes in Massachusetts, and incur the dangers and privations of this new country? What was the inducement that led the hundred men, who between 1750 and 1800 left the coast towns, to come to this town to live? When these men began this settlement, the tide of immigration was setting strongly inland, all over New Hampshire. The homes they abandoned were full, and running over. That country had been settled more than one hundred years, and had become densely populated, for a rural community. The hive was full, and they

swarmed and boldly struck inland for cheap lands, and braved the hardships of frontier life, to improve their chances of success. Land with them was high. They had more muscle than money. They were also influenced by the restless and tireless impulse inherent in the Anglo-Saxon for change and emigration, which disdains rest and ease, and finds pleasure only in exploration and in an effort to conquer hardships and difficulties. The exodus for the past forty years from Warner, which has reduced our population from 2400 to 1600, and sent the best blood of the town to make populous towns and cities in the great West, is attributable to the same uneasy spirit of change, pushing ahead, with the "Star of Empire which westward takes its course."

Another strong inducement which influenced them was the tempting offers of the land syndicate, composed of sixty well-to-do citizens of Massachusetts, who had obtained from that state, in 1735, for nothing, a grant of land here six miles square.

A more muscular, hardy, sinewy race of men never carried the axe and torch of civilization into a new country than were the Warner settlers. Imagine, if possible, the desperate conditions which confronted these men, and the poverty which most of them brought with them, and the hardships and privations which they endured in this wilderness.

They were poor, but rich compared with the soil which they had come to cultivate. The conditions were properly stated by Isaac Chase, the representative of the town in the legislature of 1779, when, addressing the

house on an apportionment bill fixing the rate of taxation, and urging that Warner was rated too high, he said, "Warner is a poor, hard town, where the inhabitants have all they can do to keep soul and body together." In reply to an endorsement of this judgment by a Sullivan county representative, who said, "The gentleman from Warner tells the truth. I've been in Warner, and can testify to the fact that it's a God-forsaken spot." Mr. Chase angrily said, "It's a lie," although it involved a contradiction of himself.

Picture to yourself the conditions in Warner one hundred years ago, when those men came here with their families. We learn history best by learning of contemporaneous events, occurring in the world at large. In 1789 the population of Warner was about five hundred, scattered in little clearings all over town, without a single neighborhood, school-house, or frame house in Warner, with a few possible exceptions. Warner Lower Village was then in its infancy. Gigantic pines of centuries' growth then held undisputed reign at Warner Village, and Waterloo and Melvin's were unheard of. There was not a doctor nor a lawyer, and only one minister in town. The American Revolution had then just ended. The Convention of 1787 had then just finished its sessions, and its work had then just had its endorsement by the requisite number of states. Washington had only a few weeks before been inaugurated first president of the great republic. Jefferson, Hamilton, Jay, Marshall, Adams, and Madison were then in middle life.

New Hampshire had not then

adopted the present constitution. Bartlett was then president of the state, who, with Stark and Langdon, was in his prime. Webster, Clay, and Calhoun were boys. The United States were then a few feeble states scattered along the Atlantic coast. Then no railway ploughed its way across the continent, and no steam vessel pushed itself across the ocean. Morse had not then given the lightning of heaven a flashing tongue of intelligence; Bell had not given it a voice, nor Edison made it the light and power of the universe.

Behold the change effected in a hundred years. Ours was then an inceptive government, just organized as an experiment, with the capacity of the people to govern themselves yet untried, with nine states only, and a population of about four millions. Now we are the strongest government on earth, one hundred years and a great civil war having demonstrated the capacity of a free and intelligent people to govern themselves. We are emphatically a nation, with sixty-five million people, inhabiting a continent with a wealth of resources and possibilities exceeding the power of the Utopian dreamer to conceive, with forty-two stars in the galaxy of states, "at peace with all the world and the rest of mankind!"

Among the lessons these wonderful events teach us is that the Pilgrims made no mistake in founding a government, as one historian happily expresses it. "In the cabin of the Mayflower the Pilgrims met together as equals and free men, and in the name of God subscribed the first charter of liberty established in the New World, declaring themselves

the source of all laws that were to be executed over them." This was a new and grand conception of the functions of government, and nowhere else on the earth but in the wilderness of New England, and by such a people as were the Pilgrims, could that experiment of self-government have been tried, and in no other age of the world than that which had witnessed the events which preceded and caused the civil war in England. After two hundred and seventy years from the compact of the Mayflower, we witness the great republic, stretching from ocean to ocean, based upon the theory of the consent of the governed, and realize that that sentiment has since revolutionized England and France, and has shaken the thrones of the earth to their centres, and made doubly true the saying, "Ill rests the head that wears a crown."

As a nation we are signally blest, and that beyond all other nations. Our increase in wealth, and in all the essential elements of true and permanent national greatness, during the past one hundred years, is unprecedented in history. The opinion of the world found expression in the words of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge of England, when he said, at the end of his late tour in the United States, "As for your wealth, it was not your colossal fortunes that interested me. What filled me with delight, and what I have longed to see in England and never shall see, is the happy condition of your upper and lower middle classes. I saw tens of thousands of comfortable homes, all lived in by their owners. I am told, generally, your farmers own their farms, your gentle-folk their

houses, your artisans their cottages. The interest from their being their own homes is one that nothing else can give. This is your great glory, your real happiness. Let me entreat you to keep it, to guard it well, and never give it up."

These conditions, which so excite the admiration of the world, are the natural result of our government "of the people, for the people, and by the people." To preserve such a government for our children is for them to inherit our prosperity and glory.

Such is the glorious harvest of the seed of liberty sown amid so much of suffering, so long ago. It comes to us as a priceless legacy charged with the condition to transmit it unimpaired to our children. This is a solemn responsibility. As it was their duty to conceive and establish, it is ours to inherit and preserve and transmit. If the teachings of nearly three centuries of the struggles of humanity to liberate itself from the bondage of the past teach anything, it is that a people, to be happy, must be virtuous and intelligent. Our fathers realized the truth of this, for they fled from the worst condition of semi-religious ignorance, bigotry, and intolerance the world ever saw. To avoid an ultimate like condition in America, they established the church and the school side by side, twin conditions by which liberty might be preserved and happiness secured. They made no mistake, for they made New England what she is—the home of liberty, education, learning, and intelligence. A sweet New England poet has happily expressed the idea in these lines:

"Yet on her rocks and on her sands
And winter hills the school-house stands;
And what the rugged soil denies,
The harvest of the mind supplies,—

"Nor heeds the skeptic's puny hands,
While by the school the church-spire stands;
Nor fears the blinded bigots' rule,
While near the church-spire stands the school."

Charles Sumner described our school-houses as "the gates of knowledge, which are also the shining gates of civilization." The church and the school are the pillars of our political structure. They should be guarded with a watchful eye, that the dry rot of Roman Catholic opposition to the common school, and American indifference to our religious and educational institutions, do not destroy the temple of our liberties. The pendulum of time, as it swings through the centuries, witnesses great changes. A few centuries ago the awful crimes against humanity in the name of religion marked the extreme limit of the swing of the pendulum. Are we approaching the return swing from the other extreme, of no God and no religion at all, and no religion but a sectarian one? It is true our fathers launched their ship of state in the new world "in the name of God, Amen," and that in no impious sense. It is well for us to sail our ship "in the name of God," and not forget the precepts of our fathers, and not lose sight of the headlands nor forget the soundings.

Our New Hampshire Bill of Rights declares that "morality and piety, rightly grounded on evangelical principles, will give the best and greatest security to government."

Our Warner settlers were religious men. Their first obligations were to their God, and so public religious services and the support of the church

with them was a civil as well as a religious duty. Equally sacred with them was the common school. It is said of them they were conceited, bigoted, and intolerant. They were also honest and sincere, however much they erred in their zeal and devotion to duty. Sincerity is the true and perfect mirror of the mind. It reflects the honesty of thought and purpose. It is the foundation of character, and without it there can be no moral grandeur. In considering character and life-work, we must look at intentions and weigh motives. With them conscience was the guide, and whatever of intolerance they are justly chargeable with is excused in the "Thus saith the Lord," which controlled their course and led their fathers to the stake. We can say of the Puritans of New England what John A. Andrew said of John Brown: "Whatever may be thought of John Brown's acts, John Brown *himself* was right."

Their bigotry and intolerance were a result rather than a cause. The gifted Lamartine says,—“The character of the scenes in which we are brought up impresses itself upon our souls. As is the place, so is the man. The mind is a mirror before it becomes a home.”

Hence the cold and cruel theology of the Puritans and our first settlers. Doomed as they were by fate to the savage conditions which obtained in New England when the Pilgrims came, and subsequently in Warner, when their sons came here, they were logical in their conclusions that God was angry, and that the human family were prisoners in the treadmill of avenging justice. I do

not wonder that men whom fate seemed to have dropped into this inhospitable country one hundred years ago, one hundred miles inland from the habitations of men, and who were told to supply themselves with food, clothing, and shelter, or die, should have found comfort in the theory of an angry God, for they found little apparent comfort in this world; and if they were to find it anywhere they must conclude that it was in the world beyond, and that the greater their privation here the greater their pleasures there. Their condition is aptly stated in the lines,—

“The duty then, for beast, wife, and men,
Was to labor six days out of seven:
On the Sabbath, in the best toggerly drest,
They worked harder to get into heaven.”

The God they worshipped they also feared. Their church policy was not to draw men to Christ by love and admiration for the great principles of His religion, but to drive men to Him through fear of an angry God and the flames of a burning hell. Their plan of reclaiming men from sin was cold, heartless, and merciless, and made of God a cruel, exacting, and revengeful tyrant, such as no earthly parent could be. Their ideas were born of the iron age, where might made right, and are not the religion of Christ. Acting up to the light they had, they were doing God service in hanging witches and in persecuting the Quakers and the Baptists.

This was not religion, and true religion should not be discredited and denied because of the absurdities of former generations, who were laboring to liberate themselves from the inherited disabilities, from the Dark Ages, when dense ignorance covered

the earth as the waters cover the sea. Whatever may be said of the countless millions that have been made to suffer in the name of religion, it remains true that there is a genuine religion, which elevates, improves, and makes better. That religion was that of the Puritans, the Pilgrims, and our fathers. It is true "that morality and piety, rightly grounded on evangelical principles, will give the best and greatest security to government." The history of our country proves this. It is true, as declared by Washington, that the perpetuity of a republican form of government depends upon the general diffusion of knowledge among the masses. Hence we say the spirit of this age, which seeks to discredit all religion, and to undermine and destroy the common school, and demolish school-houses and churches, should be rebuked by every lover of his country, his home, and himself.

Another danger is the certain decay and effeminacy that ultimately comes as a result of the accumulation of great wealth. New England has accumulated wealth without precedent. The millions of dollars in her savings-banks are the evidence of this. Histories of nations that have perished show this danger, and should be to us danger signals. They afford terrible examples of the fact that

"Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

Having in mind always these fundamental principles, which lie at the bottom of all healthy conditions, we shall be able to transmit to our children, to the remotest generations, a country with blessings and privileges and possibilities such as have never fallen to the lot of man since the morning stars first sang together.

MY LORD BANGS.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WIDOW WYSE."

CHAPTER V.

GEOFFREY'S DEN.

Against the wall, on two sides of a large, old-fashioned room, in the quietest corner of the house, rose book cases from floor to ceiling, on whose shelves books were packed in double rows, many of them in quiet bindings, which showed evidence of having been much used. They were harmoniously arranged as to color and size, and the titles indicated the taste and culture of the owner.

There was an upright piano between two large windows, and music was scattered here and there, not carelessly—Geoffrey was never careless—but with a view to availability, as the mood seized him.

There was a scarf upon the piano worked by careless fingers, but very dear to Geoffrey, for it was little Margery's gift, and her last stitches had been made to form a few straggling forget-me-nots in one corner, the evening before she left home; and amidst them, plainly to be seen,

¹ Copyright, 1889.

were two or three tiny crystallized drops, which had slightly changed their color. Geoffrey never looked at this pathetic reminder of his little friend without a strong feeling of sympathy for her in her enforced absence.

Across one corner, and coming well into the room, was a handsome cabinet, upon which was a bronze bust of Humboldt, and on the shelves beneath were volumes of his works, together with a miscellaneous collection of odd carvings, bits of China, and small curiosities picked up during the owner's wanderings.

It was a room with brown effects, but its sombreness was lighted up with Turkish and Persian rugs which nearly covered the bare floor.

A large tiger skin, the delight of Margery's heart, and upon which she had fallen asleep scores of times, was thrown before a luxurious Turkish couch. There were easy-chairs and a pet writing-desk before which Geoffrey sat many hours each day; but there was no effort at display, only good taste and comfort. A few good prints and an oil painting or two adorned the walls. I must not omit a remarkably well done caricature of himself, which the owner of the room had placed conspicuously upon the wall. Margery had surprised him one day in one of his most serious moods, and labelled her efforts

"Geoffrey in a brown study."

It was in this room that family councils were held, for gentle Mrs. Bangs always brought her small troubles and annoyances to Geoffrey Thorpe, consulted him about her idol's future, and arranged for his

comforts and his pleasures. She could not bear to see ever so slight a cloud upon his handsome face. But although she knew he had faults, no one must speak of them, not even Geoffrey.

"I know he spends a good deal of money," she would say apologetically, "but he is young and thoughtless. When he is older, he will be more careful. I don't censure him, for I want to see him happy as long as I live; and after all, what does it matter if he does spend a little more than he should now? All that I have is his, or will be," and she would sigh gently. She was constantly studying to please him. Indeed, she would have effaced herself completely, could she have been convinced that it would have added a single degree to his happiness.

Prince Charlie had not seemed as gay as usual during the autumn months. Every one noticed it. In fact, he had been heard to declare that it was the stupidest season he had ever passed, although the townspeople voted it unusually gay. The fact is, that although he declared that he abominated that little imp Margery, he missed the antagonism of her presence. There was something delightfully exhilarating about it, after all.

It was getting near midwinter, and still they lingered at their pleasant homes. Edith Josselyn had not even visited New York for her usual winter shopping. It was time to get away. She was to visit friends in Washington for a month or two, and to spend a little time in New York previously. Besides, she had planned a surprise visit to Margery on her

way thither. She was hardly satisfied with the tone of her sister's letters, and she resolved to talk seriously with her, and to try and put a stop to the small deceptions of which she had acknowledged herself guilty. "After all," she said to herself with a sigh, "poor Margery has never been perfectly straightforward. Geoffrey has promised to write to her: perhaps his influence may be greater than mine. I must let him know that I intend leaving in a day or two."

Throwing on a light wrap, she passed into her neighbor's house and rapped at Geoffrey's door. She stopped as she entered the door, saying inquiringly,—

"A family conference; I fear I am *de trop*?"

"Oh! no, my dear," answered Mrs. Bangs. "I was listening to Geoffrey's plans. Of course he has told them to you. He starts for the "wild west" on Thursday, and to-day is Tuesday. How I shall miss him! I wish he would n't go. I am horribly selfish with regard to my boys!" and she looked affectionately at her nephew.

"I say, old fellow," broke in the Prince from the Turkish couch whereon he was comfortably stretched, "supposing I should take a fancy to go and visit your old mines and things with you? I am tired of the old places, and it's so damned dull here!"

"Delighted to have you, my boy. I am sure," answered Geoffrey cordially. "It will do you good in more ways than one, and you may get some valuable ideas with regard to investments."

"Oh! I don't go in for that sort of thing," answered the Prince lazily.

"You are to be the rich man of the family, public benefactor, credit to your town, *et cetera*."

"Do you think he *can* grow any lazier?" queried Edith, with a slight elevation of her delicately pencilled eyebrows. "There is a limit to all things, you know."

"Speaking of the journey," said Prince Charlie, utterly ignoring Edith's remark, "will it be necessary to start so soon? I have n't had time to think of it."

"Yes," answered Geoffrey, decidedly. "I must go to New York first, and I ought to be there as soon as possible."

"If you are going to New York," said Edith eagerly, "we might go in company. I think we can be ready in time if we set about it at once."

Geoffrey's face lighted instantly. "Certainly you must go with us," he answered. "We will delay our journey, if necessary. Aunt Sarah goes with you, of course?"

"As far as New York," answered Edith. "I go to Washington later. Oh! we will surely be ready in time, and could n't you—won't you try and spare time enough to run out and see Margery for a few hours? It will be but a little out of your way, and—and the poor child will be so happy."

"Oh! yes, surely," said Geoffrey. "I want to see Margery as much as you do."

"Hang Margery!" ejaculated the Prince under his breath.

"You would n't mind going with us?" said Edith, turning her lovely beseeching eyes upon the young man on the couch (he had not taken the trouble to rise).

"Awfully sorry," he drawled in answer, "but I couldn't possibly spare the time. I will go on, and meet you on your arrival."

CHAPTER VI.

FOR GEOFFREY'S SAKE.

"Please, Miss Josselyn, you are to go down to the library at once!" said Bridget Callahan, putting her head in at that young lady's door.

Maude grew pale immediately.

"Oh, dear! *do* you suppose that they have found anything out?" she said, as Margery started up.

"Not knowing with any degree of certainty, my dear, I shall not presume to give an opinion," answered Margery, coolly.

"Say, Bridget, what's the row?" she called after the servant.

"Sure, I don't know, Miss," said Bridget, "but the Mistress looked excited like."

Margery assumed her most innocent expression, went slowly to the mirror, smoothed her hair, pinned her collar a little straighter, and then proceeded to go down, saying, as she did so,—

"Do n't be a goose, Maude. *You* haven't been sent for, and I think I shall be equal to the occasion."

But her coolness vanished as she caught sight of her sister.

"Oh, Edith! is it—*can* it be you? It seems too good to be true!" and she threw herself into her sister's arms with a wild rush of happy tears.

Edith kissed her fondly, saying,—

"I did not write that I was coming, for I wanted to surprise you. But we only have a few hours to spare, and I have asked Madame Chaudet to let you lunch with us; so

get your hat and wrap, and we will go at once."

Margery needed no second bidding, and despite the fact that Madame's awful eyes were upon her, she flew to her room and rushed wildly around.

"Have you seen my hat? and where is my jacket? Oh! here they are; and do, Maude, help me with this jacket. What a bother puffed sleeves are, to be sure."

"Good gracious!" answered Maude, jumping up, "what is the matter, and where are you going?"

"Edith is here, and I am to lunch with her," said Margery, her eyes dancing with happiness. "I'll tell you all about it when I come back."

"I hope you will have a pleasant visit with your friends, my child," said Madame Chaudet kindly, as they were going out. Margery turned back, and seizing Madame's hands impulsively, said,—

"I was so happy that I forgot to thank you. It is very, very good of you to let me go."

"Now, little one," said Edith, as they started for the hotel, "we have very little time to stay, so we must economize it as much as possible. You will lunch with us almost immediately. I have allowed an hour for that. I suppose Aunt Sarah will take up most of the time asking you questions. You must be prepared for a perfect avalanche. Then Geoffrey will take you for a little drive —"

"Geoffrey too!" exclaimed Margery, interrupting her. "It is *certainly* too good to be true. Pinch me, Edith—I know I must be dreaming. Dear old Geoff! How I have longed to see him. I was afraid it

was—I did n't think it *could* be *Geoffrey!*"

Margery was in the wildest spirits during lunch. She ate almost nothing, and talked incessantly, telling droll stories about the teachers as well as the girls at Madame Chaudet's, and even showing off her dear roommate's stupid inanities as only Margery could, stopping now and then to give Edith's arm a playful squeeze, and say,—

"I never was so happy in my life."

She put them all under a spell. Indeed, her winsome ways were wholly indescribable.

She said to Geoffrey, as they were driving away together,—

"How like you it is to plan to give me pleasure—and Edith, too. Isn't she an angel?"

There was a flash of acquiescence in Geoffrey's face. Suddenly he grew grave.

"Are you going to scold me?" she asked, as she noticed the change in his countenance. Then she added, coaxingly,—

"You must n't do it, you know, for I couldn't bear it. You never scolded me in your life."

"I am not going to scold," said Geoffrey, smiling. "I am not going to lecture even; but I want to give you a subject or two to think of and work out yourself, and I want also to set you right with regard to your roommate's step-mother. I knew her very well when she was a young lady, and have seen her many times since she married Dr. Eaton. She is a lovely woman, and I assure you she could no more be unjust to her husband's child than Edith could be unjust to you."

"Do you mean to say that Maude—lies?" asked Margery, almost incredulously.

"I don't mean to say anything about Maude," said Geoffrey, laughing; "only, do n't be unjust to Mrs. Eaton any more."

He did not lecture her—it was not his way—but he left her with Edith after their drive, thoroughly impressed with the idea that her friends expected her to present herself to them at the end of her school life a finished young lady, in the best sense of the term.

She clung to Edith, as they were saying good-bye, as though she would never let her go.

"You don't know, nobody *can* know, how hard it is to stay here," she said, with a little sob.

"Never mind, darling," said Edith cheerfully. "It won't be for long, and then—who knows?—we may go abroad. Isn't that something to look forward to?"

"Yes, indeed, you dear old girl," said Margery, brushing away the tiny teardrops, "and, Edith, I *will* try to improve. I have n't—much—and I was a horrid little beast at home; but you shall see, you and Geoffrey. I would do anything for Geoffrey's sake."

Margery's one overmastering thought seemed to be that she must please Geoffrey; while Edith hoped that she would be sufficiently improved not to shock the fastidious Charles.

Maude, who was full of eager questions, found Margery on her return very unresponsive. She answered her briefly, and announced her "resolves."

"Oh! I *hope* you are not going to be good," said Maude, with a mournful sigh. "How are we ever going to live in this place if you are going to be good?"

"I have promised Geoffrey," answered Margery with great dignity—and forthwith began to study. Finally she burst forth impetuously,—

"If you are going to sigh like a—like a steam-boiler, Maude, I wish you would go somewhere else."

Poor Maude was utterly crushed. Margery had never spoken to her like this before, and she felt her changed manner very keenly; but though Margery was too kind-hearted to hold out long against her friend's entreaties, she was never quite the same as before her sister's visit. She did try hard to be good, as Maude phrased it, and she succeeded in a degree. She was a capricious scholar, very quick to learn, and as quick to forget. She had not the deep nature of her sister, but all her teachers loved her, and she wielded more influence over the girls than any other member of the school. She did not scruple to tell prettily worded little white lies, which the teachers believed, and, indeed, she almost believed them herself. When she was fairly caught in any misdemeanor, which was seldom, she was so frankly sorry that she was forgiven at once.

Time seemed to pass more rapidly to Margery after the little visit of her friends. Edith wrote often from New York and Washington, and was delighted to perceive a decided change for the better in the tone of her sister's letters. It was the latter part of March when she returned home, and Geoffrey and Prince Charles

came a week later. Then, indeed, Margery began to sigh for home again. She knew that Edith's return was a signal for pleasant parties and all sorts of gayeties. Mrs. Bangs was especially fond of music, and often gave delightful musicales, gathering about her beautiful and cultivated voices, amateur and professional, which it was a great pleasure to hear. Margery particularly enjoyed the pretty French music and languid Spanish songs so well suited to a private drawing-room, which she was sure to hear at Mrs. Bangs's. Then, too, Geoffrey and Edith always sang, and she was sure that no two voices ever blended more harmoniously together.

"They are having such good times," she said to Maude, "that I am as homesick as I can be."

There was one item of news that Edith wrote, about this time, that gave her unfeigned delight. It was that Prince Charles would go abroad for an indefinite period, the latter part of May.

"I can afford to be happy now, for I shall just miss seeing him," she said to herself as she read the letter. "There will be no more dull days for me for the rest of the term." And there were not. Before she fairly realized the fact, she was packing her trunks for her summer vacation.

It was a long, delightful holiday, which they all enjoyed. They went to the seashore first, and afterwards to the mountains. Margery, with no disturbing element near, was as blithe and happy as a bird.

"Isn't she changed?" asked Edith of Geoffrey one morning, a few weeks

after her return, as Margery ran out into the garden for flowers.

"She is, indeed," he answered, looking after her admiringly. "And she is growing so pretty, too, I would not be at all surprised if she should blossom into a regular beauty one of these days. There are all the elements of beauty in her face now, and she is particularly graceful in her manner and carriage."

"Yes," said Edith, well pleased. "Sending her to school was the best thing possible. Charles was right about it. He advised it, you know, long ago, but I could n't bear to let her go."

Geoffrey did not answer. He was thinking that Charlie's advice was due not so much to his desire for Margery's improvement as his wish to be rid of the annoyance of her presence.

Margery was petted to her vain little heart's content, and she went back to Madame Chaudet's with her mind firmly resolved on two points, namely, that she would not disappoint the two friends who believed so fully in her, and that she would show Charlie Bangs when he returned that she was of some consequence as well as he.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LORDSHIP.

"I say, fellows," said Joe Whittlesey, holding on to his sides and shaking with suppressed laughter, as he entered the corner bookstore where the principal young men of the town were wont to congregate, "have you seen My Lord Bangs since his return? But of course you have n't, as he has but just arrived."

"No. Tell us about him, Joe," came from two or three voices.

"Aw, Joe, me boy, dooced glad to see you. I am, bah Jove." Joe mimicked. "He was Prince Charlie when he went away, but I warn you, boys, he's come back *me lud*. Ye gods and little fishes! don't he put on the style! This town will never be able to hold him, no, not if it were spread out until it reached the everlasting hills and then encircled by a Chinese wall;" and here he strutted around the room, grasping the exact middle of his cane and screwing his face to hold a single eyeglass. The boys roared. Joe possessed the gift of mimicry to an extraordinary degree, and his ridiculous imitation of My Lord Bangs was irresistible. It was Prince Charlie intensified. "Aw, where are me brosses," Joe went on. "I'll bet, boys, you can't guess what he meant by 'me brosses.' Why, his checks, to be sure. I've met Englishmen before, so I knew. Here, fellah, take me brosses and attend to me luggage, and look lively now." Aw, how proud I am that I can say he was me classmate in college. Called him My Lord right to his face, and I'll be hanged if he did n't take it as a matter of course. Talk about Anglomaniacs!—one would think he was the head and front of the British aristocracy. Been climbing up the genealogical tree, he told me—on his mother's side, mind you. The Bangses have n't any tree to speak of. Old Bangs was a kind of a scrub oak, you know. But the Thorpes—my eye! they are the Thorpity Thorpes of Thorpe Manor," and the boys roared again. "He's going to the shaw this summer, he

tells me; so you v'e *all* got to go to the shaw, don't you know?

"Shaw?" repeated one, inquiringly.

"Shaw, my dear fellow. You vulgar Americans call it shore, I believe."

The exaggerated deference shown the returned tourist by his former associates when he met them ought to have made him aware that they were guying him; but if he suspected such a thing, he did not in the least show it, but went his way superbly indifferent to anything that might be said of him, never allowing himself to be surprised in an awkward position—never forgetting his *rôle* of *poseur* even for an instant. His mother thought him handsomer than ever, and his feminine friends generally agreed with her. She was a happy woman as she sat upon the Josselyn's piazza a few days after his return, with her son in a picturesque attitude on one side of her, and her prospective daughter-in-law, her usually pale face flushed a little, on the other. She entirely approved of Edith, and loved her almost as well as she did Charles.

His lordship had written voluminous accounts of his doings while away (there was some talk already of his publishing a book), so there was but little that was new to say, but his plans were large for the future. He had been gone two years, and in that time had enjoyed life to the utmost. He had spent a great deal of money, it is true, but his mother was wholly satisfied. She readily acquiesced when he said, pompously,—

"I think we'll buy out Jones, and

set the house back and enclose it. Have a sort of park, don't you know? It won't be very extensive, to be sure, but it will be better than it is. The fellow who built these houses must have had very narrow ideas. Ah! but these vulgar, money-grabbing Americans don't know how to live; they merely exist, getting no pleasure out of life, and by the time they get anything like a decent fortune they are ready to die. As the English say, there is absolutely no leisure class in America."

"Oh! come now, Charlie," exclaimed Edith, her face flushing with vexation, "one would take you for a veritable Englishman, you abuse us so. And as far as looks go——"

"By Jove, I did pass for one while abroad," he interrupted. "Hardly any one would believe me anything else, and I didn't undeceive them, except in a very few instances, you may be sure. You must go abroad, Edith—you really must go abroad. There's nothing like travel for broadening one's ideas, after all. You should see English people at home. They are the only people in the world who know how to live. They take life easily. Here everybody is in such a dooced hurry," with an affectation of weariness.

"I mean to go abroad," answered Edith promptly, "and I shall come back loving this 'blawsted country' more than ever."

Just then Geoffrey came over, and the subject was changed.

Geoffrey felt that he had been living in a fool's paradise for the past two years, and as he noted Edith's flushed, eager face, as she answered his cousin's last remark, he said to

himself,—“ I cannot bear to see her happiness. I am nothing to her now, and I must get away. She will think that I am absorbed in my mines, when I care not a farthing for them. Of what use is money to me?” Had he known that Edith had never been so near being angry with his cousin in her life, he would have been in a measure comforted.

His lordship was full of the project of the improvements about his home, and talked of it on all possible occasions. He was eager to begin operations, and announced to his friends that he should spend the summer superintending them. His English friends had assured him that they would go considerably out of their way to call on him, when they should visit America, and he felt that there was no time to be lost.

He persuaded Geoffrey that it was the only thing to do; and while they were discussing the matter, a new thought struck the latter, which was entirely overlooked by the former. This was not strange, as all Mrs. Bangs's business matters were left in Geoffrey's hands.

These improvements would cost a good deal of money, and if Mrs. Bangs allowed her son to spend as much in the future as he had in the past, why—there was a limit to all things—it would be a serious matter. His mines had within a few hours acquired a new value. He had invested a few thousands for his aunt, and—well, it was for Edith after all, and he grew more cheerful: money would still be of some use to him.

“ Do you find many changes during your absence?” Edith asked Charles

one day, as he returned after an hour or two down town.

“ Ah, well, the place is improved somewhat,” he condescended to say, but the people are the same, only more stupid, if possible. I tried to talk with Joe Whittlesey, and the other fellows I used to know, this morning, but found it a dooced baw. don't you know? I want you to know some of my English friends,” he went on, with some eagerness in his tone. I hope Gaveston and Mordaunt will come over in the autumn: they've partly promised to. If they do, I promise to show you two perfect gentlemen.”

“ Two?” queried Edith, looking at him, with calm, wide-open eyes. “ That would be almost too much at one time! I hope I shall not be overwhelmed at the sight!”

Her companion raised himself from his lazy position and stared at her. Finally he said,—

“ I hope you are not growing sarcastic, Edith. It isn't exactly good form for a lady to be sarcastic.”

“ Ah!” she answered coolly, reddening a little from vexation.

“ I beg your pardon,” he said quickly; “ but it seemed so unlike you to speak in that manner, that I was surprised.” She accepted his apology with a slight bow, then after a moment said,—

“ I expect Margery this afternoon, with a school friend, who is to spend the night with her. Will you drive with me to the station to meet them?”

“ Yes, certainly,” he answered, a look of vexation passing over his face; then, after a moment's thought,

“ No, I can't go after all. I promised Blodget that I would go with him to

Oakville to look at some timber he has to sell: Geoff. will go. Awfully sorry, I assure you."

Edith gave him the benefit of the doubt, and replied,—

"You will find Margery much improved."

"Glad to hear it," he answered drily. "There was need enough of it, eh?"

And Edith smiled, thinking how surprised he would be.

A few hours later, as he was about to enter the house, after his return from Oakville, he heard the ripple of

a gay song in the direction of the garden, and, turning, he beheld a rosy, dimpled creature, with red gold hair, whose laughing eyes of golden brown were turned full upon him. Her whole face was sparkling with animation, and her smiling lips wore a slightly mocking expression.

His first thought was, "What a beauty! It must be Margery's visitor."

But the next moment he was rushing through the gate and towards her, saying, in a surprised tone, "By Jove, its little Margery herself!"

[To be continued.]

A SAIL.

BY MARY H. WHEELER.

I sailed away on the Sea of Dreams,
In a boat of Fancy's building,
And my oars were rays from the brightest beams
Of a summer sunset's gilding;
And I steered my boat o'er the wavelets fair
By a red-cloud rudder reflected there,—

Away from the petty cares and ties,
And the daily round of duty,
To the limitless sweep of radiant skies,
And the reach of boundless beauty.
And I brought my boat to an island green,
Where Gladness reigns o'er a realm serene.

Then back to earth—for one may not stay
On the Isle of Gladness ever;
But I brought a gem from its strand away,
To shine on my life endeavor.
And this gem of hope in the darkness gleams
Like my sun-bright oars on the Sea of Dreams.

DR. SETH EASTMAN.

"He had friends." This simple sentence was the epitome of a tribute once passed upon a high official of this state at his decease. It is difficult to conceive of a sentence more eloquent in eulogy of our departed. The beauty, the sunshine, the pleasure, and all the recreations of life are built upon its friendships. The late Dr. Eastman had a wide circle of friends. He made them everywhere, and he retained to the last their attachment. He was generous to a fault. His pocket was as open as his heart, and he often asked for a friend what he would have denied himself. A favor received he never forgot. He delighted to do a kindness, and beneath a buoyant, self-sustaining disposition dwelt a sympathetic nature. He loved the excitement and joys of life, he appreciated its humor, and contributed his share to its spice and enlivenment; but he never saw enjoyment in what gave another pain. His was that bright, sparkling side of life which is contagious. His sufferings were his own; his joys were for his friends to share. In the fulness of manhood, with a future radiant with promise, with hopes high, he was stricken with a fatal disease. He knew from the beginning that his span of existence was measured, but he never complained, and to the last his thoughts lingered long and tenderly on the varying fortunes of those with whom his youth and early manhood had been passed. He met death with fortitude. Living, he scattered about him the smiles of hope; dying,

he desired to cast no shadows on life's pathway.¹

Dr. Seth Eastman died in New York city, October 8, 1889, and was buried in the family lot in Blossom Hill cemetery, Concord, October 11. He was born in Concord, November 12, 1855.

FAMILY HISTORY.

1. Captain Ebenezer Eastman, son of Philip Eastman, of Haverhill, Mass., and grandson of Roger Eastman, the first of the name who settled in Salisbury, Mass., in 1640, was born January 10, 1689; married Sarah Peaslee, of Haverhill, March 4, 1710; became an early settler in Concord, where he died July 28, 1748. Six of his sons settled in Concord before 1731.

2. Nathaniel Eastman, born March 16, 1717, married in 1754, and lived and died in Concord. His wife's name was Phæbe.

3. Nathaniel Eastman, born October 9, 1755, married Ruth Bradley (who died in November, 1841, aged 84 years), and died May 7, 1839.

4. Seth Eastman, born August 11, 1801; married July 14, 1830, Sarah Coffin (born January 29, 1805; died March 7, 1878); died August 5, 1886.

5. Edson C. Eastman, born November 9, 1832.²

6. Dr. Seth Eastman, son of Edson C. and Mary Elizabeth Eastman, was born in Concord November 12, 1855, and obtained his education mainly in the public schools of Concord. Upon the completion of

¹ J. O. L., in Concord Monitor.

² History of Concord.

his studies, he entered the publishing and book-selling establishment of his father, continuing his connection therewith for a number of years. Although evincing superior business abilities, a natural ambition induced him to acquire a profession, and having given some thought to the science of medicine, for which he had an inherent taste and aptitude, he decided to adopt it as his life's work, and accordingly began his studies in the office of Dr. S. C. Morrill. Here he continued till ready to begin his college course, when he entered the Vermont Medical College, and remained through the regular three years course, graduating with distinction. A post-graduate course was taken at the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, upon the conclusion of which he was tendered and accepted the position of assistant surgeon at the Chambers Street (New York) hospital.

While there he obtained an appointment as surgeon on one of the steamships of the Alexander Line, running from New York to Vera Cruz. While proceeding on board the vessel while in port at New Orleans, he received a telegram from his father announcing the illness of his mother, and without a moment's hesitation he threw up his commission, and, returning home, remained throughout her illness. After a short period, he went into practice at Danvers, Mass., but after a few months accepted a commission as surgeon on the United States and Brazilian Steamship Line. After three years' service, he resigned to accept a similar position on the Rotterdam line of steamships.

The first serious development of

the disease which ended his life occurred at the termination of his voyage in September, 1888. Upon reaching Amsterdam, he went to a hotel to call upon some friends, and, hurriedly ascending two flights of stairs, was seized with a hæmorrhage of the lungs. He was confined to the hotel, critically ill, for six weeks, but skillful medical treatment given him by Dr. Denny, of Boston, a warm personal friend, and physicians at Amsterdam, and careful, tender nursing on the part of his sister Belle, who went to Europe immediately upon learning of his sickness, so far restored him to health that he was able to proceed to Barbadoes Islands, where he went, accompanied by his sister and nurse. A winter's residence was productive of beneficial results, and in May he returned to New York and resumed his former position as surgeon on the Brazilian line of steamships. His last service there covered about four months.

Finding his health again failing him, he was granted a leave of absence, and began making preparations for a visit to friends in Georgia, hoping thereby to obtain rest and recuperation. His father went to New York early in October to assist him in his preparations for departure, and while walking upon the street Dr. Seth complained of fatigue and faintness, and was taken immediately to his apartments. Though given the best of medical treatment and nursing, he continued to fail till the time of his death. He retained full possession of his mental faculties till the last moment of his life, conversing affectionately with his wife, with whom his marriage had been solemn-

ized during his last sickness, and with his father and sister Belle. Dr. Cutler, of New York, and old friends, were constantly with him during his last sickness.

After arriving at man's estate, so little of Dr. Eastman's life was passed at the home of his boyhood, that few people beyond his immediate circle of friends were fully aware of the indomitable energy and resolution of his character, attributes that won for him the success that resulted from his personal efforts. In the practice of his profession he was careful, discriminating, and efficient. Quick to grasp a situation, he was equally

ready to meet and deal with an emergency. It was in his domestic and social life that his earlier friends best knew him, and here it was that his admirable characteristics were most conspicuous. Possessed of a magnetic disposition, and genial, kindly ways, he contracted many close friendships, and these necessarily grew in intimacy as the realization of his intense loyalty of heart developed. Generous to a fault, he was quick to respond to an appeal made to his charity from any source, and in his domestic relations he was exceedingly kind, affectionate, and considerate.¹

A COUNTRY HIGHWAY.²

BY CECIL HAMPDEN CUTTS HOWARD.

An overspreading deep-hued azure sky,
A line of trees that bend, and arch, and meet,
As if they met in social converse sweet,
And whispered oft of days long since gone by.
A maze of legends still the place surround,
And point to stories that are yet untold,
More wonderful than aught from land of gold,
Or in an ancient parchment, quaintly bound.
The old-time school-house holds its place full well,
Though mosses on the sloping roof now cling,
And cunning spiders from the ceiling swing
To learn each day of nature's magic spell.
Dear Nature's heart is hid within these hills :
No matter what the past or present brings,
Dear Nature, with her lavish hand, still flings
Her mantle over all to hide life's ills.
In every movement, full of tender grace,
We find new beauty and divine new truth ;
Thus would a Higher hand our troubles soothe,
And grant us peace in Nature's biding-place.

¹ People and Patriot.

² In West Hartford, Vermont.

CAPT. JOHN WEEKS.

Captain John Weeks was born at Hampton, Feb. 17, 1749. He was descended in the third degree from Leonard Weeks, who was born in Wells, Somersetshire, England, in 1635, and came to Portsmouth in 1656. In 1657 he married Mary, daughter of Deacon Samuel Haines, of Portsmouth. Both families were somewhat notable in England, as they were entitled to, and held, armorial bearings. Leonard Weeks was a man of property and influence. He owned real estate in Portsmouth, and several farms in Greenland, which he, late in life, deeded to his several sons. Captain Weeks was the sixth child of Dr. John Weeks, of Hampton, and Martha (Wingate) Weeks, sister of Honorable Payne Wingate. Dr. Weeks died in 1763, when the subject of this sketch was fourteen years old, leaving what was then considered a large property. Tradition says it was designed that he (John) should follow the profession of his father, and his education was commenced accordingly. But inheriting what seemed to him a fortune, instead of pursuing his studies and graduating at Harvard, as his older brother had done, he chose to make long tramps for game up the Kennebec, and in other directions. In one of these he is said to have visited, in company with two or three others, the Upper Coös region when he was but sixteen years old. In 1770 he married Deborah, daughter of James Brackett, of Greenland. She was an educated lady, and fitted to adorn any station in life. He held a lieutenant's commission in the Revolutionary army,

and his money was freely spent in the cause of his country. In 1787 he came to Lancaster, made his location of land, and returned. In the spring of 1786 he came to Lancaster with his daughter, Pattie, to keep his house, and his son, John Wingate—a boy six years old. They came by the way of Baker's river and the Connecticut, driving their stock. In the fall, Mrs. Weeks and the remainder of the family, accompanied by numerous relatives and friends who were to settle near them, came through the Notch of the White Mountains. She made the journey on horseback, bringing her youngest child, seven months old, in her lap, and James B., a boy three years old, riding behind her.

The log house Captain Weeks built stood at the top of the bank about fifty rods easterly of the house occupied by the late Wm. D. Weeks. The farm he then commenced has (except for a brief period) remained in the Weeks family for about one hundred years. Here in his new home the captain kept open house, and entertained "right royally" any who came to the settlement: of course he soon became poor. He was a man of strong, good sense, fair education, of genial presence, and at once took an active part in the affairs of the settlement. In 1788 he was elected by his district, consisting of Lancaster, Northumberland, Stratford, Dartmouth, Cockburn, Colburn, and Percy, a delegate to the convention that ratified the Federal constitution, and was one of the fifty-seven who voted in the affirmative against forty-

six in the negative. In 1792 he represented the Coös District in the general court. He represented the district at other times, was often selectman, and generally moderator of the town-meetings. He was an active, honest man, and always ready to lend a hand to aid anything that would benefit the town. He died suddenly at Wakefield, in 1818, while on his way from Lancaster to Greenland, aged sixty-eight. His wife, who was one of the noble women of her day, died July 5, 1831, aged eighty-two. They had seven children,—Martha, Deborah, John Wingate, Elizabeth, James Brackett, Pollie

Wiggin, and Sally Brackett. They all lived to old age, the earliest death being at sixty-six. All the captain's children were prominent persons in the communities in which they lived. One, Martha (Mrs. Spaulding), died at the age of ninety-nine. Sally (Mrs. Bucknam) still lives at the age of ninety-eight. John W. was an officer in the War of 1812, and served with distinction, having been engaged in nearly all the hard fighting on the northern frontier. He was a man of great influence in the northern part of the state, and held most of the offices in the gift of the people, including four years in congress.

THE KITE.

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

[From the German of Victor Bluthger.]

The fields are all mowed, and the autumn winds blow ;

Now high in the air, my brave kite, you shall sail ;
So light are your ribs, like a feather you'll go,

And what can compare with your two ears and tail ?

Oh ! could I lie like that,

Sunny and high—

Only just once like that

Ride in the sky,—

I'd peer in the stork's summer nest on the thatch,—

“ Good morning, Dame Stork ; must you soon leave us all ? ”

I'd peer in the house without lifting the latch,—

“ O papa ! O mamma ! How came you so small ? ”

Streams, hills, and valleys

Under would lie.

Oh ! once to be like that,

High in the sky !

High over—high up—on a cloud I would spring,

And sail off to visit the swallow and crane ;

I'd look at the lark when he comes up to sing,

And learn all the secrets of thunder and rain.

'T would frighten the angels

To see me so nigh.

Oh ! could I once like that

Mount to the sky !

THE MASSACHUSETTS CANDIDATES.

HON. J. Q. A. BRACKETT.

John Quincy Adams Brackett was born in Bradford, N. H., June 8, 1842. He attended the common schools of his native town, and graduated from Colby academy, at New London, in 1861. He entered Harvard University, attained high rank, and graduated in 1865. In 1868 he was admitted to the bar in Boston, where he has since continued practice. In 1874 he was appointed judge advocate on the staff of Gen. J. S. Burrill, of First Brigade M. V. M., and held it until 1876. He was a member of the Boston common council in 1873-'74-'75-'76, and its president in 1876, when elected to the house of representatives, where he served for eight years, and was twice speaker of that body. In the fall of 1886 he was elected lieutenant-governor, and was reelected in 1887 and 1888, with increasing majority each year.

HON. W. H. HAILE.

Hon. William H. Haile, the nominee of the Republican convention for lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, is a native of Chesterfield, and is fifty-nine years old. His father, Gov. William Haile, removed from Chesterfield to Hinsdale, N. H., and began the manufacture of cashmerette

over fifty years ago. He carried on that business as long as he lived, and since his death it has been most successfully carried on, first, by William H. Haile and ex-Congressman Rufus S. Frost, of Chelsea, as a firm, and recently by them as the incorporated Haile & Frost Company, with business head-quarters on Franklin street, Boston. Mr. Haile graduated at Dartmouth college in 1856, studied law with the late E. D. Beach in Springfield, and began its practice at Boston; but the growth of his father's manufacturing business demanded his attention, and he removed to Hinsdale. While there he was a member of the New Hampshire Legislature. After his marriage, in 1861, his wife being Amelia L. Chapin, daughter of Mr. Ethan S. Chapin, of Springfield, Mr. Haile spent a part of each year in Springfield, and about sixteen years ago became a permanent resident of that city. He was elected mayor of the city in 1881, and the next year was elected to the state senate, where he served two terms. As a man and a citizen, Mr. Haile is universally esteemed, and he belongs to that class of men whose personal character and unquestioned integrity render their election to public office a gain to good morals as well as to good politics.

PRICE LIST OF ABANDONED FARMS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

| Name, Residence, and P. O. address. | Acres. | Price. | Cash at Sale. |
|---|--------|--------|---------------|
| Acworth, Frank B. Stowell, Quaker City, | 140 | \$700 | \$350 |
| " Mrs. J. F. Hatch, North Charlestown, | 145 | 600 | 300 |
| " S. P. Osgood, Charlestown, | 200 | 1000 | 500 |
| " J. N. Dickey, Acworth, | 150 | 1800 | 900 |
| " Harvey D. Wallace, Acworth, | 70 | 700 | 400 |
| " G. W. Potter, Acworth, | 120 | 800 | 200 |

| Name, Residence, and P. O. address. | Acres. | Price. | Cash at Sale. |
|--|--------|--------|---------------|
| Alexandria, H. G. Plumer, New Hampton, | 5½ | \$300 | \$100 |
| " " Horace Saunders, Alexandria, | 65 | 400 | 100 |
| " " E. F. Folsom, East Grafton, | 70 | 500 | 200 |
| Ashland, E. C. Nutting, Plymouth, | 35 | 550 | 100 |
| " " T. P. Cheney, Ashland, | 80 | 1350 | 350 |
| " " T. P. Cheney, Ashland, | 70 | 500 | 250 |
| Bath, S. S. Carbee, Woodsville, | 100 | 2000 | 100. |
| " " H. S. Lang, Bath, | 125 | 1200 | 600 |
| Benton, E. F. Mann, Woodsville, | 40 | 200 | 100 |
| " " E. F. Mann, Woodsville, | 70 | 200 | 100 |
| " " E. F. Mann, Woodsville, | 40 | 400 | 200 |
| " " George Wells, North Haverhill, | 110 | 1000 | 250 |
| Bedford, Sarah F. Corliss, Manchester, | 39 | 1500 | 1500 |
| Bradford, C. B. Wyman, Bradford, | 75 | 750 | 375 |
| " " W. O. Heath, Bradford, | 65 | 1300 | |
| " " A. P. Colby, Manchester, | 125 | 1600 | 800 |
| Brookline, A. T. Pierce, Brookline, | 70 | 1500 | 500 |
| Candia, E. E. Smith, Candia, | 60 | 1200 | 600 |
| " " John S. Cole, Manchester, | 94 | 700 | 200 |
| " " Levi Bean, Contoocook, | 50 | 1050 | 325 |
| Canaan, J. P. Weeks, Canaan Street, | 125 | 1000 | 500 |
| " " Frank B. Lowell, Canaan, | 70 | 2000 | 1000 |
| " " John Currier, Canaan Street, | 51 | 250 | 125 |
| " " J. A. Green, Canaan, | 45 | 600 | 400 |
| " " W. A. Wallace, Canaan Street, | 60 | 300 | 300 |
| " " Harrison Fogg, Canaan, | 100 | 1000 | 333 |
| Charlestown, Mrs. A. A. Fuller, Charlestown, | 110 | 2000 | 1000 |
| Chichester, W. S. Parker, East Pepperell, Mass., | 35 | 1500 | 500 |
| Dalton, O. B. Crouch, Dalton, | 110 | 700 | 200 |
| Danbury, William Brady, Danbury, | 4 | 200 | 200 |
| " " C. C. Speare, Hudson Centre, | 138 | 2000 | 1000 |
| " " Lovina G. Jewett, Danbury, | 50 | 1000 | 500 |
| " " Van B. Glazier, Lisbon, | 65 | 1200 | 600 |
| Derry, S. P. Clark, Attleboro', Mass., | 64 | 2700 | 1800 |
| Dorchester, J. D. Weeks, Canaan Street, | 100 | 800 | 400 |
| " " J. D. Weeks, Canaan Street, | 160 | 1400 | 500 |
| " " E. G. Loomis, 28 State street, Boston, | 100 | 1000 | 300 |
| Easton, E. F. Mann, Woodsville, | 40 | 400 | 200 |
| " " E. F. Mann, Woodsville, | 100 | 300 | 150 |
| Enfield, E. A. Kenyon, Enfield, | 185 | 1000 | 500 |
| " " Mrs. Harriet F. Adams, Wilton, | 70 | 1200 | 700 |
| " " J. E. Fernald, Enfield, | 90 | 400 | 100 |
| " " William H. Came, Franklin Falls, | 100 | 1500 | 750 |
| Gilsum, Adaline K. Mack, Gilsum, | 100 | 700 | 350 |
| Goshen, I. F. Chandler, Claremont, | 140 | 650 | 200 |
| " " I. F. Chandler, Claremont, | 100 | 400 | 200 |
| " " I. F. Chandler, Claremont, | 135 | 550 | 150 |
| " " John R. Cutts, Mill Village, | 120 | 650 | 650 |
| Grafton, Jerry Follansbee, Concord, | 100 | 800 | 400 |
| " " Mrs. Maria C. Flanders, Canaan, | 125 | 900 | 600 |
| " " Robert Underhill, Grafton, | 120 | 1000 | 500 |
| " " H. W. Hardy, Enfield Centre, | 90 | 600 | 200 |
| Grantham, L. D. Dunbar, Enfield, | 130 | 400 | 200 |
| " " George C. Strachan, Franklin Falls, | 100 | 600 | 200 |
| " " Benjamin Sargent, Grantham, | 80 | 650 | 400 |
| Groton, Abel L. Crosby, Groton, | 225 | 800 | 100 |
| " " D. Jay Brown, Rumney Depot, | 80 | 900 | 450 |
| Hebron, Fred B. Huckins, Hebron, | 115 | 500 | 300 |
| Hillsborough, Franklin Gray, Hillsborough Upper Village, | 6 | 625 | 400 |
| Holderness, F. L. Wallace, Ashland, | 300 | 1300 | 600 |
| Kensington, Rebecca B. Badger, Kensington, | 75 | 3500 | 1750 |

| Name, Residence, and P. O. address. | Acres. | Price. | Cash at Sale. |
|--|--------|--------|---------------|
| Landaff, Herb. A. Ball, Whicherville, | 136 | \$500 | \$5100 |
| " Mrs. Jennie M. Smith, Wentworth, | 10 | 800 | 400 |
| Lempster, F. W. Blanchard, Ascutneyville, Vt., | 250 | 1200 | 1200 |
| " Lurilla J. Miller, South Aeworth, | 90 | 500 | 250 |
| " Mrs. Lizzie H. Tandy, Franklin Falls, | 75 | 600 | 600 |
| Litchfield, J. B. Pettingill, Amherst, | 34 | 1000 | 400 |
| Littleton, C. T. Carpenter, Lower Waterford, Vt., | 120 | 1000 | 300 |
| Londonderry, W. P. Richardson, North Londonderry, | 60 | 1800 | 600 |
| Lyndeborough, Kimball J. Wilson, Franceestown, | 36 | 250 | 100 |
| Lyne, Simeon Whittier, Newport, | 30 | 1200 | 800 |
| Lyman, J. E. and J. B. Clough, Lisbon, | 145 | 1500 | 1000 |
| Madison, Ephraim Joy, Dover, | 110 | 1000 | 500 |
| Meredith, A. S. Clough, Meredith Village, | 90 | 1000 | 500 |
| Milton, Sarah Plumer, Milton, | 100 | 600 | 300 |
| New Boston, J. J. Woodbury, Franceestown, | 115 | 1500 | 800 |
| " David A. Tewksbury, New Boston, | 200 | 1500 | 1500 |
| Orange, Joseph Briggs, East Andover, | 200 | 1400 | 500 |
| Orford, W. H. Gilmore, Fairlee, Vt., | 200 | 2200 | 1000 |
| " W. P. Blodgett, Orfordville, | 150 | 600 | 400 |
| Plainfield, John Soole, Meriden, | 90 | 500 | 300 |
| Piermont, C. S. Hill, Piermont, | 150 | 500 | 200 |
| " Robert J. Emerson, Bradford, | 150 | 1500 | 500 |
| Raymond, Eben S. Griffin, Raymond, | 32 | 300 | 150 |
| " John D. Brown, Raymond, | 150 | 2000 | 1500 |
| " Mary J. Magoon, Raymond, | 74 | 800 | 400 |
| Richmond, Nellie Taylor, Fitchburg, Mass., 60 Arlington St., | 250 | 2200 | 1000 |
| " Edwin N. Brown, Fitzwilliam, | 250 | 1800 | 500 |
| " Joseph B. Abbott, Keene, | 100 | 250 | 150 |
| Sandwich, M. H. Marston, Centre Sandwich, | 190 | 2000 | 500 |
| " Frank L. Goodwin, Centre Sandwich, | 80 | 700 | 350 |
| " J. H. Quimby, North Sandwich, | 50 | 600 | 400 |
| " Fannie A. Huntress, Moultonborough, | 400 | 2500 | 2500 |
| Springfield, Ephraim Davis, George's Mills, | 75 | 500 | 200 |
| Stoddard, James H. Scott, Munsonville, | 66½ | 600 | 200 |
| " Jonas Hadley, Stoddard, | 100 | 1000 | 1000 |
| South Hampton, A. J. Brown, 82 Devonshire St., Boston, | 60 | 4000 | 2500 |
| " Richard S. White, Franklin, Mass., | 150 | 5500 | 1500 |
| Somersworth, Fred A. Haines, Great Falls, | 60 | 4800 | 1000 |
| Sullivan, Augustia O. Nims, Keene, | 125 | 2000 | 1000 |
| Troy, Stephen Randall, Keene, | 150 | 500 | 250 |
| " Luther Whittemore, Troy, | 110 | 3000 | 3000 |
| Walpole, E. K. Seabury, Walpole, | 100 | 3500 | 1000 |
| Warren, E. R. Weeks, North Haverhill, | 200 | 800 | 300 |
| Westmoreland, E. J. Farr, Park Hill, | 100 | 2000 | 2000 |
| Weare, E. Richards, Weare, | 225 | 1400 | 700 |
| " George W. Colby, Goffstown, | 45 | 800 | 400 |
| " George M. Buxton, South Hampton, | 85 | 1300 | 650 |
| Wilmot, John M. Richards, Wilmot, | 80 | 600 | 600 |
| " Charles B. Davis, Franklin Falls, | 100 | 1200 | 600 |
| Wilton, George M. Hartshorn, Wilton, | 155 | 3200 | 1500 |
| Wolfeborough, Wm. T. Dorr, East Wolfeborough, | 125 | 1500 | 300 |
| " Samuel W. Tetherly, Wolfeborough, | 115 | 2800 | 1400 |

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Mr. Ballou, who has traversed nearly every country on the globe, and described his travels in books which have gained him a host of readers, has recently visited Alaska. He crossed the Continent by the Yellowstone Park, the wonders of which he graphically describes. His large experience and observation as a traveller enable him to present a very interesting account of the vast size of Alaska, its marvellous wealth in gold, furs, fisheries, coal measures, and timber. The great development of its mining interests warrants the title he has chosen for his book. He tells also of its great rivers and glacial marvels, and describes the peculiarities of the native race, their manners, domestic usages, and superstitions. On his return trip he became acquainted with the marvellous country traversed by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Altogether, Mr. Ballou's book will be of much interest to those who purpose visiting Alaska, and also for those who must stay at home.

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